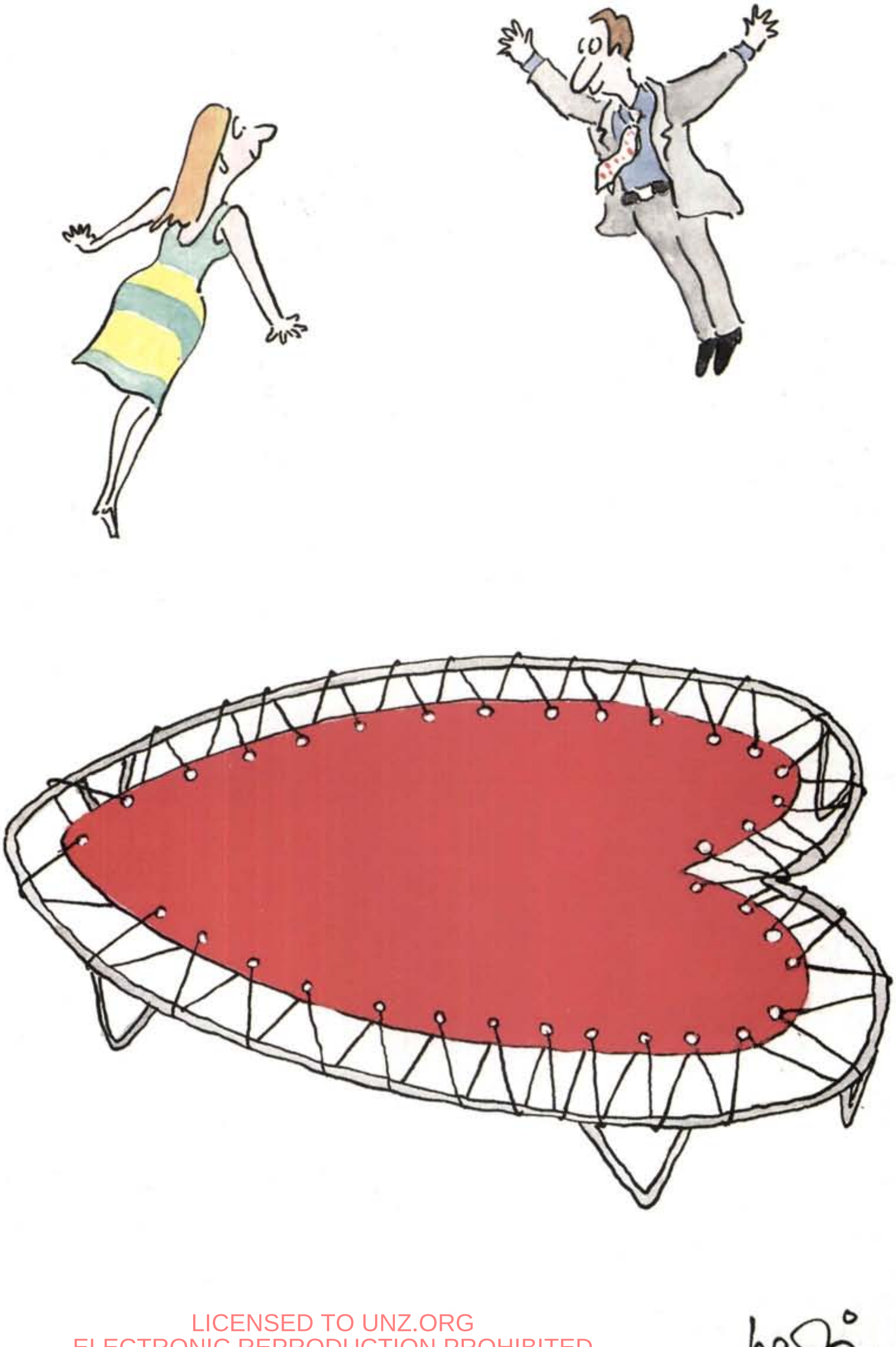
Feb. 12, 1990

THE NEW YORKER

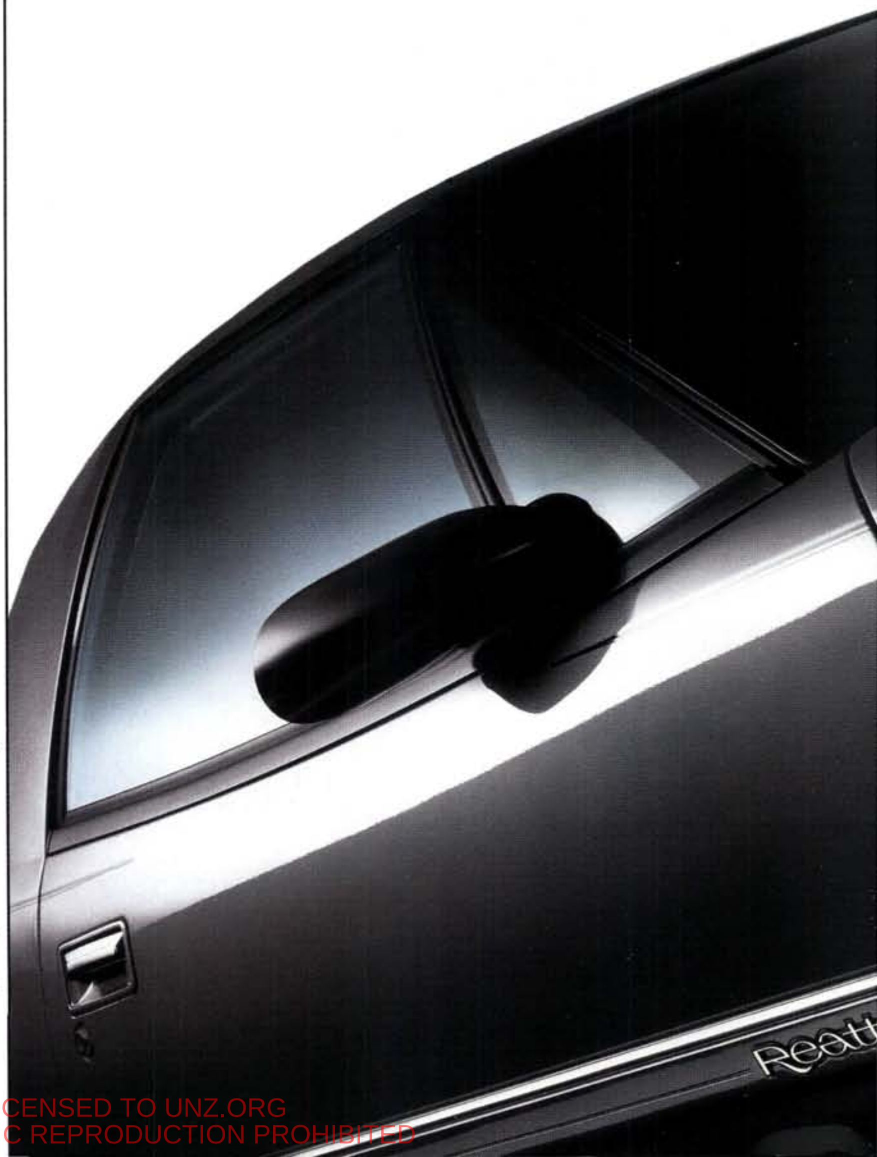
Price $1.75



To many, the time spent handcrafting each Reatta may seem so what anachronistic. After all, each is constructed in stark contrast t today's automotive convention—slowly, in limited numbers, by our small community of craftsmen.

Every aspect is designed and crafted for the finest in fit and fini And every step of the build process is executed at a most leisurely pa (many times longer, in fact, than conventional assembly line metho

The Handcrafted Reatt



© 1990 GM Corp. All rights reserved. Reatta is a registered trademark of GM Corp.

ensure two-seater motorcars of such distinction, sensuousness, and
peccable road manners, some say they can actually feel the time the
ftsmen put into them.

The Handcrafted Reatta. While the many hours lavished upon it
ıy seem long, you'll find them negligible compared to the time you'll
:nd enjoying it. Contact your local Buick
aler to arrange your own private audition.

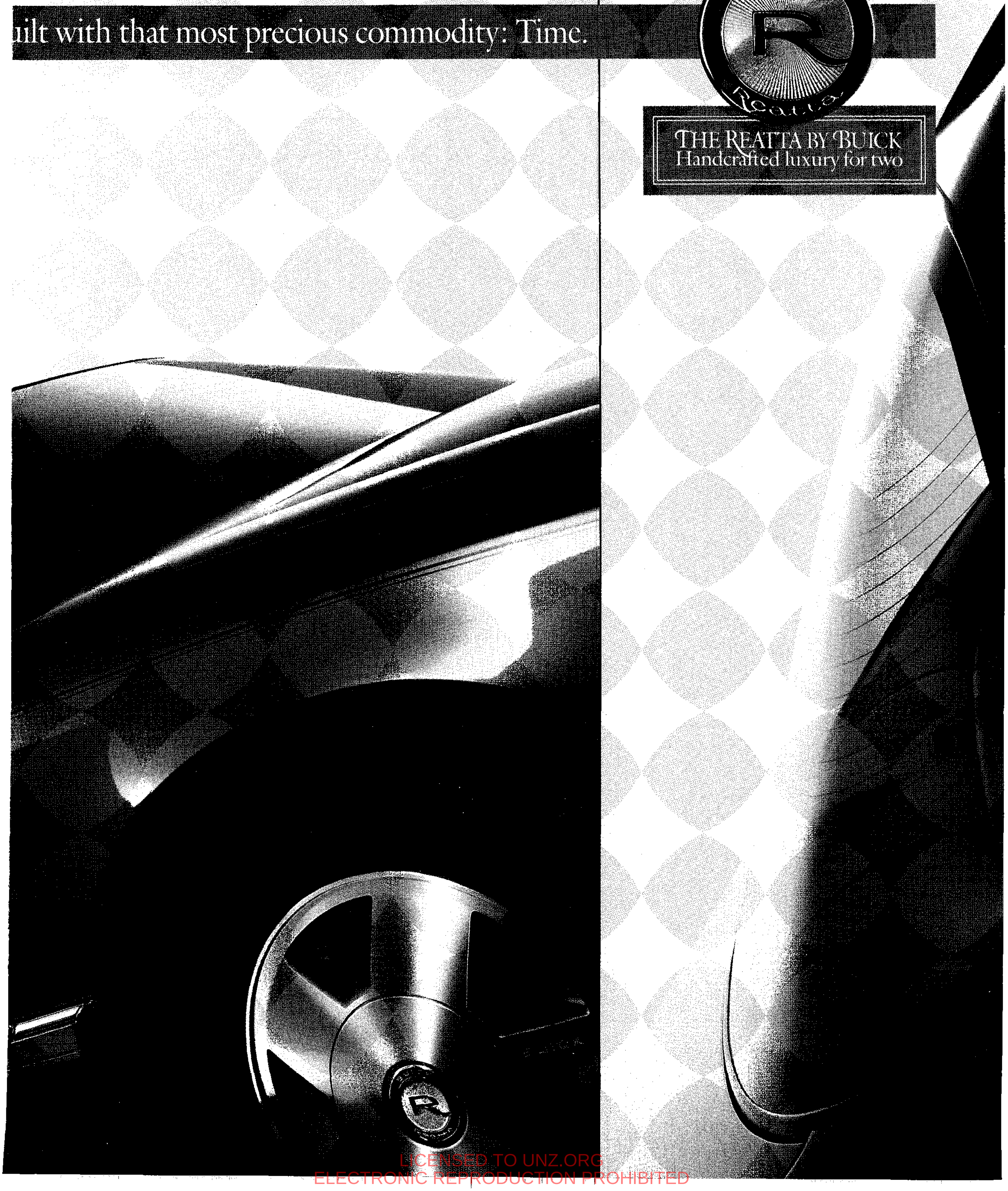
BUICK SMARTLEASE by GMAC

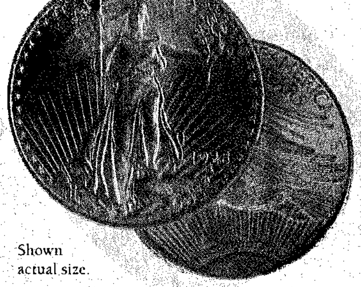
Available exclusively at Buick dealers.
For more information,
call 1-800-441-5376.

uilt with that most precious commodity: Time.

BUICK
Reatta

THE REATTA BY BUICK
Handcrafted luxury for two





OWN A PIECE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

Shown actual size.

ORIGINAL MINT CONDITION (MS-60) SAINT-GAUDENS DOUBLE EAGLE, $495.

When Teddy Roosevelt commissioned sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens to design the magnificent Double Eagle $20 gold piece, little did he know that years later his cousin, Franklin, would have most of his "pet babies" melted down. Today, surviving Double Eagles are as rare and revered as the American bald eagle itself.

The gold in these extraordinary coins came from the thriving mines of the Old West. The dreams of our ancestors live on among collectors like you.

A SOLID INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITY.

The Saint-Gaudens Double Eagle is famous for its history of impressive price gains, and for making U.S. rare coins one of the most profitable investments in the world. Now, you can own one of these investment-grade, PCGS or NGC certified MS-60 uncirculated mint-condition coins for $495.

AMERICA'S SOURCE FOR U.S. RARE COINS.

Blanchard and Company is the nation's largest retailer of U.S. rare coins. You can buy with complete confidence because we sell coins that are independently graded and certified by The Professional Coin Grading Service and Numismatic Guaranty Corporation.

ACT WHILE SUPPLIES LAST.

To order this or any other U.S. rare coin, call
1-800-877-7633
toll free today.

PRICES AND AVAILABILITY ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITH NO ADVANCE NOTICE.

BLANCHARD
AMERICA'S RARE COIN FIRM
2400 Jefferson Highway
Jefferson, LA 70121-9927

ASK FOR OFFER #397

RECEIVED
FEB 13 1990

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIB
Big Sandy, Texas

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FEBRUARY 12, 1990

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4
THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27
"SUMMER SESSION" . . . . *Veronica Geng* 32
"PSYCHOPHANT" . . . . *Primo Levi* 35
"AS WE DROVE" (POEM) . . . . *Alex Stevens* 36
PROFILES (MERLE HAGGARD) . . . . *Bryan Di Salvatore* 39
"THE RETURN" (POEM) . . . . *Laurie Sheck* 42
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 78
THE THEATRE . . . . *Edith Oliver* 81
OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS (PHOENIX) . . . . *Susan Orlean* 82
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . *Andy Logan* 89
BOOKS . . . . *John Newhouse* 95

COVER: *Arnie Levin*

DRAWINGS: *Richard McCallister, Donald Reilly, Richard Cline, Roz Chast, J.B. Handelsman, Michael Maslin, Joseph Mirachi, Edward Frascino, George Price, Burt Silverman, William Hamilton, Henry Martin, Al Ross, Gahan Wilson, Peter Steiner, Victoria Roberts, Jack Ziegler, Ann McCarthy, Dana Fradon, James Stevenson, Bernard Schoenbaum, Mike Twohy, Charles Barsotti*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 825-2510 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and business manager; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and advertising director; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Carol Orr & Co., Publishers Representative: 3300 Oak Lawn, Suite 500, Dallas, Tx. 75219. Vol. LXV, No. 52, February 12, 1990. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1990 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The magazine's name, logo, and various titles and headings herein have been registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $50.00. Other foreign, one year, $56.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

A Stay at The Plaza. Once you've done the fantastic shopping, and seen the new shows and checked out the latest gourmet restaurants. . . isn't it nice to know there's always The Plaza to make your stay in New York even more perfect?

The Plaza

Call 1-800-228-3000 for reservations. Fifth Avenue at Central Park South, New York. 212-PLaza9-3000.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

SHAKESPEARE, of course, never heard of Georgia. His countryman James Oglethorpe obtained a charter for this North American colony a hundred and sixteen years after the Bard died. Nonetheless, Mabou Mines has chosen to reset "Lear" in the Georgia backwoods, during the late fifties, and on a recent Thursday evening we ventured south to the Triplex Theatre to see the production, which was underwritten in part by A.T. & T.

The playbill verified that we were in the presence of the cream of the downtown theatre movement, and as we waited for the curtain we read with delight the names of the performers: Ruth Maleczech, Lola Pashalinski, Black-Eyed Susan, Maya O'Reilly, Lute Ramblin', and Clove Galilee—names so fanciful or phony, so rich in associative value, that they defy the realistic tradition of mainstream American theatre and proclaim a playful, cartoon aesthetic.

A cartoon aesthetic, in the form of visual excess, is the stock-in-trade of this "Lear," adapted and directed by Lee Breuer. We are accustomed to Shakespeare in un-Shakespearean settings and to actresses undertaking male roles, but Mr. Breuer not only reverses the sexes of all the characters, he sets much of the action on a pitch-'n'-putt golf course and mixes race and type so that the storm-racked heath is no longer populated by the dispossessed British king and his familiar remnant but by two elderly women (Lear and Kent), a drag queen (the Fool), and a young black woman disguised in the rags and dirty dreadlocks of a street person (Edgar). The actors ride around the stage in a smart red touring car and a purple jalopy. Freed by microphone headsets from the responsibility of projecting their words, they mumble, whisper, and growl, making this a sotto-voce "Lear," in which poetry and coherence take the rear.

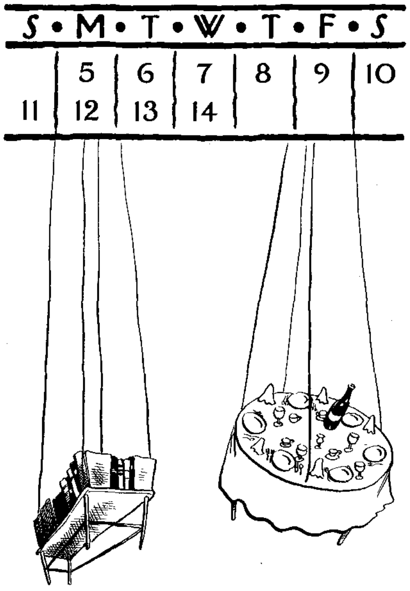
As we wandered out of the theatre onto deserted Chambers Street, we pondered the corporate dollars spent to make Mr. Breuer's vision a reality. With many companies around New York (let alone across the nation) vying for funding to present Shakespeare, could it be that the most extravagant and farfetched proposal wins?

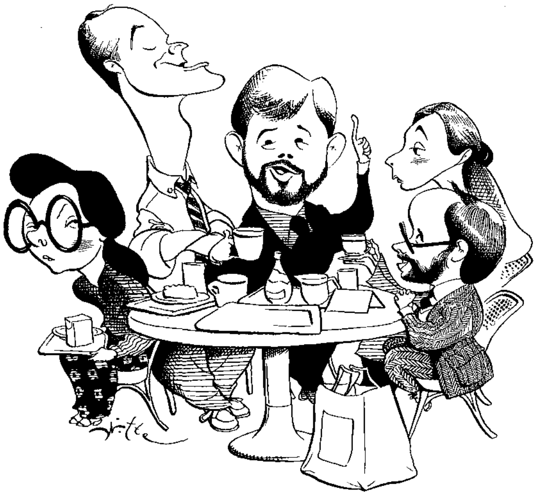
OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—The third play of the season is **IMAGINING BRAD**, a comedy by Peter Hedges. With Sharon Ernster, M. J. Hart, Erin Cressida Wilson. Opens Feb. 6 at 8. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076.)

COME AS YOU ARE—A new play written and directed by N. Richard Nash, the author of "The Rainmaker." Previews through Feb. 13. Opens Feb. 14 at 8. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 564-8038.)





Kate Burton, John Bedford Lloyd, Colin Stinton, Frances Conroy, and Bob Balaban in "Some Americans Abroad"

MISS MARGARIDA'S WAY—Estelle Parsons reprises her original role in this production of Roberto Athayde's 1977 play. In previews. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

ONE OF THE GUYS—A comedy by Marilyn Suzanne Miller about a Central Park baseball team. With Stephen Collins and Bruce MacVittie, among others. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

SEX, DRUGS, ROCK & ROLL—Eric Bogosian's new one-man show. Previews through Feb. 7. Opens Feb. 8 at 8. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

SOME AMERICANS ABROAD—A comedy by Richard Nelson, imported from London, about a group of American college professors on a theatre tour of Great Britain. Previews through Feb. 10. Opens Feb. 11 at 6:30. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

SQUARE ONE—Richard Thomas and Dianne Wiest have the leads in a new play by Steve Tesich, which Jerry Zaks directed. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

WHEN SHE DANCED—A play about Isadora Duncan by Martin Sherman. With Elizabeth Ashley, Jonathan Walker, and Marcia Jean Kurtz. In previews. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

NEW THIS SEASON

THE CIRCLE—Rex Harrison, Glynis Johns, Stewart Granger, and an able supporting company have raised Somerset Maugham to the heights of Sheridan and Congreve. The play is about an elderly couple who pay a visit to the wife's middle-aged son, whom she deserted thirty years before. Brian Murray directed the fine production. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/4/89.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

CITY OF ANGELS—Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in absolutely top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The spectacular settings and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (12/25/89) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

CLOSER THAN EVER—This charmer amounts to an anthology of songs and sketches by Richard Maltby, Jr. (words), and David Shire (music), as sung and performed by Brent Barrett, Sally Mayers, Richard Muenz, and Lynne Wintersteller. They are a gifted quartet, and lucky to have such attractive, humorous, and tender songs to sing and words to speak. The fact that there is no amplification is an extra boon. (11/13/89) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE—Another example of the current literary and dramatic vogue for recasting the strange case, this time by Georg Osterman. The production has the Ridiculous Theatrical Company's usual vices (excessive length, scattershot antics) and virtues (clever sets, animated performances by, among others, Everett Quinton, Minette Coleman, and Eureka). (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA—Charles Keating stars in a revival of Shaw's comedy. Directed by Larry Carpenter. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Closes Feb. 18.)

A FEW GOOD MEN—"Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series, but the performances, by an ace cast under Don Scardino's direction, are wonderful. (11/27/89) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

GRAND HOTEL—The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (11/27/89) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

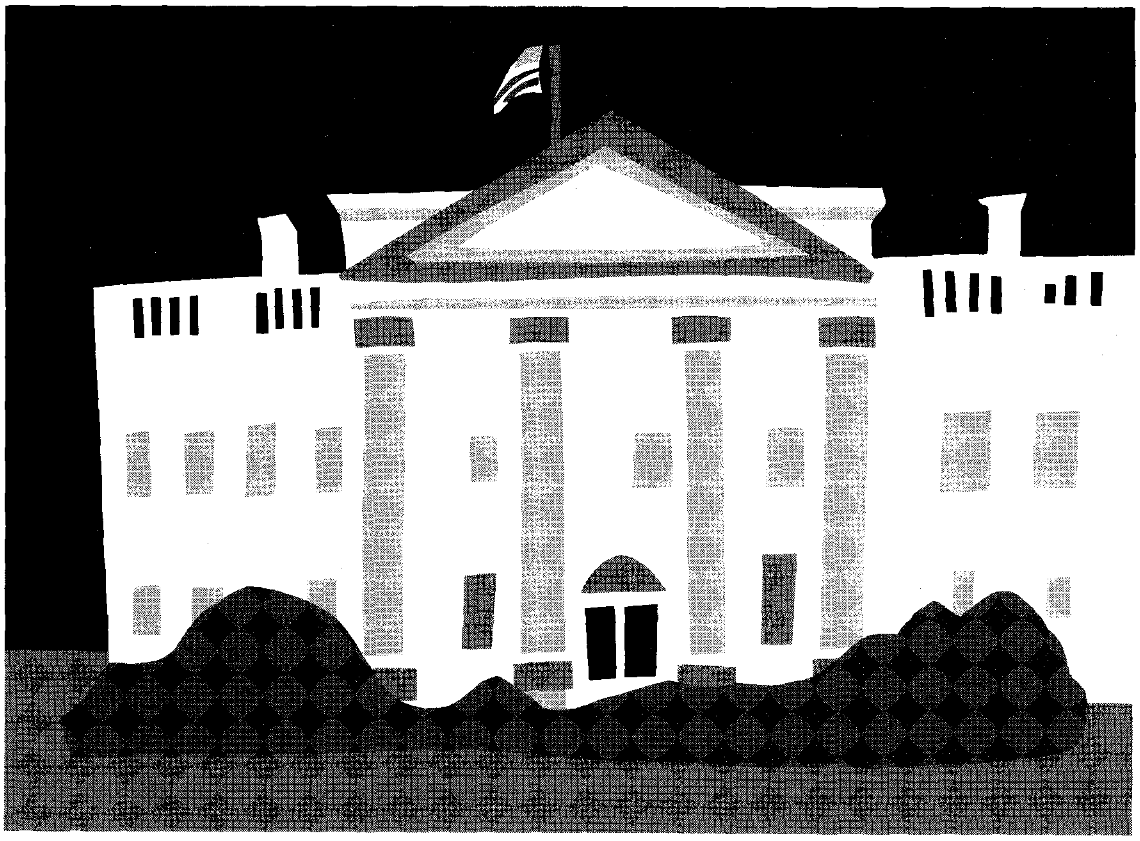
GYPSY—This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful—and the cast (led by Tyne Daly, Crista Moore, and Jonathan Hadary) so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). Trust Broadway; you'll have ample time to welcome Miss Daly when she mounts the steps and delivers her first onstage line. (12/4/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

JUAN DARIÉN—A revival of a 1988 Music-Theatre Group production, performed by a company of actors, dancers, musicians, and puppeteers. Conceived by Julie Taymor and Elliot Goldenthal (who also wrote the music), and based on a short story by Horacio Quiroga. Directed by Ms. Taymor. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200.)

LEAR—Mabou Mines' adaptation of Shakespeare's play. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Closes Feb. 11.)

MANHATTAN PUNCH LINE—Presenting a festival of new one-act comedies. Program A: "Philip Glass Buys a Loaf of Bread," by David Ives; "Portfolio," by Tom Donaghy; "The Show Must Go On," by Laurence Klavan; and

In Performance at the White House.



Third in the PBS series:
"The House I Live In"

Wednesday, February 14th on PBS
8:00 PM Eastern Time
Consult local listings

The President and Mrs. Bush host a musical celebration of Presidents Day from the East Room of the White House, in a public television special made possible by Ameritech. Performers are: gifted mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne; sparkling stage and film actress and singer Patti LuPone; award-winning country and Broadway music star Gary Morris; and rhythm and blues superstar Jeffrey Osborne. Also featuring musical director Dick Hyman.

AMERITECH

Illinois Bell • Indiana Bell • Michigan Bell • Ohio Bell • Wisconsin Bell • Ameritech Applied Technologies • Ameritech Audiotex Services • Ameritech Credit
Ameritech Development • Ameritech Information Systems • Ameritech Mobile Communications • Ameritech Publishing • Ameritech Services • Tigon Voice Messaging

© 1990 Ameritech

THE THEATRE—Cont'd

"How Are Things in Costa del Fuego?," by Rick Louis. . . . ¶ Program B: "The Fertilization Opera," by Peter Tolan; "Grunions," by Barbara Lindsay; "Brunch at Trudy and Paul's," by Michael Aschner; "Fellow Travellers," by Jeffrey Hatcher; and "Artistic Direction," by Roger Hedden. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—If you like the old M-G-M musical, you probably won't like this stage version, which combines the earnest, wholesome values of the movie with an aesthetic of surpassing vulgarity. In any case, why see the show when you can rent the movie? (11/20/89) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

The Merchant of Venice—This production, directed by Peter Hall, tries a little too hard to avoid anti-Semitism (by making Christians look awful) and seems more interested in the quality of male bonding than that of mercy. As Shylock, Dustin Hoffman is dignified but ultimately ineffective. Fortunately, the production is about great ensemble Shakespeare rather than about Hoffman's Shylock, and would be worth seeing if only for Michael Siberry (Gratiano) and Geraldine James (Portia). (1/1/90) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

Moving Targets—The umbrella title for nine short plays by Joe Pintauro. With Anita Gillette. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 353-3874. Closes Feb. 25.)

Othello—Michael Rogers has the title role in this production by Theatre for a New Audience. Directed by William Gaskill. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 279-4200. Closes Feb. 17.)

Sweeney Todd—Bob Gunton and Beth Fowler in the York Theatre Company's production of the Sondheim musical. Susan H. Schulman was the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Closes Feb. 25.)

Tru—Robert Morse gives a deeply thought-out, accomplished performance as Truman Capote—by turns funny, bitchy, ironic, and rueful—at the end of his life and his tether. The play was written by Jay Presson Allen. (1/1/90) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Zora Neale Hurston—A play by Laurence Holder, with Elizabeth Van Dyke as the author of the novel "Their Eyes Were Watching God." Directed by Wynn Handman. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074. Closes Feb. 25.)

LONG RUNS

BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Arthur French star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turns thirty this year. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this recently updated revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Brooke Adams. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. Whether Robbins' era—the fifties—was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE KATHY AND MO SHOW: PARALLEL LIVES:** Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. The show takes a brief vacation starting Feb. 12. Performances resume Feb. 28. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.) . . . **LEND ME A TENOR:** The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **RUMORS:** This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. Directed by Gene Saks. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling takes place in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)

DANCE

WHAT many Americans growing up learn about cossacks can be summed up in a few sibilants: steeds, sabres, czars, shtetels, shrieks, stains, silence. So when we heard that the U.S.S.R.'s Don Cossacks company would make its first United States tour in fourteen years, we fled to the library for new perspectives. Our favorite insight came in "Argamak," a short story by Isaac Babel, who actually rode with the cossack cavalry in his twenties. The title refers to the name of the cossack stallion the soldier-narrator is assigned. "The tortures I suffered with Argamak almost exceeded the measure of human endurance," he says. "It was accustomed to the cossack trot, to the peculiar cossack gallop—dry, furious, abrupt. Argamak's pace was long, extended, persistent. With this devilish pace of his he would carry me away from the ranks." This sounded to us like accounts of Igor Stravinsky's music, especially of the qualities that listeners find most "Russian" in his ballet scores, and we were eager to see whether the folk performers would evoke a similar response.

They did, though not the way we expected. There was nothing fearsome or even irascible about the Don Cossacks. In fact, they weren't even the most formidable virtuosos that New York has seen recently in cossack-related dances: the Moiseyev have presented more crackling displays in high black boots, and the Georgians, who, like the Don Cossacks, sport mustaches, suggest more of the impulsiveness and tragic look one associates with the cossacks of Mikhail Sholokhov's novels, for example. What the Don Cossacks offered with singular vividness in their songs and dances was their horses. That is, they brought a steady sense of metre to everything. It trotted through the soldiers' ballads and the paeans to girls and beehives, driving on those pungent, Slavic sonorities that can clear a cold right out of your sinuses. Some of the songs were actually about riding, and when they gave way to dances featuring the men high-jumping their own legs or skittering around in other stunts the program took on the dream logic of poetry. There was even a number called a Don Gallop, where we saw the devilish pace and abstracted fury that Babel had observed. When the spirited women turned themselves into horses, empowering the male drivers who held their reins, we bridled for a moment, then remembered a similar idea in the Balanchine-Stravinsky "Apollo," a ballet where three cantering muses carry a young cossack away to become a god.

New York City Ballet—Feb. 6 at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Beethoven Romance," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 8: "The Four Temperaments," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 8: "The Four Temperaments," "Prague Symphony" (première), and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 2: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 8: "Firebird," "Prague Symphony," and "Brahms/Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 1: "The Four Temperaments," "Prague Symphony," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 7: "Donizetti Variations," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 8: "Swan Lake," "Moves," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 8: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Feb. 25.)

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—Feb. 6 at 7:30 (a benefit performance), Feb. 9 at 8, and Feb. 10 at 2: Act II of "Swan Lake," "Isadora Deconstructed," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Go for Barocco," and "Gambol." . . . ¶ Feb. 7-8 and Feb. 13 at 8: "In Kazmidity," "Anarchic Heart," "Black Swan Pas de Deux," and "École de Ballet." . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 8, Feb. 11 at 3, and Feb. 14 at 8: Act II of "Giselle," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Pas de Quatre," "The Dying Swan," and "Yes, Virginia, Another Piano Ballet." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Through Feb. 18.)

José Greco—With his company. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Feb. 6-9 at 8; Feb. 10 at 2 and 8; Feb. 11 at 2 and 7:30; and Feb. 13-14 at 8. Through Feb. 18.)

Sarah Skaggs—With Donald Fleming, in "Fear of Standing Upright" and "Prelude for Salome." (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Feb. 8-11 at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 674-8112.)

Daniel McCusker/Ram Island Dance—A company from Portland, Maine, in "No Handle," "Pentimento," and other works. (Nikolais-Louis ChoreoSpace, 38 E. 19th St. Feb. 9-10 at 8. For reservations, call 924-0077.)

Isn't it about time the best cost less?

Now you can enjoy up to 50% off at 300 Hiltons worldwide.

Hilton's exclusive Senior HHonors travel program is for people age 60 or over who like to travel in style. You will enjoy substantial discounts at Hiltons throughout the U.S.; plus you may even purchase a membership good for discounted room rates at over 65 international hotels.

Hilton Senior HHonors offers you these advantages:

- Up to 50% off rooms–some rates start as low as $45 per night.
- Domestic and Worldwide memberships.
- 20% dinner discounts at select Hilton restaurants in the U.S.
- Free membership for your spouse.
- Membership fee guaranteed refundable. If you do not use the program within 30 days of joining, notify us for a full refund.

To enroll, or for more information on Senior HHonors, fill out this coupon today!

For a color brochure call 1-800-445-8667, Ext. 402

DON'T DELAY! ENROLL NOW.

☐ **Yes. I accept your invitation to join your program:**
CHECK TYPE OF MEMBERSHIP PREFERRED.
☐ $25 Annual Domestic membership
☐ $50 Annual Worldwide membership
☐ $150 Lifetime Worldwide membership

I wish to pay for my Senior HHonors membership by:
☐ Check ☐ Money Order
☐ American Express ☐ MasterCard
☐ VISA ☐ Discover Card

CREDIT CARD NUMBER

/
CREDIT CARD EXP. DATE

SIGNATURE AUTHORIZING CHARGE

☐ **Before I join, please send more details about the program.**
BE SURE TO COMPLETE THE NAME AND ADDRESS SECTION AT RIGHT.

Please mail coupon to:
Hilton Senior HHonors, Hilton Hotels Corporation,
P.O. Box 645, Addison, TX 75001-9977.
Enclose check or money order if applicable.

Certification of age: ☐ I verify that I am 60 or older.

/ /
DATE OF BIRTH

SIGNATURE

I would like my name/our names to appear as follows:
☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Dr. ☐ Ms. ☐ Mr. & Mrs. ☐ Dr. & Mrs. ☐ Mr. & Dr.

YOUR NAME (FIRST, MIDDLE INITIAL AND LAST)

YOUR SPOUSE'S FIRST NAME (IF APPLICABLE)

ADDRESS

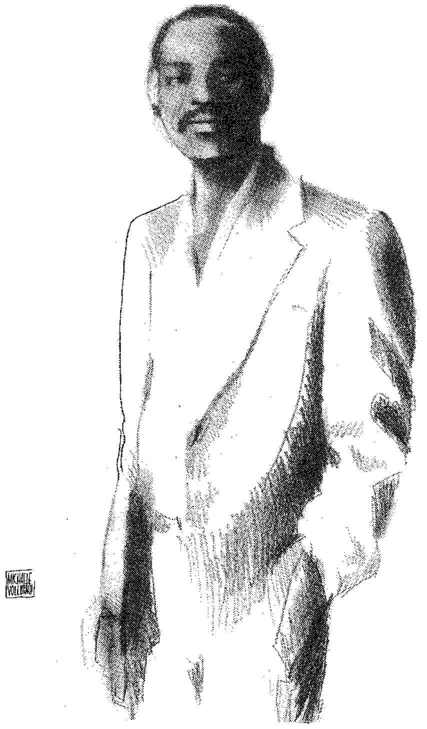
CITY STATE ZIP

( )
TELEPHONE NUMBER

HILTON Senior HHonors

Reservations are required and may not always be available at all participating hotels. Offer cannot be combined with other certificates, coupons, discounts, packages or promotional offers. Rates do not apply to group meetings or conventions and do not include taxes. Rates are subject to change without notice. Other restrictions apply.

NYKB



Ahmad Jamal at Condon's

NIGHT LIFE

THESE are strange times for the Boss and the Big Man. In the spring of 1988, the Boss and the Jersey Girl were spotted together on a hotel-room balcony—the former in his briefs—and since then the Jersey Girl has started work on an album and a baby, and the Boss has broken up his marriage and, at least temporarily, his band. One of the band members to get his walking papers was, of course, the Big Man, Clarence Clemons. This sweatbanded sax player, who for years shimmied stage right wherever the Boss held court, recently released his third solo effort, "A Night with Mr. C." The album, a party record that gets left at home a lot, is something of a mess: a night with Mr. C-minus. It has failed to make an appearance among *Billboard's* Top 200, and industry shoptalk suggests that the next time the Big Man is up for a record contract he's going down, down, down.

The Big Man is now touring in support of his album, and the Boss showed up recently in Ventura, California, to help him tear down the house with "Glory Days" and "Cadillac Ranch." The reunion didn't exactly send people scrambling for tickets to future shows—there seems to have been an unearthly silence at the Ritz box office, in fact, and the Big Man's appearance there has been dropped in favor of a February 8 show at the smaller Lone Star Roadhouse—but it was a friendly gesture on both their parts. While the boys may have overcome their separation anxiety, however, the Jersey Girl remains a sore subject. Asked about her not long ago, the Big Man said he didn't want to discuss the matter, then added, "I'm not a chauvinist, and this is not meant to be a chauvinistic point of view, but I like to rock hard, and that's why I don't have girls in my band. I was a football player, and the aggressiveness that I used in football I use in my music and my performances, and we didn't have girls on our football team." Not bad for a "No comment."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The Oak Room, which recently underwent a face-lift and now boasts a higher, acoustically superior ceiling and a better quality of oak panelling, is currently home to **ANNE HAMPTON CALLAWAY,** a fine singer-pianist who can imitate Billie Holiday and Marlene Dietrich, sing an E-flat above high C, and say without sounding immodest, "People often come up to me and ask why I'm not famous." Apart from a few requisite supper-club numbers—when she played here a few years back, the audience requested "Memory" three times a night—Ms. Callaway's catalogue includes her own songs, songs by lesser-known New York composers, and songs improvised around suggestions made by musically inclined patrons. Shows at nine-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**JEFF HARNAR,** whose Comden and Green tribute winds up on Feb. 10, will sing one number with a quiet, gentle lilt, then drop his voice down low and belt out the next with a vibrato that could shake a diploma off a wall. His manic show includes just the right amount of bad jokes and over-the-top theatrics. One of the few disappointments is that it seems a bit overextended: a little Comden and Green may go a long way, but a lot of Comden and Green doesn't go much farther. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—An airy, loftlike restaurant and bar located in the gray zone between Zabar's and Columbia. The **FRANK MORGAN** quartet presides Feb. 8-10. Morgan, an L.A.-based alto saxophonist, recorded an impressive bebop début record in the fifties, but then took a long break: he didn't get around to making his second album until thirty years later. The saxophonist spent some time in the California prison system, but he never gave up playing. In fact, he told a reporter a while ago, "The greatest big band I ever played in was in San Quentin." Other Birdland events: **MARK MORGANELLI** and the Jazz Forum All-Stars on Feb. 7; the **DAVID LEONHARDT** trio on Feb. 13; and Roseanna Vitro and the Kenny Werner trio on Feb. 14. Pianist **JAKI BYARD** and Ralph Hamperian claim Mondays. The music starts up at nine. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A glitzy, color-coördinated jazz house, designed for maximum seating efficiency, where blue-suspendered waitresses sweep by your table bearing shrimp cocktails, champagne, and other trappings of the good life. After the show, out-of-towners flock to the upstairs souvenir shop, which offers such items as Blue Note golf balls. **TITO PUENTE,** the white-haired timbales whiz, bandleader, and salsa superstar, directs his orchestra Feb. 6-11; conga man **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his outfit share the bill. **RAY BARRETTO'S** group gets under way on Feb. 13. Barretto has long been a leader on the salsa front, but he has impressive jazz credits, too, having recorded with, among others, Cannonball Adderley and Dizzy Gillespie. Flutist **DAVE VALENTIN'S** ensemble will also be on hand. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. The twenty-four-year-old singer-songwriter **HUGH HARRIS,** who'll be performing here on Feb. 13, recently released "Words for Our Years," a languorous funk début that's one part Prince, one part Terence Trent D'Arby, and (go figure) one part Elvis Costello. Occasionally, the record seems to generate more smoke than heat, but on the whole it seems just right. Harris has a remarkable, dexterous voice: he can get soulful, or, as the hard-edged single "Alice" makes perfectly clear, he can get in your face. Other Bottom Line events: jazz-rock guitarist **LARRY CORYELL'S** quartet comes in Feb. 7-8; **BUSTER POINDEXTER** and his **BANSHEES OF BLUE** are in residence Feb. 9-10; and **CHRISTINE LAVIN,** a funny, slightly twisted, and perennially lovelorn singer-guitarist, who will no doubt have a few words to say about Valentine's Day, shares the bill with John Gorka on Feb. 14. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—A pretty-in-pink West Indian restaurant found on one of New York's lesser-known jazz boulevards, Sixth Avenue. **RAYMOND MANTILLA,** a percussionist who was a founding member of Max Roach's M'Boom, brings in his quintet Feb. 6-11; the week beginning Feb. 13 is ceded to **LOU DONALDSON,** a bebopping alto saxophonist and crooner who has been known to stray into the land of funk. Music from nine-thirty.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, three walls of Vertès murals, and, as of Feb. 6, the gravelly contralto **JULIE WILSON.** Ms. Wilson's new offering—in the past half-dozen years, she has dedicated lively revues to famous and obscure chatter by Cole Porter, Stephen Sondheim, the Gershwins, and others—is devoted to the music of Cy Coleman, whose work can also be heard in "City of Angels," currently on Broadway. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, Frank Owens presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CONDON'S, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A new, candlelit catacomb just east of Union Square. Pop-jazz vibraphonist **JAY HOGGARD** leads a quartet Feb. 6-11; **AHMAD JAMAL,** a pianist known for his fierce, hurtling solos and his rhythm-oriented jazz outfits, heads a trio as of Feb. 13. Music after ten.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—If submarines had jazz clubs, they might look like this basement haunt, which is reached by passing through a tight corridor where you half expect to bump into Admiral Nimitz. This is not the place for those with a fear of intimacy: at the front tables you can go eye to eye with your favorite performers, and no matter where you're seated there's not much room to practice your T'ai Chi. **BILL EVANS,** a young jazz-rock saxophonist who apprenticed with Miles Davis before striking out on his own, brings in his ensemble Feb. 6-11. **GEORGE COLEMAN,** a tenor saxophonist rooted in the Memphis blues (he played on a few early B. B. King recordings), begins a two-week residency on Feb. 13. Mondays are set aside for guitarist **LES PAUL,** who was known as Rhubarb Red back in the twenties and thirties, when he was an itinerant country picker. Music from eight. Dining.

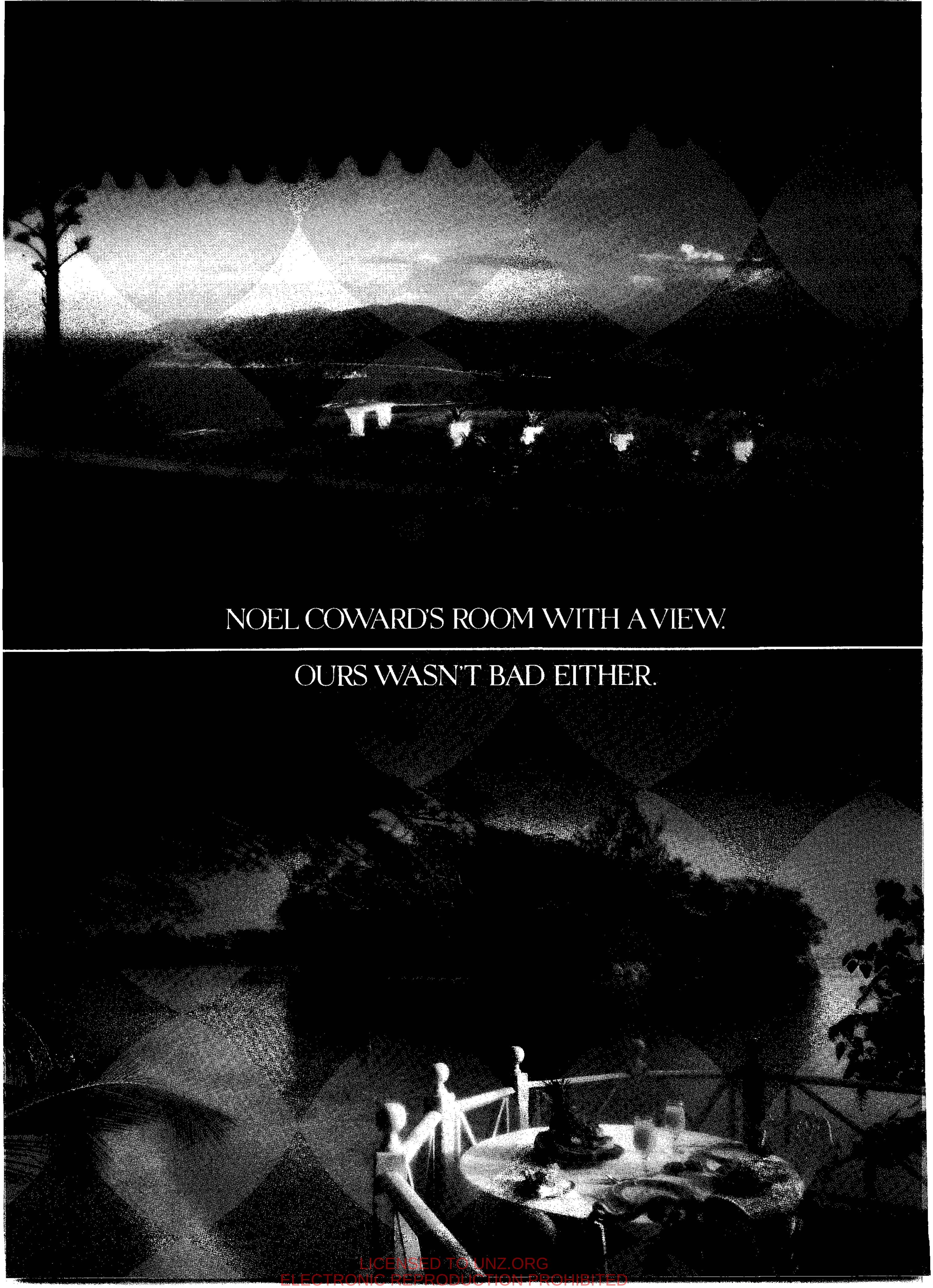
FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—The kind of classy place where no sooner do they give you a plate than they take it away. Fortune Garden is decorated for a greenhouse effect, and the priorities here are Chinese food, hanging plants, and jazz. **DAVE MC KENNA,** a spare, even-keeled pianist and one of the best players to emerge since the death of Art Tatum, will be here Feb. 6-11. McKenna's career, which began in the late forties, has included long stretches during which he avoided New York, forcing many jazz fans to make pilgrimages to Boston, Rochester, and other exotic locales to hear him swing. Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** start up on Feb. 13. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—This is such a gorgeous, thirties-ish movie set of a place that you expect gunmen to burst in at any moment. The restaurant-bar—forested and twilit—is about the size of a football field, with the piano at the fifty-yard line. If your seats are good enough, you'll hear some able entertainers, including David Wynne (through Feb. 7), the **LYNN BERNSTEIN** duo (Feb. 8-11), and Armen Donelian (Feb. 12-15).

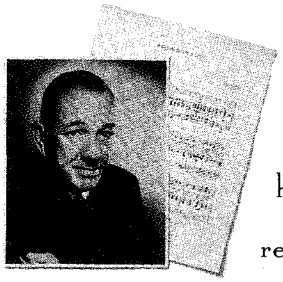
KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—This upstairs music-and-performance space opened its doors in 1986 and quickly established itself as the headquarters of the downtown music scene. (There wasn't much competition). There's a downstairs, too, where you can hear what's going on above for the price of a drink. **JEAN-PAUL BOURELLY,** a young jazz-rock-and-other

SIMPLY MOISTURE
A fresh idea in moisturizing.
SIMPLY MO
PRESCRIPTIVES

© 1990 Prescriptives Image: Tcherevkoff


NOEL COWARD'S ROOM WITH A VIEW.
OURS WASN'T BAD EITHER.

JAMAICA



We'd arrived at our hotel after dark, so I really wasn't prepared for it. The next morning I stumbled over to open the wooden shutters.

And there it was. The view. Our view. Just looking at it was good for the soul.

And every morning after that, and most evenings as well, we'd just sit there, listening to the birds and the quiet between their calls, and taking in the view.

On Tuesday we drove to Noel Coward's house, "Firefly Hill." A surprisingly modest house for a fellow with such a grand manner.

And then I saw his view.

For more information, call the Jamaica Tourist Board.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14			

guitarist, headlines on Feb. 10. Bourelly combines the blues of his native Chicago with avant-garde jazz, funk, noise, Jimi Hendrix, and whatever else he feels like. Also: the Ned Rothenberg Double Band on Feb. 8; drummer and composer **BOBBY PREVITE'S** Empty Suit on Feb. 13; and **GREG OSBY'S** Sound Theatre on Feb. 14. Music after nine.

LAUTERBACH'S BROOKLYN BEAT, 335 Prospect Ave., at Sixth Ave. (1-718 788-9140)—A grungy but well-intentioned watering hole devoted to homegrown Brooklyn bands. The emphasis here is on exposed cement, although one wall is decorated with Polaroids—"St. Patty's 1986" (people in green hats and leis), "New Year's 1988-89" (people in red hats and leis). Lauterbach's microwave menu includes shepherd's pie and chicken parmigiana, but the musical menu is almost always a better selection.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A cheery, climate-controlled restaurant and bar featuring a load of snazzy Gibson guitars, some Washington Square-style portraits of folks like Bo Diddley and Dr. John, and funky French fry–potato chip hybrids. A bleary-eyed patron here was recently heard remarking, "I don't know about you people, but I'm feeling a lot of love in this room." **CLARENCE CLEMONS** comes in on Feb. 8. **MINK DEVILLE,** a soul and R. & B. outfit led by Alphabet City local Willy DeVille, was championed by the downtown underground-rock set in the late seventies. Since then, the band's personnel and personality have undergone a few transformations, but Willy DeVille's voice is as soulful as ever. The group appears here on Feb. 9. Music after nine. Dining.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap drinks, and a regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the "Hoboken sound" and of the phrase "jangly guitars," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. Manhattanites who stay through the second set will need all their Scout training to get home, but the smell of the nearby Maxwell House factory will no doubt give them a boost.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A great, pricey cabaret in the sky. The last time **ROSEMARY CLOONEY** sang here, her encore was "Will You Still Be Mine"; almost exactly one year later, she's returned to find out. Ms. Clooney—whose voice is somewhat huskier than it once was, but who still makes it all look pretty damn easy—also ran through "Come On-A My House," "Strike Up the Band," and "Manhattan," for which the skyline pitched in some rather nice visuals. Her current engagement will run through Feb. 24. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A place where a fella and a gal can put on the feed bag, get a little tight, and cut a rug. When the band is swinging, and you and your dreamboat are cheek to cheek, everything can seem just swell. "Another highball?" "Thanks ever so." **VINCE GIORDANO,** the slick-haired bassist, crooner, and conductor, is here with his **NIGHTHAWKS** every Tuesday, running through Fletcher Henderson and Hoagy Carmichael and other vintage stuff. Also: Sonny Daniels' swing band on Feb. 7; Buster Long's big band on Feb. 8; John Gill & the Broadway Night Owls on Feb. 9; Bob Cantwell & the Stompers on Feb. 10; and Stan Rubin's big band on Feb. 14. Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—There's usually a good reason to go to the Ritz, but there's almost always a better reason to stay away. Even putting aside its new midtown address—the sort of neighborhood you wake up in after you've been kidnapped—there's still the club's distressing pack-them-in, get-them-the-hell-out management tactics, and the fact that the atmosphere here is something between that of a high-school gym class and a police state. **JACK BRUCE** and **GINGER BAKER,** two-thirds of the long-gone British supergroup Cream—the remaining third, of course, was the rather pivotal guitarist Eric Clapton—will be in residence on Feb. 9. The Genesis-knockoff band Marillion comes in on Feb. 10. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SAVOY GRILLE, 131 E. 54th St. (593-8800)—A little nest off Lexington for young people on their way home from Madison. The restaurant and bar have a yellowish light that's easy on the eyes; a small dance floor, which love-struck patrons dash to between courses; and earnest waiters who stop just short of acting out the menu. **DICK SUDHALTER**—who plays cornet and flugelhorn, and whose rather involved résumé includes serving as a U.P.I. correspondent, writing a biography of Bix Beiderbecke, and reviewing books for the British magazine *Punch*—leads a trio here through Feb. 10. Alan Simon's trio kicks off on Feb. 12.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Feb. 6-11 belongs to **JAMES MOODY,** a saxophonist who has explained his extraordinary and eclectic style by saying, "When I first started playing, I was listening to Jimmy Dorsey and Charlie Barnet and Georgie Auld. Then I heard Lester Young, and I said, 'Wait a minute.' Then I heard Charlie Parker, and I said, 'Wait a minute.' Then I heard John Coltrane and said, 'Wait a minute.' " A trio consisting of **CEDAR WALTON, RON CARTER,** and **BILLY HIGGINS** starts up on Feb. 13. Shows from ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Located on a Chelsea block that's fast becoming an urban Disneyland (a pool hall, an indoor miniature golf course, a trendy all-night diner, Limelight around the corner), this roller-rink-size bar-and-restaurant is slicker than the original Tramps, but the emphasis on solid rock and blues remains. The Meters are around Feb. 6-8; Jimmy Johnson's Blues Band will be on the premises Feb. 14.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." Mr. Gordon continued to run the place until his death last year, and always weathered the trials of club ownership with equanimity, whether it was Harry Belafonte's exposed navel (Max didn't approve, but the customers did) or the time Charles Mingus tore off the front door. **RANDY WESTON,** the pianist and composer, was born and raised in Brooklyn, where he learned about Ellington and Monk, and has lived all over the place, including Tangier, where he ran a night club for a while. (It's doubtful that this decision had anything to do with Bogey.) Weston's style reflects equally his New York bebop upbringing and the African influences he picked up abroad; he can be heard here, with his African Rhythms trio, Feb. 6-11. **BUCK CLAYTON'S SWING BAND** begins a week-long stay on Feb. 13. Mondays are in the hands of the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (662-8830)—This café—for years a well-known haven for those studying pinball, jazz, and other unofficial Columbia University requirements—reopened a few weeks back. **HAROLD ASHBY,** who was the principal tenor saxophonist in the Duke Ellington band from 1968 to 1975, directs a quartet Feb. 8-11. Mondays are the propery of a trio made up of organist **MIKE LE DONNE,** alto saxophonist **MIKE HASHIM,** and drummer **KENNY WASHINGTON.** Music after nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—One of those fine, awninged eateries you've seen nestled among brownstones in the Village and always wondered about. Pianist and former ballpark organist **JANE JARVIS**—"Most people at the Mets games didn't know I was playing jazz on the organ at Shea Stadium," she confided to an interviewer not long ago.—performs in a duo Mondays through Saturdays at eight.

ASTROTURF

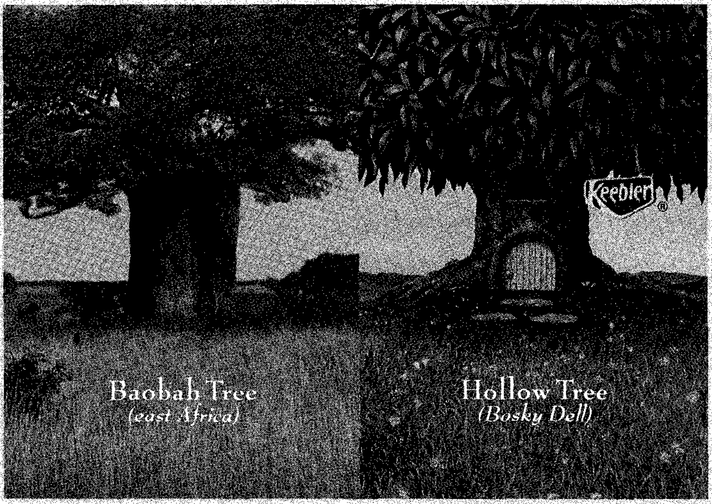
An upsurge of interest in the occult is taking place on the Upper East Side. In the area between 79th and 86th Streets, there are at least five shops catering to devotees of the paranormal. None of these shops are the seamy parlors with fringed lampshades and bead curtains usually associated with astrologers and palm and tarot-card readers. They are well lit and sparely furnished, with nothing fuzzy or frayed about them. And all announce their trade in the language of neon. From the outside, they are almost indistinguishable from the nail salons that pepper these same streets. Since this area is one of the few Republican strongholds in Manhattan (it voted at a rate of almost two to one for Giuliani over Dinkins), it may be that the shops' popularity is a legacy of the Reagan years. Perhaps Upper East Siders are saying to themselves, "Well, if it was good enough for the Reagans, it's good enough for us."

SURE SIGNS

The spruce new terra-cotta-colored street signs around the city, such as those on Broadway between Herald and Union Squares, are not the Transportation Department's answer to the recent taste for blue corn chips and cactuses. Conceived by the New York Landmarks Preservation Foundation, funded by private donors, and approved by the city's experts on street-sign size and legibility, the signs serve to remind locals and to advise tourists that they've entered a historic district—in this case, Ladies' Mile. Between now and April, Transportation Department workers will be climbing thousands of poles and replacing all the variously colored street signs in each of the city's fifty-four historic districts (from Longwood to Stuyvesant Heights) with clay-red ones. Come spring, a glance skyward will show pedestrians whether they're strolling along a historic avenue or just walking down a plain old street.

Elves: myth or reality?
Wheat: plain or exciting?

Recent evidence challenges old beliefs.



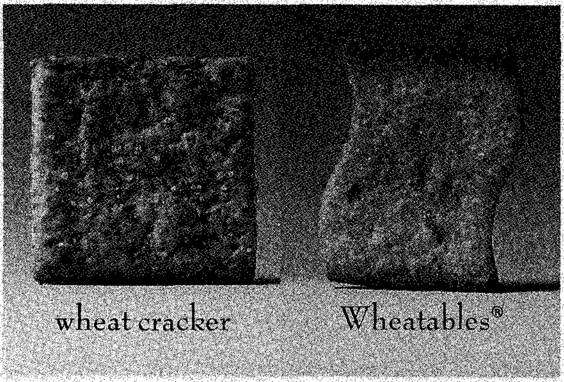
Baobab Tree
(east Africa)

Hollow Tree
(Bosky Dell)

The romantic legend of tiny bakers who live in a hollow tree and use magic ovens to produce crackers and cookies of uncommon quality has long fascinated scientists and snackers alike. But documented evidence of the existence of elves has proven as difficult to find as a truly flavorful wheat cracker. Until now.

Two isolated incidents strongly suggest that elves not only exist but are solely responsible for a great little snack.

A noted elfologist vacationing in east Africa observed striking similarities between the native baobab tree *(Adansonia digitata)* and the legendary hollow tree *(Keeblerum vacuuosis)*. Coincidentally, a snack lover relaxing at home observed very little similarity between Keebler® Wheatables® and the wheat crackers she was accustomed to eating.



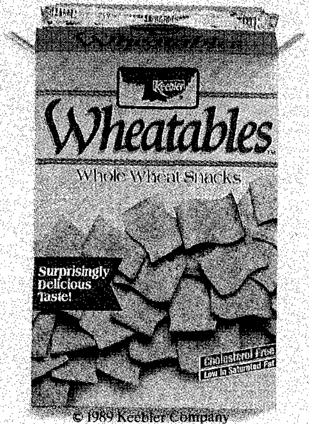
wheat cracker

Wheatables®

Establishing the direct lineage of the Keebler® Hollow Tree remains problematic. But proving that elves had more than a tiny hand in the creation of Wheatables® is a lead pipe cinch. What else but an elfin recipe could explain such zest and pizazz in wheat crackers, a category more noted for wholesomeness than excitement? What else but the thoughtfulness of elves could explain the timely appearance of this cholesterol-free snack cracker low in saturated fat? What else but the modesty of elves could account for the fact that you've probably never heard that snackers prefer Wheatables® over original Wheat Thins® by a margin of two to one?

The discovery of Keebler® Wheatables® dramatically ends the notion that wheat is plain. It may even end skepticism where the Keebler® elves themselves are concerned.

We live in exciting times.



© 1989 Keebler Company

Wheat Thins® is a registered trademark of Nabisco, Inc.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

ALL hail Ridley Scott, the patron saint of dance clubs.

What? You doubt his divinity? That's because you think Rudolf and Rubell and Goode and Dayan are the men who inspire your evenings around town. But they've had help. Don't forget that the first time you went to Mars it reminded you so much of Scott's "Blade Runner" that you were almost afraid you'd run into Rutger Hauer on the roof.

Now Morrissey, the newest addition to the growing clubby industrial park developing in north Chelsea (the Sound Factory, the Tunnel, Spo-dee-o-dee), has arrived, and by the time you check your coat you have been enveloped in its unabashed homage to the director's foolish, dazzling, completely incomprehensible but never boring (doesn't this sound like a good night out?), monumentally overblown fairy tale "Legend." For those unable to use this never-to-be-considered-a-classic film as a reference point (don't get nervous, there are legions of you), imagine a youth center in Angkor Wat. Morrissey is a labyrinthine warehouse fantastically riddled with golden clouds, a spinning sun, flying dragons, gilded Della Robbias hanging from air ducts, lighting that casts shadows better than do J. Arthur Rank logos, and an infectiously self-contained sense that nowhere else exists.

"The staff has taken nice pills—what's with them?" exclaimed an obviously thrown-off-balance young woman who still hadn't recovered from the person at the front door saying, "Thank you for coming." (There's a little bit of Lewis Carroll here, too.) Those who have seen "Legend" will immediately note the subliminal influence of the film's Lord of Darkness (played by Tim Curry), for almost everyone at the club wears a headpiece: bowlers with papier-mâché thorns, pink cellophane confections, flowerpots with silk flowers, jockey caps with fringe, plaster platters bearing wax fruit, glittered squeegee mops, pillboxes with a fistful of pins, and enough do-rags to stock a cleaning-lady convention. The hat-bearers are as young as Tom Cruise was when he chased the unicorn, as pretty as Mia Sara, and as unconcerned about making sense or returning to reality as these or any other characters in the film. To screen "Legend" here might be too much like going through the Looking Glass.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"Me and My Birds"—A performance work by Donna Henes. (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Feb. 9-10 at 8:30.)

La Mama—Feb. 7-10 at 7:30, and Feb. 11 at 3 and 7:30: The Otrabanda Company in "Juice," a performance about health nuts of the future. . . . ¶ Feb. 8-10 at 10: Penny Arcade in a new show, "Based on a True Story." With Alan Midgette, Deborah Margolin, and others. (74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

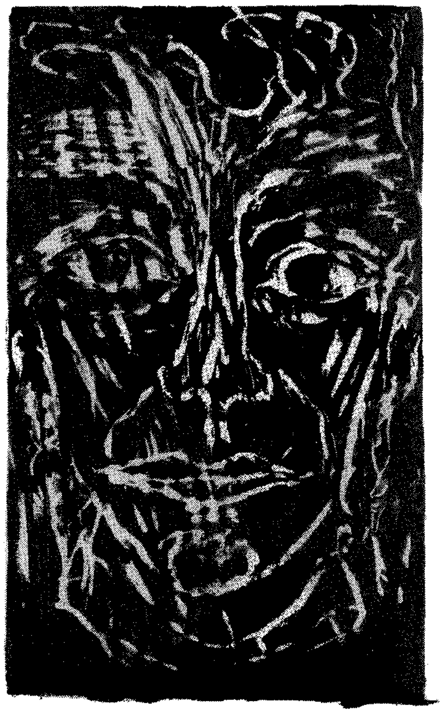
P.S. 122—Feb. 8-11 at 9:30: Richard Elovich in his new work, "If Men Could Talk, the Stories They Could Tell." Through March 4. . . . ¶ Feb. 9-10 at 11: Guy and Tal Yarden, performance artists who are also brothers. Through Feb. 17. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

ART

BARBARA FLYNN's idea of a commercial art gallery is unutterably high-minded. Her ground-floor industrial space, at 113 Crosby Street, is, for starters, a big, wonderful, cubic volume lined in smooth concrete and plaster. Into this flows a clear-albumen daylight filtered through the high factory windows on the building's façade. A viewer's edgy street awareness is instantly converted into the slow awareness of a chrysalis—it's as if this unfussy cocoon calmed one's thyroid. Flynn also approaches gallery scheduling more with an inner clock than with a conventional timetable. For instance, her last David Rabinowitch exhibition—concentric circles gouged into the plaster walls—was up for the better part of last year. It is followed by her current David Rabinowitch show, which has already been up for about two months and will remain on view through February, unless Flynn decides to extend it further.

We first saw this new piece, "Open Wood Construction (Poplar)," as a work in progress, in early November. The gallery was strewn with what seemed a huge amount of lumber, and, since the work's unveiling had already been delayed a week or two, Tadashi Hashimoto, the fabricator, was working with special zeal from elaborate blueprints. These meticulous plans were drawn by Rabinowitch in 1966 but they were never realized before now.

On paper, the project suggested some sort of ship—perhaps an ancient ark—but it turns out that the piece more closely resembles either a horn of plenty or a huge Dustbuster's nozzle. It is a dauntingly cerebral construct. This hollow sculpture implies symmetry but is completely asymmetrical. It is horizontal on one side and vertical on the other, and its openings have different dimensions. It suggests some molded, seamless structure like an Eames chair but is actually made of a great many perfectly fitting poplar strips. The perspectival lines created by these two-by-fours seem alternately to rush hungrily toward one and to race off to an unspecified vanishing point—the sculpture is at once passive, aggressive, and preoccupied with itself. The piece denotes light when one looks over its curved contours and dark when one looks into its void. It resolves paradox by revelling in paradox: is this the Zen design for living?



Self-portrait by Joan Snyder

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Gold of Africa: The Barbier-Mueller Collection." This cohesive show, assembled from a Swiss collection, demonstrates that the world's most fanciful gold rings come from Ghana, just as the largest and most sumptuous gold earrings are those from Mali. There are staggering amounts of gold here, including a pair of human jawbones cast in the metal. Through March 11. . . . ¶ The Jacques and Natasha Gelman Collection contains some important Matisses, some fine Picassos and Giacomettis, and a dynamite Vlaminck, but the selection here offers neither an illuminating historical view nor an in-depth understanding of a significant moment (little Expressionism, no Dada, no Futurism). Through April 1. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of works by Robert Moskowitz that includes window-shade collages from the early sixties, monochrome paintings from the early seventies, and more recent, large-scale paintings and pastels. Starts Feb. 10. . . . ¶ In Vernon Fisher's newest installation—a complicated amalgam of wall drawings, paintings, texts, surveyor's equipment, a mirror, a sliced wall, and an anamorphic projection of a Dalmatian—the Texas artist wittily and poetically examines the breakdown of theory by pitting systems of representation and thought against each other. Through March 6. . . . ¶ Photographs by Tina Barney. Through April 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Jenny Holzer illumines Mr. Wright's daunting space with her aphorisms, which are engraved on both red and white granite benches and displayed on a five-hundred-and-thirty-five-foot electronic message unit that follows the contours of the museum's spiralling wall. Through Feb. 25. (Another of Holzer's installation works, "Laments," can be seen at Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St.) (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The premise of "Image World: Art and Media Culture"—"that the overpowering presence of the media has produced an 'image world' "—is about as sprightly as the Oldest Living Confederate Widow could expect to be. Nevertheless, many individual pieces, such as the lobby "Ticket Booth," by Dennis Adams, which puts the Whitney's ticket-taking docents in a "homeless" frieze, are terrific. Through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings by Thomas Hart Benton (1889-1975). Through Feb. 11. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Blue of Jingtai," a display of more than forty Chinese cloisonné vessels, mostly from the Ch'ing dynasty (1644-1912). Nineteen-twelve is also the year these pieces entered the museum's collection. Starts Feb. 9. . . . ¶ A show of fifty paintings, prints, and drawings by American artists who were affiliated with Alfred Stieglitz and his Gallery 291: Marsden Hartley, Arthur G. Dove, John Marin, Georgia O'Keeffe, Abraham Walkowitz, and Max Weber. Starts Feb. 9. . . . ¶ "A Hair's Breadth," David Mach's site-specific

THE ULTIMATE NOTEBOOK PC

Our new Tandy® Computer is only 6.4 pounds! With built-in software, it's ready to use instantly!

With its exclusive *instant-on word processing*, the new Tandy 1100 FD lets you take notes in seconds—a 90,000-word spell checker will then proof your work for typos! MS-DOS® and the DeskMate Graphical User Interface™ are built in for *unsurpassed ease of use*. Just follow DeskMate's proven system of pull-down menus on the *large, easy-to-read* 9″-diagonal screen. Unlike other notebook PCs, the 1100's battery delivers up to five hours between charges and is easily removable so you can carry a spare. Also includes AC adapter for home or office use. A 720K 3½″ disk drive and DeskMate disk software are standard, and it's ready to use with your desktop PC or printer—add a modem for *easy communications*. Only 2.4 × 12.1 × 9.8″ and *available today* at all participating Radio Shack stores, dealers and Computer Centers. **Tandy Computers: Because there is no better value.℠**

Only $999 Ready to go

TANDY
1100 FD
LAPTOP COMPUTER
DeskMate
CONTRAST
Welcome to DeskMate

Radio Shack®

America's Technology Store℠

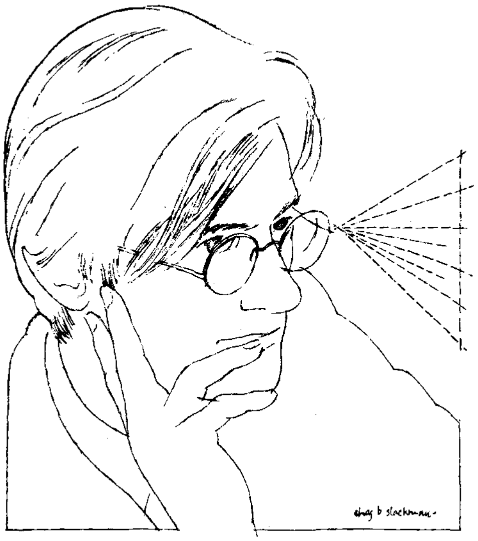
A DIVISION OF TANDY CORPORATION

Price applies at Radio Shack Computer Centers and participating stores and dealers.
MS-DOS/licensed from Microsoft Corp.

ART—Cont'd

installation (it incorporates two of the museum's columns), made of fifty tons of magazines, is on view in the lobby through March 5. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—Even though the Japanese lifted their ceramics techniques from the Chinese, they nevertheless went on to produce some of the finest such objects known. "The Japanese Influence on American Ceramics" proves that we're still working on it. There are some wonderful objects here that emulate a Japanese shape, sense of color, or surface while retaining their own identity—a Fulper vase, a Ron Nagle pot, and a Betty Woodman basket, for example. But the vast majority of work in the show is pure kitsch and nothing in the face of the real McCoy, which is occasionally exhibited alongside. Through March 25. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)



Giulio Paolini

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Art from Bhutan." *Buddhism came from Tibet to this* mountain kingdom in the eighth century, and many of the ritual objects on view here resemble those of the source. Most of the water vessels, musical instruments, and incense burners are as decorative as South Asian art gets. But there are also some more generally likable sculptural objects—figurative sculptures of Buddhas in bronze, ivory, and rhinoceros horn. A gold-and-silver staff and trident with devilish skulls, which are used, according to a wall label, to "sever neurotic tendencies," radiate an intense power. A carved-wood *tashigomang*—a portable shrine with deities behind doors behind doors behind deities—is the highlight of the show. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—"The Art of Thomas Rowlandson" includes eighty-four watercolors and drawings by the English satirist. Through April 8. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—Nineteen paintings and twenty-three samurai swords and daggers constitute a show that demonstrates the relationship between the courtly brush *and the martial blade in medieval* Japan. Starts Feb. 8. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The hundred-and-sixty-fifth annual exhibition, a juried show that includes work in many mediums, starts Feb. 7. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Queens Museum, Flushing Meadow Park—At the "New British Painting" exhibition, viewers may get the feeling that they have gone back to a future of Dickensian woes, or of Depression-era specialties such as Expressionistic satire, Magic Realism, and Socialist allegory. Ken Currie's "Workshop of the World (Hope and Optimism in Spite of Present Difficulties)" and "In the City Bar" positively erupt with the spirit of nineteen-thirties radical unionism. And Stephen Conroy's neo-Victorian, workaday visions of tight-lipped, buttoned-up young men in close, seemingly gaslit interiors evoke Walter Sickert, as well as Degas in his most sombre, Zola-conscious moments. Through March 18. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of contemporary sub-Saharan African art that should inspire serious rethinking of such issues as cultural imperialism and the function of art within a society. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Cy Twombly—Beautiful paintings from 1969, with just about everything one expects from the master of the mark and the scribble. Through Feb. 10. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

"Helen Serger, 1901-89: A Memorial Exhibition"—This dealer is honored with an exhibition from her private collection of interwar European art. Among the many fine works on paper are those by Léger, Schiele, Rouault, Chagall, and Kokoschka. Through Feb. 10. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St.)

Group Show—An assortment of high-quality and mostly low-interest Old Master paintings from the fourteenth century through the eighteenth. There's a nice Boucher "Venus and Cupid," a theatrical "Mediterranean Harbor Scene," by Hendrik Van Minderhout (1632-96), with dressed-up monkeys and a camel by the sea, and a rather sinister, pagan-looking "St. Bartholomew" by Bernardo Cavallino (1616-56). Through Feb. 16. (Colnaghi, 21 E. 67th St. Open Mondays; closes at 4 on Saturdays.)

Short List—**JAMES GRASHOW,** Stone, 48 E. 86th St. (through March 2); **JOAN SNYDER,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (open Mondays, through Feb. 28); **BOB THOMPSON,** Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St. (through Feb. 24).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Shirley Jaffe / Cora Cohen—Joyful paintings bearing the strong influence of Matisse's cutouts, by a sixty-six-year-old American living in Paris. / Recent abstract paintings: quiet, *relaxed, subtle, subdued, and ever so* slightly steamy. Through Feb. 10. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Catherine Lee—Large, vaguely figurative shapes composed of two or three juxtaposed bronze pieces, each patinaed differently. Well done, albeit with a little too much effort. Through Feb. 10. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Mark Rothko (1903-70)—Gorgeous paintings, made from 1946 to 1948, that are full of change and possibility, while remaining contemplative and assured. The color is brilliant, and the paintings are filled with light. The show offers a convincing argument that this "transitional" period of Rothko's is a haven of its own. Through Feb. 10. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

"The Narrative in Art"—The high point of this display of drawings and prints, mostly by German Expressionists but also including some fine Munchs, is a group of drawings by George Grosz from the nineteen-twenties. They reinforce his position as an incisive social commentator whose work puts most of today's illustrative political art to shame. Through March 11. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Short List—**ABE AJAY,** Deutsch, 29 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 28); **JOHN ALEXANDER,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Feb. 24); **KENNETH CALLAHAN** and **GIFFORD BEAL,** Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Feb. 10); **ROY DE FOREST,** Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 28); **MARTHA DIAMOND,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 3); **PETER LOFTUS** and **LOIS DODD,** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 28); **GIORGIO MORANDI,** Daverio, 41 E. 57th St. (starts Feb. 7); **IRVING PETLIN,** Kent, 41 E. 57th St. (through Feb. 24); **GERHARD RICHTER,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St., and Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (through Feb. 24); **ANDY WARHOL,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 1), and Alexander, 476 Broome St. (through March 3); **ROBERT ZAKANITCH,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Feb. 24).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Suzanne Anker—A craggy twig cast in bronze, a fan-shaped section of honeycomb, and a copper bowl filled with ash-encrusted duck eggs are among the beautiful objects here that pluck nostalgia's strings and then fade from memory. Through Feb. 10. (Greenberg Wilson, 560 Broadway.)

Simon Faibisovich—Solid Soviet realistic paintings. Through Feb. 14. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Félix González-Torres—The Andrea Rosen gallery's inaugural exhibition is of work by an artist who produces spare, clean, Judd-like shapes by means of stacked sheets suggesting giant Xerox paper. Some bare messages can be peeled off by viewers page by page. This is cool, information-age minimalism, but González-Torres has been getting hot. Through Feb. 24. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)

Fariba Hajamadi—Ultra-arty symmetrical diptychs and triptychs, with images developed photographically on canvas or wood, and then painted over. They depict European museums, chapels, and other rarefied rooms of yore. It's a sealed world presented in a disturbingly subtle and voyeuristic way, revealing the artist as either a hopeless romantic or a hopeless cynic. Through Feb. 10. (Burgin, 130 Prince St.)

Guillermo Kuitca—A compelling début by a young Argentinian. The show includes three robust padded-vinyl paintings of part of a German road map and more traditional canvases of floor plans and angled cutaway views of exitless apartments, most rendered in Jasper Johns gray. Some have details—such as clear teardrops or crude hangmen—that dangle like crystals from a dusty chandelier; all the work is moody, modest, and mysterious. Through Feb. 21. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Giulio Paolini—This is hardly the artist's most sumptuous work, but it communicates efficiently his role as magician. In a cycle of drawings and slide projections, sight lines radiate from the eyes of a figure, lifted from an eighteenth-century etching, to rectangles drawn in space. The whole is a touching, if somewhat detached, portrait of melancholy. Through Feb. 24. (SteinGladstone, 99 Wooster St.)

Beverly Pepper—Almost all of these slapdash paintings from "The Odyssey Series" feature the same winding, whiplash path with a few pillow-shaped pools on it, surrounded by ice-blue water or sky. Through Feb. 24. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

"About Nature: A Romantic Impulse"—A thoughtful installment on the subject that has become the theme for the never-ending group show. David Nyzio, one of the more interesting science-experiment-as-art practitioners, has us observing growing algae as if we were gazing into a crystal ball. Christopher Williams presents photographs of exotic flowers from political hot spots in the form of anatomically accurate glass models at a botanical museum. Through Feb. 10. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the **CERVERA,** 470 Broome St.: Another version of the floating show on the theme of chaos, with, among other things, paintings by Andy Moses about birth and death, men and women, the brain, the universe. The work is generally attractive but thin. Through Feb. 17. . . . **GLADSTONE,** 99 Greene St.: A high-class gathering of works by masters of European funk—Dieter Roth and the late great Marcels, Duchamp and Broodthaers. Some of the more scrumptious entries include Broodthaers' brown leather doctor's bag full of white eggshells, and a fading, flaking chocolate puppy dog by Roth. Through Feb. 10.

Short List—**NASSOS DAPHNIS,** Castelli, 420 West Broadway (through Feb. 24); **SONIA DELAUNAY,** Zarre, 379 West Broadway (through Feb. 28); **DON EDDY,** Hoffman, 429 West Broadway (through Feb. 28); **PETER HALLEY,** 303 Gallery, 127 Spring St. (through Feb. 24); **MAGDALENA JETELOVÁ,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (through Feb. 24); **GARY KUEHN,** Roeder, 545 Broadway (closed Tuesdays, through Feb. 28); **JOEL OTTERSON,** Gorney, 100 Greene St. (through March 3); **ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG,** Lang & O'Hara, 568 Broadway (through March 3); **GARY STEPHAN,** Boone, 417 West Broadway (through Feb. 24); **ALAN TURNER,** Koury Wingate, 578 Broadway (through Feb. 24); **RICHARD TUTTLE,** Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through Feb. 28); **DAVID VON SCHLEGELL,** Viafora, 568 Broadway (through Feb. 28); **ROBERT YARBER,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through Feb. 24).

OTHER GALLERIES

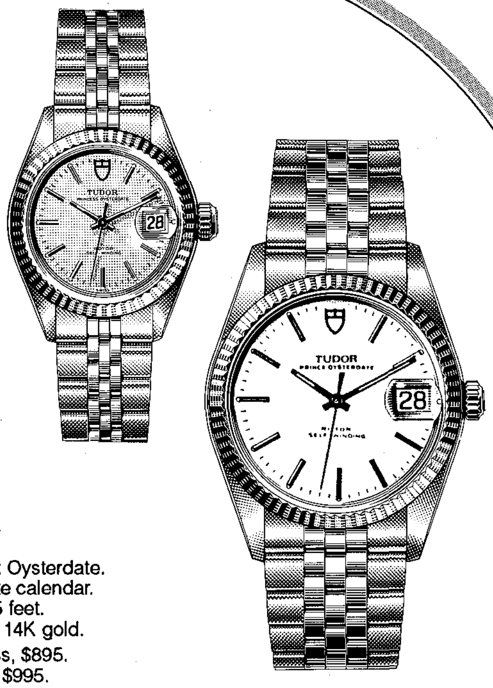
Alan Saret—A major retrospective of work in several mediums by Saret—surely one of the strangest artists alive—best known for his ethereal, hanging "pubic" sculptures made of wire mesh. His earlier, figurative drawings confirm suspicions that the artist is at heart a "Dionysus in '69" type, while his often enchanting new wall and floor sculptures make wonderfully poetic use of more recently developed mesh-fencing materials. Through March 11. (P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

"Video Spin-Offs"—Installations by three artists who influenced the better-known Nam June Paik—who curated the show—and by the videomaster himself. Paul Garrin's installation is meant to hit you over the head with its fierceness, and it does. It consists of angry, politically correct slogans scrawled on the gallery's walls and, behind a razor-wire fence, a videotape of a hefty, hungry-looking German shepherd gnawing on a large bone; as one approaches the fence, the dog growls viciously. On the wall behind the monitor is an annoyingly obvious canvas of an uptown cocktail party with a scene of riot police in action revealed through a window. The best of the Nam June Paik works is the smallest: a large frog tchotchke contemplating a videotape of frogs in their ostensibly natural habitat—a wonderfully succinct reversal of the notion of the observer and the observed. Betsy Connors offers some sophomoric, dollhouse-size models of rooms with monitors in them, and Marianne Heske has some large, showy, and awful computer-generated abstract paintings. Through Feb. 25. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

AN adventurous new picture book, "I'm So Happy," by Marvin Heiferman and Carole Kismaric, is about to come out. The authors have collected all sorts of photographs, from the fifties through the eighties, that share either a projection or a promise of happiness. Each of these decidedly American photographs becomes a record of happiness propaganda and a non-nostalgic catalyst for memories. Some of the pictures advertise, and others simply represent, the idea of the "good life" we grew up with; many of these images still surround us like a bubble. (There are photographs of a happy waiter, a happy Reagan, a happy tightrope walker, a happy driver, a happy disk jockey, a happy banker, the happy Nixons, and happy American soldiers in Vietnam.) "I'm So Happy" bursts the bubble, but not in a way that is unsympathetic to our lives; rather, the book brings out the naïveté and pathos involved in believing in consumer products and upward mobility as routes to happiness.

A less successful aspect of "I'm So Happy" is the text. A combination of buzzwords, buzznames, information, declarations, and definitions, the often ghostlike copy is distractingly didactic. Heiferman and Kismaric's picture editing and juxtaposing are so smart and inventive they didn't need this extra layer of point-making. Otherwise, they have a fresh and visually literate approach both to bookmaking and to images that cast a spell on popular culture, and they've put these things together in a book that's not only amusing and provocative but affordable ($10.95)—a rarity for picture books today, let alone one in color.



TUDOR
by Rolex

OYSTERDATE
The Tudor by Rolex Oysterdate.
Automatic, with date calendar.
Water tested to 165 feet.
Stainless steel and 14K gold.
Oysterdate Princess, $895.
Oysterdate Prince, $995.

TOURNEAU CORNER® NEW YORK BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

MADISON AVE. & 52ND ST. SEVENTH AVE. & 34TH ST. BAL HARBOUR SHOPS/FLORIDA
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS, INQUIRIES & ORDERS NY (212) 758-3265/1-800-223-1288. CORPORATE GIFT DIV. (212) 888-2955

HAVE YOU HEARD
ABOUT OUR NEW TRADE SECRET...

It's absolutely brilliant! Our time-honored trade-in policy for watches now goes for jewelry too! In celebration of Tourneau's expanded jewelry dept., you can now apply the trade-in value of your old watch…or your old jewelry…towards the purchase of any new watch or jewelry items. It's a simple, logical strategy that helps you recoup the value in your old watches or jewelry that you've been saving, but not wearing. Those pieces that haven't seen the light of day for years. Visit Tourneau for your free trade-in appraisal. And our little trade will be our little secret.

- Madison Ave. & 52nd St.
- Seventh Ave. & 34th St.
- Bonwit Teller/Trump Tower

Major credit cards welcome
Inquiries & Orders (212) 758-3265
Outside NY 1-800-223-1288

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK · BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

PHOTOGRAPHY–Cont'd

Bernd and Hilla Becher—Sixty-four exquisitely printed black-and-white photographs taken over the past twenty-five years. The images are of familiar-looking exposed industrial structures—gas tanks, grain elevators, water towers—and there is a particularly compelling group of fifteen "Blast Furnaces." Through June 22. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

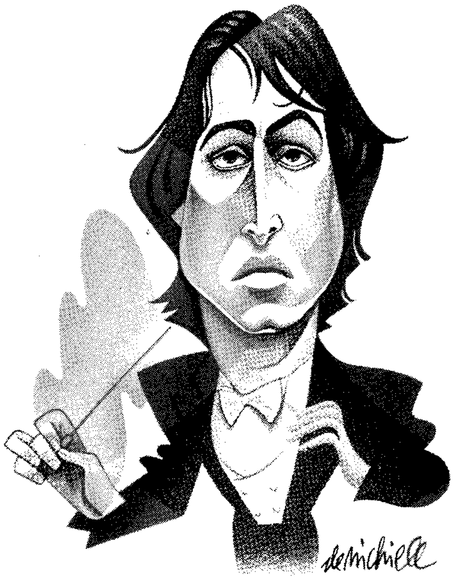
John Coplans—An impressive display of photographs of the artist's feet. The magnetism of this work is in part due to Coplans' "Gulliver's Travels"-like approach—his scaling up of his body, making it seem both surreal and hyperreal. There is fine use of sculptural form here, combined with a refusal to be afraid of so-called ugliness. Some of Coplans' pieces epitomize the teen term "gross"—don't go if you want to look at pretty toes. Through Feb. 10. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Short List—**tina barney,** Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (through April 10); **nancy burson,** Baum, 588 Broadway (open Mondays, through Feb. 10); **peter campus,** Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (through Feb. 24); **adam fuss,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 3); **peter hujar,** Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. (opens at 1 on Saturdays, through Feb. 24); **irene pletka,** Sikkema, 155 Spring St. (opens at noon on Saturdays, through Feb. 10); **henry peach robinson** and **douglas kirkland,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open Sundays, through Feb. 25); **hannah villiger,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through Feb. 10).

MUSIC

THE eminence of Gerald Moore has made song accompanying a profession of special honor for pianists growing up in Britain. Moore has dominated the field for more than forty years. He began his career playing for such legendary figures as Feodor Chaliapin, Frieda Hempel, and John McCormack, and ended it as the regular partner of Janet Baker and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. Moore was the first to show how fully the song literature could accommodate and nourish a pianistic talent of the first order; besides fostering public appreciation of his métier as a lecturer, memoirist, and raconteur, he was a generous teacher and mentor to a fine group of younger accompanists.

One of the busiest pianists on today's international lieder-recital-and-recording circuit was, in fact, a protégé of Moore: Geoffrey Parsons. We don't often hear him in America; the cost of airfare and hotels, which must generally be absorbed by the singer, offers a strong inducement to collaborate with one pianist per continent. But singers who command very high fees (or who can persuade presenters to make special arrangements) sometimes cross the ocean with partner in tow, and so it happens that New York will hear Mr. Parsons on Sunday, February 11, at Alice Tully Hall. Mr. Parsons, who took over Gerald Moore's studio and several of his collaborators when the older pianist retired, will accompany the Swedish baritone Olaf Baer (much recorded but hitherto unheard in New York) in Schubert's cycle "Die Schöne Mullerin."



Riccardo Muti conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 415-5440. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**il trovatore,** with Susan Dunn, Dolora Zajick, Ermanno Mauro, and Lajos Miller; conducted by Rico Saccani. (Feb. 5, Feb. 9, and Feb. 12, all at 8.) . . . **faust,** a new production, with Carol Vaness, Neil Shicoff, Brian Schexnayder, and James Morris; Charles Dutoit. (Feb. 6, Feb. 10, and Feb. 13, all at 8.) . . . **la traviata,** with Edita Gruberova, Alfredo Kraus, Paolo Coni, and James Courtney; Michelangelo Veltri. (Feb. 7 at 8 and Feb. 10 at 1:30.) . . . **la gioconda,** with Ghena Dimitrova, Stefania Toczyska, Giorgio Lamberti, and Alain Fondary; Nello Santi. (Feb. 8 at 8.) . . . **samson et dalila,** with Shirley Verrett, Placido Domingo, Alain Fondary, Michael Devlin, Charles Anthony, and John Macurdy; Charles Dutoit. (Feb. 14 at 8.)

After Dinner Opera Company—Presenting excerpts from "Troubled Island," by William Grant Still and Langston Hughes. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Feb. 13 at 4. For information about tickets, which are required, call 477-6210.)

"Hearts for Ella" at Avery Fisher Hall

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Erich Leinsdorf conducting. Feb. 6 at 7:30: Works by Strauss-Couperin, Haydn, and Mozart. With Philip Myers, horn. . . . ¶ Feb. 9-10 and Feb. 13, all at 8: Symphonies by Haydn and Bruckner.

Orchestra of St. Luke's—John Eliot Gardiner conducting works by Stravinsky, Ibert, Percy Grainger, and Bartók. With Elizabeth Mann, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 6 at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting works by Haydn, Shostakovich, and Rossini. With Yo-Yo Ma, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 7-8 at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Daniele Gatti conducting works by Verdi, Barber, and Tchaikovsky. With Michelle Makarski, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 11 at 3.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater" and Cherubini's Requiem Mass in C Minor. With Patricia Schuman, soprano; Susanne Mentzer, mezzo-soprano; and the Westminster Choir, directed by Joseph Flummerfelt. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 12 at 8.)

The Classical Band—Bruno Weil conducting the orchestra in an all-Beethoven program. With Melvyn Tan, fortepiano. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 14 at 8.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting works by Bach, Mozart, Joseph Kraus, and Francesco Durante. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 8 at 8.)

Manhattan Symphony—Victoria Bond conducting works by Weber, Mahler, and Brahms. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Feb. 9 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Orpheus—A conductorless chamber symphony playing music by Haydn, Beethoven, Kodály, and Stravinsky. With Cecile Licad, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 10 at 8.)

New York Symphonic Arts Ensemble—Alejandro Guzman conducting Beethoven's "Egmont Overture," Canteloube's "Songs of the Auvergne," Copland's "Old American Songs," and Nielsen's Symphony No. 3. With Jolanta Rajewska, soprano, and Eugene Moose, baritone. (Julia Richman High School Auditorium, 317 E. 67th St., between First and Second Aves. Feb. 11 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Riverside Symphony—George Rothman conducting music by Henry Purcell, Oliver Knussen, and Haydn. With Lisa Saffer, soprano. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Feb. 11 at 4. No tickets necessary.)

St. Olaf Choir—Kenneth Jennings directing. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 9 at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Performing, among other works, the première of "Of Time and the River," by Morton Gould. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Feb. 10 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

Goodman Chamber Choir—Singing sacred music of the twentieth century. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 W. 46th St. Feb. 11 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing the group in Bach's "Passion According to St. John." With Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Feb. 11 at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Playing works by Albinoni, Purcell, Mozart, and others. With guest artists Carmit Zori, violin; Judith Pearce, flute; and Robert Wolinsky, harpsichord, among others. Also with artists of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 6 at 7:30.)

VineyardMusicke—Performing French baroque chamber music and dance. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Feb. 6 at 8.)

S.E.M. Ensemble—In an evening of music and poetry. With guest performances by John Cage, Dick Higgins, Jackson Mac Low, and Anne Tardos. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Feb. 6 at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

Dawn Upshaw and Richard Goode—Soprano and piano, in a program of works by Purcell, Samuel Barber, and others. (92nd Street Y. Feb. 7 at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Feb. 7 at 8: Performing works by Beethoven, Debussy, and Brahms. With Peter Serkin, piano. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 8: Works by Mozart, Bartók, and Dvořák. (Metropolitan Museum.)

Robert Holl and Andras Schiff—Bass-baritone and piano. (Metropolitan Museum. Feb. 8 at 8.)

Thomas Hampson—Baritone. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Feb. 9 at 8.)

Sergio and Odair Assad—A classical-guitar duo. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 10 at 8.)

Joshua Bell—Violin. (92nd Street Y. Feb. 10 at 8.)

Continuum—Performing a program of new music by Hungarian composers. (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 10 at 8.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—With Seymour Lipkin, piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Feb. 11 at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

Tokyo String Quartet—In a program of works by Verdi, Hugo Wolf, and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 11 at 3.)

Music Amici—In a program of chamber music. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Feb. 11 at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the performance.)

Efrem Briskin—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 11 at 7.)

Olaf Baer—Baritone. With Geoffrey Parsons, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 11 at 7:30.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin. With Samuel Sanders, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 11 at 7:30.)

Chamber Players of the League-ISCM—Robert Black conducting. With Christine Schadeberg, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 12 at 8.)

Manhattan Percussion Ensemble—With Glen Velez, frame drums. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Feb. 12 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

"Music of Beth Anderson"—With, among others, Mia Wu, viola; Andrew Bolotowsky, flute; and Beth Anderson, piano. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Feb. 12 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Ruth Laredo—Piano, in a concert-lecture devoted to the works of Schumann. (Metropolitan Museum. Feb. 13 at 8.)

Jeffrey Siegel—Piano, in a program of music and commentary devoted to the works of Robert and Clara Schumann. (92nd Street Y. Feb. 14 at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—Playing pieces by Brian Ferneyhough, Peter Maxwell Davies, Alexander Goehr, and Gerald Barry. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 14 at 8.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Richard Marx—Poised somewhere between the Eagles at their worst and Bryan Adams at his pathetic best, Richard Marx has somehow captured the public's listening attention. He's also earning big bucks. "Repeat Offender," his latest album, has sold more than three million copies, and his radio-friendly music has charmed listeners to the tune of seven consecutive top-ten singles. It's all product, unfortunately, and demands little of its audience, as do his performances. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Feb. 9-10 at 8.)

Warren Zevon—In the seventies, Warren Zevon, one of the most ironic and literate of singer-songwriters, was on the move. He had released some critically acclaimed albums; Linda Ronstadt had covered some of his songs ("Hasten Down the Wind," "Poor Poor Pitiful Me"); and, in 1978, his single "Werewolves of London" hit the top ten. But in the eighties his songwriting grew erratic, and he fell out of favor with radio programmers. This may change: his new, cyberpunk-rock album is startlingly fresh, and in concert it should yield some great, sardonic material. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Feb. 10 at 8.)

B-52's—Radio City Music Hall. Feb. 6-8 at 8.

Najee, Evelyn (Champagne) King, Mikki Bleu, and Pieces of a Dream—Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. Feb. 8 at 7:30.

"Berlin to Broadway with Kurt Weill"—A revue presented by the Triangle Theatre Company. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. 860-7245. Feb. 8-10 at 8, and Feb. 11 at 3. Through March 4.)

"Jazz at Six"—Jimmy Heath and his quintet. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Feb. 9 at 6. Tickets at the door the night of the concert.)

Merengue Concert—With Wilfrido Vargas, Los Hermanos Rosario, Jossie Esteban y La Patrulla 15, and others. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Feb. 9 at 8.)

Sheila Jordan–Harvie Swartz Duo—Performing at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Feb. 9 at 8.

Odadaa!—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Feb. 10 at 8.

David Benoit—With Dave Samuels. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Feb. 10 at 8.)

Meredith Monk—With David Torn and Michael Harrison. Presented by New Sounds. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Feb. 11 at 3.)

"Hearts for Ella"—A benefit tribute to Ella Fitzgerald. With Lena Horne, Itzhak Perlman, Bobby McFerrin, Savion Glover, Linda Ronstadt, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 12 at 8. For tickets, call 1-800 448-8457.)

Steve Elson—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Feb. 12-13 at 8.

Al Carmines and David Vaughan—Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. Feb. 12-14 at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.

Oscar Brand—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Feb. 14 at 8. No tickets necessary.

The Kitchen—Feb. 8-9: Elliott Sharp and Leah Singer. . . . ¶ Feb. 10: Gordon Monahan. . . . ¶ Feb. 11: Alvin Curran. (512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Evenings at 8:30.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Rangers—Vs. the Edmonton Oilers, Feb. 7 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Calgary Flames, Feb. 11 at 1:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, Feb. 14 at 7:30.

Islanders—Vs. the Calgary Flames, Feb. 13 at 7:30.

Devils—Vs. the Edmonton Oilers, Feb. 6. . . . ¶ Vs. the Detroit Red Wings, Feb. 12. (Game time, 7:45.)

Knicks—Vs. the Miami Heat, Feb. 5. . . . ¶ Vs. the Golden State Warriors, Feb. 8. (Game time, 7:30.)

Nets—Vs. the Utah Jazz, Feb. 7 at 7:30.

(The Rangers and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; the Devils and the Nets play at the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-3900; and the Islanders play at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 422-9222.)

RACING

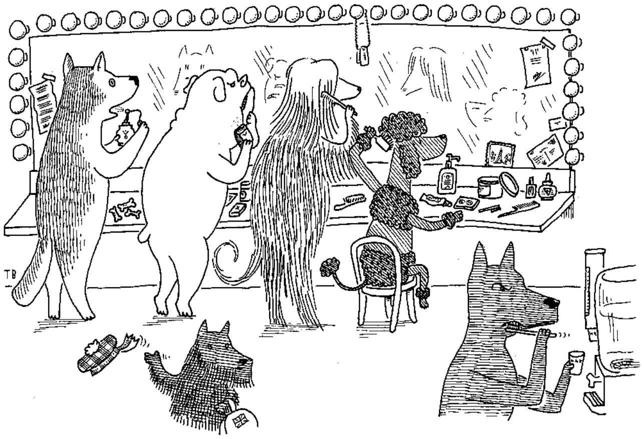
Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights, except Wednesdays, at 8, and Tuesdays at 1. . . . ¶ At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

Runners—At 10:30 on Feb. 13, a hundred or so men and women will run up the Empire State Building's eighty-six flights of stairs. The winner should break the tape on the indoor observation deck about ten minutes later.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

AH, the sexy aroma of hair spray, the poignant clicking of toenails on varnished hardwood, the French-accented yipping of toy poodles—it's showtime again for the Westminster Kennel Club. Forget Cruft's, with its corgi-conscious reverence for royalty; Westminster is it—the pinnacle of dogdom. We're talking show biz here: two glorious days (Feb. 12-13 at Madison Square Garden) of soul-sapping competition leading up to the final moment, on Tuesday night, when the top dog of all 2,903 animals will be chosen, just in time to make the eleven-o'clock news. During the day, the dogs compete for best of breed, and it's blood, sweat, and tears. The evening sessions, when those winners compete for best in group, are much more glamorous. There's a huge audience, especially on Tuesday, when the Locust Valley crowd are lined up on folding chairs at ringside in their black-tie regalia, clapping politely as each dog circles the ring and Roger Caras reads the official description of the breed.

Westminster is one of the few remaining "benched" shows, which means that you can go back and meet the dogs—get an autograph or two—in the benching and grooming areas, where they have to remain all day except when they're being judged. The show has grown so large that only half the dogs are there on Monday (working, terrier, non-sporting, and herding groups this year) and the other half on Tuesday (sporting, hound, and toy groups). So if your favorites are Airedales and Shelties, don't wait until Tuesday—they will have left for home and you'll have to relate to weimaraners, whippets, and Chihuahuas. Sure, this event is basically for the dog world—the breeders, owners, and handlers, the schnauzer fanciers, the Asta groupies, Mr. and Mrs. Beagle Owner and their kids—but if you love theatre and showmanship or beautiful bodies in motion, or if you're turned on by intense psychological competition or soft brown eyes, don't miss Westminster.



Love Scenes—Hearts have been won and lost a zillion times in Manhattan, and the 92nd Street Y is sponsoring a daylong bus tour of some of the more notable battle sites: Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald's fountain, Edgar and Virginia Poe's Turtle Bay home, William Randolph Hearst's trysting place. (Feb. 11, starting at 9:30. For further information, call 996-1100.) . . . ¶ Committed lovers may tie the knot for free on Valentine's Day, if, and only if, they're willing to be married on Fourteenth Street. Well-wishers can throw rice. Call 614-2412 for more information.

Three Readings and a Talk—Feb. 12 at 8: Irene Worth will read from the stories of Turgenev. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.) . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 6:30: Joe Grifasi, Roscoe Lee Browne, and Colleen Dewhurst will read short stories by T. Coraghessan Boyle, Dallas Wiebe, and Eugene Garber. George Plimpton will host the evening. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.) . . . ¶ A Valentine's Day reading, at 7:30, with more than a hundred readers. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-0910.) . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 7:30: Jerome Charyn, P. D. James, and others in a panel discussion about crime writing. (The Columns, 584 Broadway. No tickets necessary.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14			

British superagent 007, a.k.a. James Bond, was the perfect action-movie idol for the anti-nostalgic sixties: there was no piety in his patriotism. Sean Connery, who turned Ian Fleming's licensed killer into a broadly entertaining crowd-pleaser, said he saw Bond as "a complete sensualist, his senses highly tuned and awake to everything. . . . But more than that I think I gave him a sense of humor."

Connery is at his most potent in the second and third Bond movies, "From Russia with Love" (1963) and "Goldfinger" (1964), both playing February 11 at Theatre 80 St. Marks. In the first, Daniela Bianchi, playing a beautiful blond Russian, enters Bond's bed clad only in red lipstick and black choker; it's a piquant touch for this rare romantic 007 movie. As the villainous Rosa Klebb, who wears bottle-bottom eyeglasses and sensible shoes equipped with daggers, Lotte Lenya is a cross between a gargoyle and a sadistic schoolmarm, while Robert Shaw, who muscled up for the part of Klebb's equalizer, Red Grant, is a fair-haired precursor to the Terminator. Next to him, Bond is a bleeding heart.

Connery's humor fits right into "Goldfinger." It's a nutty blockbuster where every emerging piece of the Bond formula teeters on the edge of camp, especially the sacrificial one-night stand (here she's suffocated in gold paint) and the sumptuous villain's lair—an element of the Bond age parodied just weeks ago on "Saturday Night Live." Gert Frobe is alarmingly alert as the stubby title bad guy, who hopes to corner the Western world's gold supply by contaminating all the bullion in Fort Knox. Harold Sakata is the indomitable Korean assassin Oddjob. And Honor Blackman plays the tomboy ringmaster of a flying circus. Connery gets his biggest laugh by lovingly pronouncing her name: "Pooh-sea," as in Pussy Galore.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Enemies, A Love Story" (†).
Theatre 2: "Black Rain" (directed by Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).
Theatre 3: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 8: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†). From Feb. 9: "New Year's Day" (Henry Jaglom).
Theatre 5: Through Feb. 8: "Enemies, A Love Story" (†). From Feb. 9: "Torrents of Spring" (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Timothy Hutton, Nastassja Kinski, and Valeria Golino.
Theatre 6: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).
Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"L'État Sauvage" (1978, Francis Girod; in French), with Claude Brasseur and Marie-Christine Barrault.
Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Roger & Me" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 8: "Music Box" (†). From Feb. 9: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "Glory" (†).
Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"Internal Affairs" (†).
Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Internal Affairs" (†).
Theatre 2: "Roger & Me" (†).
Theatre 3: "Music Box" (†).
Theatre 4: "Heart Condition" (James D. Parriott), with Bob Hoskins, Denzel Washington, and Chloe Webb.
Theatre 5: "Glory" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Feb. 8: "Flashback" (Franco Amurri), with Dennis Hopper and Kiefer Sutherland. From Feb. 9: "Stanley & Iris" (Martin Ritt), with Jane Fonda and Robert De Niro.
Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Stella" (John Erman), with Bette Midler and John Goodman.
Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Strike It Rich" (James Scott), with Robert Lindsay, Molly Ringwald, and John Gielgud.
Loews 34th Streeet Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Internal Affairs" (†).
Theatre 2: "Heart Condition" (James D. Parriott), with Bob Hoskins, Denzel Washington, and Chloe Webb.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 8: "Flashback" (Franco Amurri), with Dennis Hopper and Kiefer Sutherland. From Feb. 9: "Stanley & Iris" (Martin Ritt), with Jane Fonda and Robert De Niro.
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The War of the Roses" (†).
Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 8: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.
From Feb. 9: "Homer and Eddie" (Konchalovsky), with James Belushi and Whoopi Goldberg.
Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Men Don't Leave" (Paul Brickman), with Jessica Lange.
Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Enemies, A Love Story" (†).
Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Music Box" (†).
Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 8: "Tremors" (Ron Underwood), with Kevin Bacon and Fred Ward. From Feb. 9: "Hard to Kill" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 2: "Flashback" (Franco Amurri), with Dennis Hopper and Kiefer Sutherland.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Always" (†).
Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Born on the Fourth of July" (†).
Theatre 2: "The War of the Roses" (†).
Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Stella" (John Erman), with Bette Midler and John Goodman.
Theatre 2: "Mack the Knife" (Menahem Golan), with Raul Julia.
Theatre 3: "Roger & Me" (†).
Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 8: "Steel Magnolias" (†). From Feb. 9: "Loose Cannons" (Bob Clark), with Gene Hackman and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 2: "Glory" (†).
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Strike It Rich" (James Scott), with Robert Lindsay, Molly Ringwald, and John Gielgud.
Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Heart Condition" (James D. Parriott), with Bob Hoskins, Denzel Washington, and Chloe Webb.
Theatre 2: "Internal Affairs" (†).
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Feb. 8: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).
From Feb. 9: "Stanley & Iris" (Martin Ritt), with Jane Fonda and Robert De Niro.
U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Born on the Fourth of July" (†).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Flashback" (Franco Amurri), with Dennis Hopper and Kiefer Sutherland.
Theatre 2: "The War of the Roses" (†).
86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "The Little Mermaid" (†); and (evenings only) "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "Stella" (John Erman), with Bette Midler and John Goodman.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Labyrinth of Passion" (1982, directed by Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "A Flame in My Heart" (Alain Tanner; in French).
Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The War of the Roses" (†).
Theatre 2: "Heart Condition" (James D. Parriott), with Bob Hoskins, Denzel Washington, and Chloe Webb.
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Born on the Fourth of July" (†).
Theatre 2: "Flashback" (Franco Amurri), with Dennis Hopper and Kiefer Sutherland.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Little Mermaid" (†).
Theatre 2: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).
Theatre 3: "Henry V" (†).
Theatre 4: "Dog Tags" (Romano Scavolini).
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Born on the Fourth of July" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 8: "Steel Magnolias" (†). From Feb. 9: "Loose Cannons" (Bob Clark), with Gene Hackman and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 3: "Always" (†).
Theatre 4: "The War of the Roses" (†).
Theatre 5: "Enemies, A Love Story" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Feb. 8: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell. From Feb. 9: "Hard to Kill" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 7: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 8: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 9: "Born on the Fourth of July" (†).
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Crack House."
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "The Little Mermaid" (†); and (evenings only) "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta and Kirstie Alley.
Theatre 3: "Tremors" (Ron Underwood), with Kevin Bacon and Fred Ward.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Strike It Rich" (James Scott), with Robert Lindsay, Molly Ringwald, and John Gielgud.
Theatre 3: "Do the Right Thing" (†).
Theatre 4: "Ski Patrol" (Richard Correll).
Theatre 5: "True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard.
Theatre 6: "Field of Dreams" (†).
Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Stella" (John Erman), with Bette Midler and John Goodman.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Born on the Fourth of July" (†).
Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Henry V" (†).
57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Roger & Me" (†).
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Enemies, A Love Story" (†).

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 23.

Drop dead elegance

Agatha Christie style.

Nothing suits Lady Frances like a murder or two.

Bullets put a bounce in her step, and poison a bloom in her cheeks.

But will she catch the killer before the killer catches her?

Agatha Christie Hour

"Why didn't they ask Evans?"

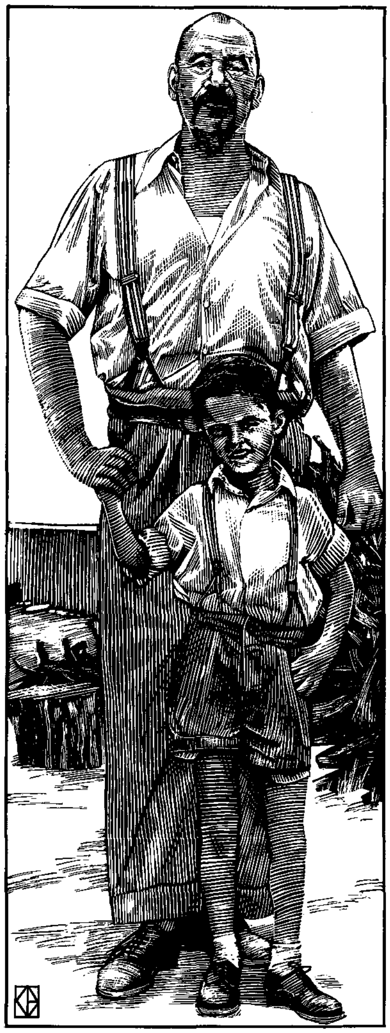
Mondays
at 9:00 PM ET

A&E®

followed by
Masters of Mystery
at 10:00 PM ET

Sponsored in part
by Rubbermaid, Inc.

© 1990 Arts & Entertainment Network HEARST/ABC/NBC.



Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio in "Cinema Paradiso"

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Camille Claudel" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Music Box" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"The War of the Roses" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sweetie" (Jane Campion).
Theatre 3: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Mystery Train" (Jim Jarmusch).
Theatre 2: "The Plot Against Harry" (Michael Roemer).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Feb. 8: "Always" (†).
From Feb. 9: "Time of the Gypsies" (Emir Kusturica; in Romany).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Stella" (John Erman), with Bette Midler and John Goodman.
Theatre 2: "Heart Condition" (James D. Parriott), with Bob Hoskins, Denzel Washington, and Chloe Webb.
Theatre 3: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 4: "Internal Affairs" (†).
Theatre 5: "Glory" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Feb. 8: "Flashback" (Franco Amurri), with Dennis Hopper and Kiefer Sutherland. From Feb. 9: "Stanley & Iris" (Martin Ritt), with Jane Fonda and Robert De Niro.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Born on the Fourth of July" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 8: (Matinées only) "The Little Mermaid" (†); and (evenings only) "Steel Magnolias" (†). From Feb. 9: "The White Girl" (James Cannady).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 8: "Tremors" (Ron Underwood), with Kevin Bacon and Fred Ward. From Feb. 9: "Hard to Kill" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 2: "Crack House."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Glory" (†).
Theatre 2: "The War of the Roses" (†).
Theatre 3: "Crack House."
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 8: "Leatherface: The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 3" (Jeff Burr). From Feb. 9: "The White Girl" (James Cannady).
Theatre 5: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 6: Through Feb. 8: "The War of the Roses" (†). From Feb. 9: "Loose Cannons" (Bob Clark), with Gene Hackman and Dan Aykroyd.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Flashback" (Franco Amurri), with Dennis Hopper and Kiefer Sutherland.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Internal Affairs" (†).
Theatre 3: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy and Richard Pryor.
Theatre 4: "Blaze" (Ron Shelton), with Paul Newman and Lolita Davidovich.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Heart Condition" (James D. Parriott), with Bob Hoskins and Denzel Washington.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Downtown" (Richard Benjamin).
Theatre 2: "Tremors" (Ron Underwood), with Kevin Bacon and Fred Ward.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Back to the Future Part II" (†).

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "The Little Mermaid" (†).
Theatre 2: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Feb. 5: "The Fugitive Kind" (1960, directed by Sidney Lumet), with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward; and "The Chase" (1966, Arthur Penn), with Brando.
Feb. 6-7: "One-Eyed Jacks" (1961, Marlon Brando), with Brando, Karl Malden, and Katy Jurado; and "The Missouri Breaks" (1976, Arthur Penn), with Brando and Jack Nicholson.
Feb. 8-10: "The Young Lions" (†).
Feb. 11-13: "Danton" (1983, Andrzej Wajda; in French), with Gérard Depardieu; and "Under the Sun of Satan" (1987, Maurice Pialat; in French), with Depardieu.
From Feb. 14: "1900" (1977, Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, and Gérard Depardieu.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 6: "A Cry in the Dark" (1988, Fred Schepisi), with Meryl Streep and Sam Neill; and "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959, Otto Preminger), with James Stewart.
Feb. 7-8: "The Last Detail" (1974, Hal Ashby), with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid; and "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975, Miloš Forman), with Nicholson.
Feb. 9-10: "Blade Runner" (1982, Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer; and "A Clockwork Orange" (1971, Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell.
Feb. 11: "Children of Paradise" (1945, Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.
Feb. 12-13: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†); and "The Last Picture Show" (1971, Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms.
From Feb. 14; "Macbeth" (†); and "Frantic" (1988, Roman Polanski), with Harrison Ford.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through Feb. 6: "Priest Love" (1981, Christopher Miles), with Ian McKellen and Janet Suzman; and "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1982, Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel.
Feb. 7-8: "Open City" (1945, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani; and "L'Amore" (1948, Rossellini; in Italian), with Magnani.
Feb. 9-10: "Female Trouble" (1975; John Waters) and "Pink Flamingos" (1974, Waters), both with Divine.
Feb. 11: "Three Brothers" (1982, Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret, Michele Placido, and Vittorio Mezzogiorno; and "Macaroni" (1985, Ettore Scola), with Jack Lemmon and Marcello Mastroianni.
Feb. 12-13: "The Assault" (1987, Fons Rademakers; in Dutch); and "Images Before My Eyes" (1981, Josh Waletsky), a documentary.
From Feb. 14: "Oscar Wilde" (1960, Gregory Ratoff), with Robert Morley and Ralph Richardson; and "Cruising" (1980, William Friedkin), with Al Pacino.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Feb. 5: "Carnival in Flanders" (1936, Jacques Feyder; in French); and "Toni" (1935, Jean Renoir; in French).
Feb. 6: "The Chinese Cat" (1944, Phil Rosen) and "The Meeting at Midnight" (1944, Rosen), both with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan.
Feb. 7: "Ninotchka" (1939, Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas; and "Grand Hotel" (1932, Edmund Goulding), with Garbo and John Barrymore.
Feb. 8: "Doktor Mabuse" (1922, Fritz Lang; silent), with Rudolf Klein-Rogge.
Feb. 9-10: "Trouble in Paradise" (†); and "Design for Living" (1933, Ernst Lubitsch), with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper.
Feb. 11: "Goldfinger" (1964; Guy Hamilton) and "From Russia with Love" (1964, Terence Young), both with Sean Connery.
Feb. 12: "Nibelungen Saga" (1924, Fritz Lang; silent).
Feb. 13: "Blackmail" (1929, Alfred Hitchcock), with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, and Sara Allgood; and "Sabotage" (†).
Feb. 14: "Love Me Tonight" (1932, Rouben Mamoulian) and "One Hour with You" (1932, Ernst Lubitsch), both with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)
THEATRE 1: Films from Colombia, most in Spanish. Feb. 5 at 2:30: "Reborn" (1987, directed by Marta Rodríguez), a documentary; and "Love, Women, and Flowers" (1989, Rodríguez), a documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 6 and Feb. 6 at 2:30: "No Future—Rodrigo D." (1989, Victor Gaviria). . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 6: "The Ambassador from India" (1986, Mario Ribero). . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 2:30: "Miracle in Rome" (1988, Lissandro Duque). . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 6: "Visa U.S.A." (1986, Duque). . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 2:30: "The Spider Game" (1985, Leopoldo Pinzón). . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 6: "The Blue Lobster" (1954, Alvaro Cepeda Samudio) and "A Time to Die" (1985, Jorge Ali Triana). . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 2: "Details of a Duel" (1988, Sergio Cabrera). . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 5: "The Blue Lobster" and "A Time to Die." . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 2: "Visa U.S.A." . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 6: "Miracle in Rome." . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 2:30: "Details of a Duel." . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 6: "The Spider Game." . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 2:30: "In Search of Maria" (1985, Luis Ospina and Jorge Nieto) and "The Day You Love Me" (1986, Sergio Dow). . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 6: "San Antoñito" (1985, Pepe Sánchez).
THEATRE 2: Feb. 5 at 6:30: Films by Phil Solomon, who will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 3 and 6: "Forevermore: Biography of a Leach Lord" (1989, Eric Saks). . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 6:30: "The Territory" (1981, Raúl Ruiz), with Isabel Weingarten and Paul Getty, Jr. Mr. Ruiz will be present.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in the past thirty or so years. Feb. 6-10: Ernest Hemingway's "Soldier's Home" (1977, Robert Young; PBS), with Richard Backus and Nancy Marchand; and Richard Wright's "Almos' a Man" (1977, Stan Lathan; PBS), with LeVar Burton and Madge Sinclair. . . . From Feb. 13: William Faulkner's "Barn Burning" (1980, Peter Werner; PBS), with Tommy Lee Jones, Shawn Whittington, and Diane Kagan; and Ernest J. Gaines' "The Sky Is Gray" (1980, Stan Lathan; PBS), with Olivia Cole, James Bond III, and Cleavon Little. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3. . . .

¶ "Twenty Years of Monty Python." Feb. 6-10: An episode of "Fawlty Towers," with John Cleese; and a 1987 episode of "Cheers," with Cleese. . . . From Feb. 13: Highlights from "Rutland Weekend Television" (1975), written by, and starring, Eric Idle. Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15. . . . ¶ "The New York World Television Festival." Feb. 6-10: Award-winning international documentary and entertainment programs. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. . . . Feb. 13 at 12:15, 2:30, and 6: "Uncle Vanya" (1967, NET), with Laurence Olivier, Rosemary Harris, Max Adrian, Joan Plowright, and Michael Redgrave. . . . Feb. 14 at 2:30: "The Merchant of Venice" (1974, ABC), with Olivier.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—In the Riklis Theatre. Films directed by John Ford. Feb. 7 at 2:30: "Steamboat Round the Bend" (1935), with Will Rogers and Anne Shirley. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 2:30: "The Fugitive" (1947), with Henry Fonda. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 2:30: "Rookie of the Year" (1955, a television film), with Pat Wayne, Vera Miles, Ward Bond, and John Wayne; and "Flashing Spikes" (1962, a television film), with James Stewart, Jack Warden, and Pat Wayne. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 1: "The Black Watch" (1929), with Victor McLaglen and Myrna Loy. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 4: "Donovan's Reef" (1963), with John Wayne and Lee Marvin. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 1: "How Green Was My Valley" (1941), with Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, Donald Crisp, Anna Lee, and Roddy McDowall. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 4: "Wagon Master" (1950), with Ben Johnson, Harry Carey, Jr., Joanne Dru, and Ward Bond. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 2:30: "How Green Was My Valley."

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. Feb. 7 at 7: "Dressed in Blue" (1983, Antonio Giménez Rico; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 9: "Hooligans" (1959, Carlos Saura; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 7: "The Strange Journey" (1964, Fernando Fernán Gómez; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 7: "The Weather Diary 1" (1986, George Kuchar). . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 9: "Placido" (1964, Luis Berlanga; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 9: "Video Album 5" (1987, Kuchar). . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 7: "Aunt Tula" (1964, Miguel Picazo; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 7: "Text of Light" (1974, Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 9: "At the Service of Spanish Womanhood" (1978, Jaime de Armiñán; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 9: "Two Wrenching Departures" (1989, Ken Jacobs). . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 5: "Black Blood" (1977, Manuel Gutiérrez Aragón; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 7: "Bilbao, A Story of Love" (1978, José Juan Bigas Luna; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 7: "Vestibule (in 3 Episodes)" (1978) and "The Communists Are Comfortable" (1988), both by Ken Kobland. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 9: "The Death of Mikel" (1984, Imanol Uribe; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 9: "Two Wrenching Departures." . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 5: "My Nanny" (1987, José Luis Borau; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 7: "Pepi, Luci, Bom and Other Girls on the Heap" (1980, Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 9: "Gary Cooper Who Art in Heaven" (1980, Pilar Miró; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 9: Four short George Kuchar films. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 7: "La Belle et la Bête" (1946, Jean Cocteau; in French). . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 9: "L'Atalante" (1934, Jean Vigo; in French).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Feb. 6 at 1:30: "Family Album" (1986, Alan Berliner) and "Damned if You Don't" (1987, Su Friedrich). . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 3:30: "Poltergeist" (1982, Tobe Hooper), with JoBeth Williams, Craig T. Nelson, and Beatrice Straight. . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 6: "Peggy and Fred in Hell, the Prologue" (1985, Leslie Thornton) and three other short films. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at noon: "Lightening Over Braddock" (1988, Tony Buba). . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 2:30: "King of Comedy" (1982, Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at noon: "Thy Kingdom Come, Thy Will Be Done" (1986, Anthony Thomas). . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 2:30: "Broadcast News" (1987, James Brooks), with William Hurt, Albert Brooks, and Holly Hunter. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at noon: "Murder Psalm" (1981, Stan Brakhage) and four other short films. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 2:30: "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (1988, Robert Zemeckis), with Bob Hoskins, Christopher Lloyd, and Joanna Cassidy. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at noon: "Eyes on the Prize: Part I" (1986). . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 2:30: Videotape of the 1963 civil-rights march on Washington, led by Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 1: "Eyes on the Prize: Part II" (1986). . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 3:30: Episode 6 of "Black Journal." . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 1:30: "Eyes on the Prize: Part III" (1986). . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 3:30: "Reggie's World of Soul" (1987, Reginald Hudlin), "Albert Pastor's First Video Project" (1988, Juan Garza and Daniel Villareal), and "An I for an I" (1988, Lawrence Andrews). . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 6: "Ethnic Notions" (1987, Marlon Riggs).

French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—Feb. 7 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Playtime" (1967, Jacques Tati; in English), with Tati. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "A Few Days with Me" (1988, Claude Sautet; in French), with Daniel Auteuil, Sandrine Bonnaire, Jean-Pierre Marielle, and Dominique Lavanant.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Feb. 9 at 6:30: "Seasons of the Meiji" (1968, Heinosuke Gosho; in Japanese) and "An Innocent Witch" (1965, Gosho; in Japanese).

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—Feb. 9 at 1 and 5: "King Solomon's Mines" (1937, Robert Stevenson), with Paul Robeson, Cedric Hardwicke, and Roland Young; "The Emperor Jones" (1933, Dudley Murphy), with Robeson and Frank Wilson; and "Jericho" ("Dark Sands"; 1935, Thornton Freeland), with Robeson and Henry Wilcoxon. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 7: "The Spook Who Sat by the Door" (1973, Ivan Dixon), with Lawrence Cooke, Paula Kelly, and Janet League; and "The Final Comedown" (1972, Oscar Williams), with Billy Dee Williams, D'Urville Martin, Celia Kaye, and Raymond St. Jacques. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 1 and 5:25: "Swing" (1938, Oscar Micheaux), with Cora Green, Carmen Newsome, and Alex Lovejoy; "God's Stepchildren" (1938, Micheaux), with Alice B. Russell and Jacqueline Lewis; "Lying Lips" (1939, Micheaux), with Robert Earl Jones; and "The Girl from Chicago" (1933, Micheaux), with Russell. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 2 and 5:10: "Woza Albert!" (1982, David Thompson); Parts 1 and 2 of "Voice from South Africa" (1989, David Goodman); and "The Mark of the Hawk" (1958, Michael Audley), with Sidney Poitier, Eartha Kitt, Juano Hernández, and John McIntire. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 6:30: "Nothing but a Man" (1963, Michael Roemer), with Ivan Dixon, Abby Lincoln, Gloria Foster, Dick Ward, and Yaphet Kotto; and "Black Like Me" (1964, T. V. Mikels), with Roscoe Lee Brown, James Whitmore, Eva Jessee, and Al Freeman, Jr.

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-2742)—"Romance, Gangsters and Chow Yun-Fat," a series of films starring Chow, a Hong Kong matinée idol. Feb. 9 at 6:30: "Love in a Fallen City." . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 8:30: "Dream Lovers." . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 6:30: "Love and Death." . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 8:30: "Love Unto Waste."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

Always—"A Guy Named Joe" made Steven Spielberg cry when he was twelve; his remake can make you want to cry at the waste of his talent and your time. All he seems to want to do in each scene is get an audience reaction; almost everything is grandiloquent, rushed, confusing. And the whole idea has a voyeuristic queasiness. A miscast Richard Dreyfuss is the daredevil hero. The ace pilot of the wilderness-fire-fighting service, he is in love with Holly Hunter. He dies, but returns to serve as the spiritual guide of a shy young pilot (amateurish Brad Johnson), who replaces him in her (grief-stricken) affections. As Dreyfuss's supervisory angel, Audrey Hepburn delivers transcendental inanities in the cadences that have stoned audiences at the Academy Awards; she's become a ceremonial icon. As Dreyfuss's best friend, John Goodman is turned into a fat-jolly-buddy icon; he saves himself from darlingness, but just barely. The new screenplay is credited to Jerry Belson, though it plays like an amalgam.—P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/8/90.) (59th Street East Cinema, and Chelsea Cinemas. . . . ¶ Regency; through Feb. 8.)

Back to the Future Part II—It's all manic and wacky; it's all twists. The amiably mad inventor Doc Brown (Christopher Lloyd) rushes into the frame to tell teen-age Marty McFly (Michael J. Fox) about new emergencies in the year 2015 or 1955 or an alternate 1985 (brought about by their disrupting the space-time continuum), and they go hurtling off to set things right. The picture is fast and furious but low in spirit; the inventiveness of the director, Robert Zemeckis, and his writing partner, Bob Gale, seems to be on a treadmill in a void. And yet the construction keeps you going—it's like a frenzied daydream that you don't want to break off. With Thomas F. Wilson as the bullies Biff and Griff.—P.K. (12/11/89) (Chelsea Cinemas, and Warner.)

Born on the Fourth of July—An antiwar epic, it's like one of those commemorative issues of *Life*. This one covers 1956 to 1976, and the counterculture is presented in a nostalgic, aesthetically reactionary way: it's made part of our certified public memories. The director, Oliver Stone, plays bumper cars with the camera and uses cutting to jam you into the action, and you can't even enjoy his uncouthness, because it's put at the service of sanctimony. The pure of heart, Catholic and patriotic hero Ron Kovic (Tom Cruise) thinks war is how he'll prove himself a man. He joins the Marine Corps and is sent to Vietnam; in 1968, his spine is severed, and he's left in a wheelchair, impotent, paralyzed from the chest down. The movie is a scream of rage at how he was betrayed, mutilated, neglected; it's also an uplifting account of how he boozed, quarrelled with everyone, and despaired until he stopped being contemptuous of the war protesters and became active in Vietnam Veterans Against the War. Overblown right from the start, this story is constructed as a series of blackout episodes that suggest the Stations of the Cross; rising strings alert you to the heavy stuff. Then the finale—Resurrection—takes Ron into white light, and John Williams lays on the trumpets. The script, by Stone and Kovic, is based on Kovic's autobiography. With Willem Dafoe, Tom Berenger, Raymond J. Barry as the gentle father, Caroline Kava as the castrating Mom, Kyra Sedgwick as Donna, and Abbie Hoffman.—P.K. (1/22/90) (Baronet, U. A. East, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Metro Cinema.)

Camille Claudel—She lived, she loved, she sculpted, she went nuts. Bruno Nuytten's first film is a de-luxe biography of a nearly forgotten (but attractive!) artist who studied with the great Rodin, became his assistant and lover, and then struggled to break free of his influence and discover her own identity as a sculptor. Willful (and comely) as she is, Camille never manages to shake her obsession with Rodin, and she makes a mess of her life and her career. This is rich material, but the movie is a real chore to sit through: it's two and a half hours long, and the pace is sluggish. Nuytten, a superb cinematographer ("French Provincial," "Barocco"), doesn't seem to know how to tell a story—not one as complex as this, anyway. Isabelle Adjani plays Camille (there are obvious similarities to her role in "The Story of Adèle H.") with terrific abandon and intensity, yet the performance isn't satisfying; the film is so poorly shaped as drama that even her most striking moments seem to come out of nowhere. Also with Gérard Depardieu as Rodin, Laurent Grevill as Paul Claudel (Camille's younger brother, who became a well-known writer), and Alain Cuny. The script, by Nuytten and Marilyn Goldin, is based on a biography by Reine-Marie Paris. In French.—T.R. (Paris.)

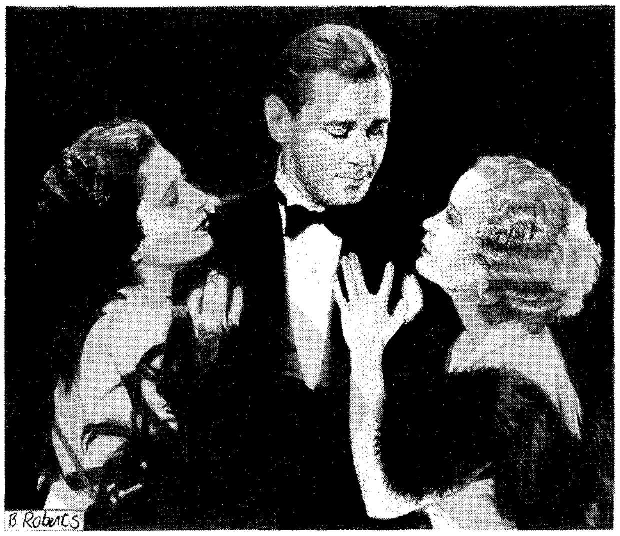
Crimes and Misdemeanors—Written and directed by Woody Allen, it's a sad, censuring look at an eminent ophthalmologist (Martin Landau) and other crooks in high places who (in Allen's view) have convinced themselves that they can do anything, because they don't think God is watching. Allen is making the film equivalent of a play of ideas, and the ideas have no excitement. He's telling us not just what we already know but what we've already rejected. Woody Allen himself plays a little, grubbing-for-a-living documentary filmmaker who falls in love but can't compete for the woman (Mia Farrow) against a darling of the media, a tall, egomaniacal TV producer played with a wonderfully smug, screwy abandon by Alan Alda. Except for Alda, and Landau (when he's showing nervous impatience), and Jerry Orbach, who plays the ophthalmologist's shady brother, most of the large cast is proficient yet brittle and dull. With Sam Waterston (as a rabbi who's going blind), Anjelica Huston, Claire Bloom, Joanna Gleason, Caroline Aaron, Nora Ephron in a bit, and Daryl Hannah—uncredited, but looking so luscious she almost stops the show. The bland cinematography is by Sven Nykvist.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Screening Room. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through Feb. 8.)

Do the Right Thing—The third feature by Spike Lee takes place in the black neighborhood of Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn, on a punishingly hot day; the focus of the action is a pizzeria, Sal's Famous, which is apparently the last white-owned business on the block; and the climax is a riot sparked by a monstrous act of police brutality. At its most basic, Lee's intention is to demonstrate how in a racially polarized society the slow accumulation of small irritations can swell to something huge and ugly and lethal. It's a solid idea for a movie, and initially the picture provides its share of incidental pleasures. And although most of the many characters Lee shows us are types, at least there are a lot of different ones, and their encounters are often funny. But Lee goes wrong by pushing his material to a "powerful" climax, a Scorsese-like explosion of violence: he sacrifices political clarity for the sake of the big statement. He's nimble-witted and passionate, but his movie seems to shout at us rather than speak to us. In addition to writing, producing, and directing, Lee plays the pivotal role of Mookie, the pizza deliveryman. Others in the cast are Danny Aiello (as Sal), Ossie Davis, Ruby Dee, Giancarlo Esposito, Bill Nunn, Rosie Perez, Joie Lee, John Turturro, and Richard Edson; as a trio of middle-aged street-corner philosophers, Paul Benjamin, Frankie Faison, and Robin Harris are responsible for the movie's best, loosest scenes.—T.R. (7/24/89) (Worldwide Cinemas.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's adaptation of his much honored play is still full of manipulative bits—it's virtually all manipulative bits—but the director, Bruce Beresford, understands how to work them while cutting down on their obviousness. Set in Atlanta, starting in 1948, the movie is the story of the companionship that develops between stubborn, suspicious Miss Daisy (Jessica Tandy), a wealthy Jewish widow of seventy-two, and her resilient chauffeur, Hoke (Morgan Freeman), a widower about a decade younger than she is. Essentially, it's about how he changes her. He's made upright, considerate, humane—he's made perfect—so that nothing will disturb our appreciation of the gentle, bittersweet reverie we're watching. But it's acted (and directed) eloquently. Tandy and Freeman achieve a beautiful equilibrium. And Dan Aykroyd comes through with a fine performance as Miss Daisy's good-old-boy son. With Esther Rolle and Patti LuPone.—P.K. (12/25/89) (68th St. Playhouse, 8th St. Playhouse, Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema 3, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and West Side Cinema.)

Drugstore Cowboy—Nihilistic humor rarely bubbles up in a movie as freely as it does here. Set in Portland, Oregon, in 1971, the story is about two couples who live together and travel around the Pacific Northwest robbing hospitals and pharmacies, grabbing fistfuls of pills and capsules. They're like a junkie version of Clyde Barrow's gang. The director, Gus Van Sant, takes us inside a lot of underground attitudes: the druggies are monomaniacal about leading an aimless existence—they see themselves as romantic figures. They're comic, but they're not put down for being comic. The picture keeps you laughing because it's so nonjudgmental. Van Sant is half in and half out of the desire of adolescents to remain kids forever. As the gang's twenty-six-year-old leader, Matt Dillon brings the role a light self-mockery that helps set the tone of the film, and Kelly Lynch is strikingly effective as the leader's wife. Also with James Le Gros, Heather Graham, James Remar, Max Perlich, Beah Richards, Grace Zabriskie, and William Burroughs. The script, by the director and Daniel Yost, was based on an unpublished novel by James Fogle, who's in prison for drug-related robberies.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Angelika Film Center, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Enemies, A Love Story—Emotionally overwhelming. Adapted from Isaac Bashevis Singer's New York City novel, set in 1949—a post-Holocaust sex farce in which three passionately jealous women are in love with a guilt-ridden, self-effacing man. The director, Paul Mazursky, has gathered a superbly balanced cast and kept the action so smooth that the viewer is carried along on a tide of mystical slyness. Ron Silver is the Polish-Jewish intellectual who survived the Final Solution by hiding in a hayloft. Margaret Sophie Stein is the Gentile peasant (now his wife) who risked her life to take care of him. Lena Olin is his diabolically willful mistress, a survivor of the camps. Anjelica Huston is the wife (with an erotic aura) he thought was killed by the Nazis. This richly satisfying movie is restrained, yet it has its own deeply crazy turmoil. Mazursky pulls the rug out from under us, and we drop through the farce. With Alan King, Judith Malina, Phil Leeds, and Mazursky. The script is by Roger L. Simon and the director.—P.K. (12/25/89) (Angelika Film Center, Gotham Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)



Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, and Miriam Hopkins in "Trouble in Paradise"

The Fabulous Baker Boys—Two lounge pianists (brothers, played by Beau and Jeff Bridges) add a vocalist (Michelle Pfeiffer) to their act, and she changes their lives. This romantic fantasy has a forties-movie sultriness and an eighties movie-struck melancholy. Put them together and you have a movie in which eighties glamour is being defined. The young writer-director Steve Kloves trips off your bluesy, narcissistic feelings about popular music and commercial-movie emotions; he invites you to laugh if you want to. (You feel the heat even if you're laughing.) The three stars seem perfect at what they're doing—newly minted icons. When Pfeiffer (who does her own singing) delivers "Makin' Whoopee," while crawling over a grand piano like a long-legged kitty-cat, she rivals Rita Hayworth in "Gilda."—P.K. (10/16/89) (Angelika Film Center. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Feb. 12-13.)

Field of Dreams—Doggerel emotion. Kevin Costner, a New Age farmer in Iowa, longs to be reconciled with his dead father, a minor-league baseball player whose outlook he had rejected in the sixties. He hears a whispered command to build a baseball field, and when he does the spirits of Shoeless Joe Jackson (Ray Liotta) and the other White Sox who were barred from baseball for life after the 1919 World Series scandal arrive and play regularly. This is only the beginning of the hero's mystical encounters. That the film is sincere doesn't mean it's not manipulative; when the weepers in the audience start up, you may feel like a pariah if you're not moved. Adapted by the writer-director Phil Alden Robinson from W. P. Kinsella's 1982 novel, "Shoeless Joe." With Amy Madigan, James Earl Jones, Burt Lancaster, Dwier Brown as the father, and Gaby Hoffman.—P.K. (5/1/89) (Worldwide Cinemas.)

Glory—This Civil War epic, based on fiery, spirit-stirring material that has never before been tapped for the movies, is emotionally moving even when the scenes falter. The 54th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry was the first black fighting unit to be formed in the North, and the white colonel in command of the effort to prove that black men had the discipline and valor to stand up against the enemy was the twenty-five-year-old son of abolitionists Robert Gould Shaw. As the small, sad-faced Shaw, determined to prepare his men for what's ahead, Matthew Broderick shows us the misery of a soft-hearted commanding officer. Denzel Washington (as an ornery, troublemaking runaway slave), Morgan Freeman (who brings great moral authority to his role of gravedigger-turned-soldier), and Andre Braugher (who plays a bookish recruit) are the usual representative group of enlistees who bicker and quarrel before they shape up and become fine soldiers, but the actors perform the roles as if they've never been played before. The script is a conventional melodrama, but the director, Edward Zwick, has made something more thoughtful than that. He doesn't have the instinct for images that would burst the written framework, but he's made a good film on a great subject. With Jihmi Kennedy, who is quietly impressive as a backcountry recruit, and Cary Elwes as a white officer. The screenplay, based partly on Shaw's letters, is by Kevin Jarre. The cinematography is by Freddie Francis, and the score, which features the Boys Choir of Harlem, is by James Horner.—P.K. (2/5/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Henry V—Adapted and directed by its young star, Kenneth Branagh, this fast-paced version isn't exultant, like the one made forty-five years earlier by Laurence Olivier. Branagh emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. And, in keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, he minimizes the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the conniving, the misgivings, the ego wars. (This epic noir doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt.) Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker; his attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness. But as an actor he has something of James Cagney's confident Irishness; he's intensely likable, with a beautiful, expressive voice and a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead. He and the other performers are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry. It's a company of stars: Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army, Christopher Ravenscroft as the herald Mountjoy, Derek Jacobi as the Chorus, Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Brian Blessed as Exeter, Richard Briers as Bardolph, Richard Easton as the Constable of France, Alec McCowen as Ely, Robert Stephens as Pistol, Emma Thompson as Katherine, Geraldine McEwan as Alice, Christian Bale as Falstaff's boy, and, best of all, perhaps, Ian Holm as the chattering Welshman Fluellen.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Quad Cinema, and Festival.)

Internal Affairs—This sophisticated variant of other L.A. cops-and-coke-and-art-world thrillers is art-house sleaze, with a creepy, rhythmic quality that sucks you in and keeps you amused. It also has an ingeniously nasty subtext—a dirty, sexy twist on the Iago-Othello relationship. This Iago is a prosperous veteran cop, played by Richard Gere, who's being investigated by two officers from the Police Department's internal-affairs division: a righteous, ramrod-straight Latino (Andy Garcia) with a beautiful blond wife, and his sane, honest partner (Laurie Metcalf). Gere torments the stiff-backed Othello (Garcia), boasting of his adulterous conquest of the blond wife, and manipulates him into a jealous rage. Gere slithers through the picture very dexterously, but Garcia gives a one-note, glaring-eyed performance: except for his key, violent explosions (which are terrific), he's so rigid he's barely human. As Garcia's partner, a lesbian who doesn't try to ingratiate herself with anybody, Metcalf gives a strong, contained performance. You can't recommend this movie with a straight face—it casts a slimy-naughty spell. It's bad fun. Directed by Mike Figgis, whose previous feature was the 1988 "Stormy Monday." The smart script is by Henry Bean. With Nancy Travis, Annabella Sciorra, and John Kapelos and Katherine Borowitz as Steve and Tova.—P.K. (2/5/90) (Bijou Cinema, Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

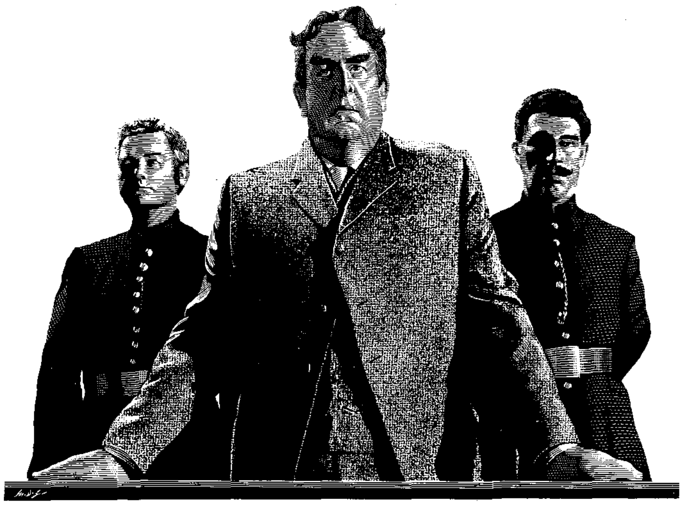
The Little Mermaid—Disney-style kitsch. It's technologically sophisticated, but with just about all the simpering old Disney values in place. They're just slightly updated: the Little Mermaid—a teen-age tootsie in a flirty seashell bra—is like Sleeping Beauty plus tomboy spunk. The film does have a cheerful calypso number ("Under the Sea," by Howard Ashman and Alan Menken), and the color is bright—at least, until the mermaid goes on land, when everything seems to dull out. Pat Carroll provides the voice of Ursula, the Sea Witch; Samuel E. Wright provides the voice of Sebastian.—P.K. (12/11/89) (Quad Cinema, and West Side Cinema. . . . ¶ 86th Street East Twin, and 23rd St. West Triplex. Matinées only. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through Feb. 8, matinées only.)

Macbeth (1971)—Slaughter is the star; Shakespeare's offstage corpses and murders are added to the onstage ones, and they so dominate the material that it's difficult to pay attention to the poetry. The director, Roman Polanski, shows such literal horror—and always a shade faster than you expect, so you're not prepared—that there is no horror left to imagine. He treats the play not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The film says that nothing is possible but horror and more horror, and, at the end, the cycle of bloodletting is about to begin again. It's well acted, but it reduces Shakespeare's meanings to the banal "life is a jungle." With Jon Finch, Francesca Annis, Martin Shaw, Nicholas Selby, and John Stride.—P.K. (Cinema Village; starting Feb. 14.)

Music Box—When the cast and the script are right for Costa-Gavras—as they are here—he can give a courtroom melodrama the pull and excitement of a thriller. Jessica Lange is the Chicago lawyer defending her retired steelworker father (Armin Mueller-Stahl) against deportation to Hungary, where the Communist government is waiting to try him for war crimes. The emotional core of the movie is that during the trial, as the Second World War victims give their accounts, the daughter begins to lose faith in her father's innocence. There are no flashbacks; there's no shock apparatus. We simply take in what they're saying, and we watch her take it in. Lange verges on the astounding. Costa-Gavras provides a low-key, controlled atmosphere, and she fills it with passion. The final plot developments feel fake, but this is a remarkably lucid piece of storytelling. The script is by Joe Eszterhas. With Frederic Forrest, Donald Moffat, Lukas Haas, Michael Rooker, and Sol Frieder as the bald old man with the goatee, and Elzbieta Czyzewska as the precise, closed-faced woman who describes how she was raped.—P.K. (1/8/90) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Plaza, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through Feb. 8.)

My Left Foot—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's anguished and locked in, yet excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's Richard III. This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton. With Brenda Fricker, Ray MacAnally, Fiona Shaw, Ruth McCabe, and Hugh O'Conor playing Christy as a child.—P.K. (10/2/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Roger & Me—Michael Moore's widely praised muckraking documentary is about his two-and-a-half-year pursuit of Roger Smith, the chairman of General Motors, who, according to the film, is directly responsible for closing eleven plants and bringing about the destruction of Flint, Michigan—GM's birthplace and Moore's home town. The film purports to show what was happening in Flint from February, 1987, to August, 1989, but what happens is that Moore, a big shambling joker who's the director, producer, writer, and star, deadpans his way through interviews with an assortment of unlikely people, who are used as stooges. He chases gags and improvises his own version of history: in his account of the plant closings, the worker layoffs, and the construction of tourist attractions, he compresses the events of many years and fiddles with the time sequence. He comes on in a give-'em-hell style, but he breaks faith with the audience. And he does something that is humanly very offensive: "Roger & Me" uses its leftism as a superior attitude. Members of the audience can laugh at ordinary working people and still feel that they're taking a politically correct position.—P.K. (1/8/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Cinema 3rd Avenue, and 57th St. Playhouse.)



At the Thalia SoHo, Robert Morley in "Oscar Wilde"

Sabotage (1936) Hitchcock thought that he erred in this one, and that that explained why the picture wasn't a hit. But he was wrong: this adaptation of Conrad's "The Secret Agent" may be just about the best of his English thrillers, and if the public didn't respond it wasn't his fault. Sylvia Sidney and Oscar Homolka are a married pair, the Verlocs, who manage a small movie house; Desmond Tester plays Mrs. Verloc's younger brother, who, unknowingly, carries a bomb in the package her husband has given him to deliver. There's a breathtaking sequence when Mrs. Verloc, who has just learned of her brother's death, watches the cartoon "Who Killed Cock Robin?" With John Loder as a police detective, Sara Allgood, Martita Hunt, Peter Bull, and Torin Thatcher.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 13.)

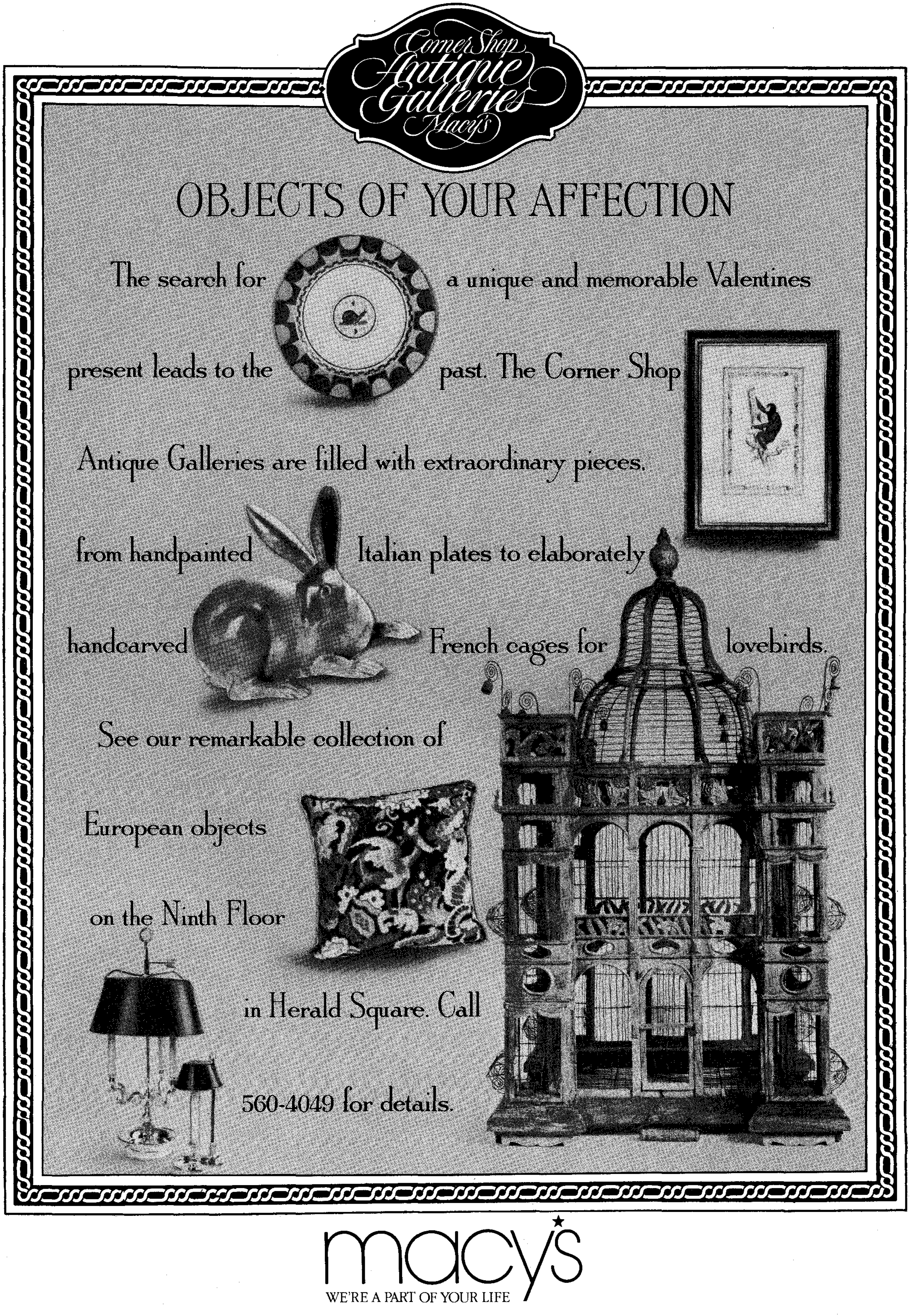
sex, lies, and videotape—Steven Soderbergh's smooth, handsome first feature generates a fair degree of psychological tension out of next to nothing. It's a triangle drama with a cunning little kink in it. The triangle consists of Ann (Andie MacDowell), a beautiful young Southern woman who has "never really been that much into sex"; her husband, John (Peter Gallagher), a sleazy yuppie lawyer; and her younger sister, Cynthia (Laura San Giacomo), who's sleeping with John. The kink is an old college pal of John's, named Graham (James Spader), a soft-spoken drifter who comes to town and changes everybody's life. Graham has sworn off sex, because, he says, it's the only way for him to stay honest: he's impotent, except when he's watching one of his dozens of home videos—all of them interviews he has conducted with women about sex. He's like a retired gunslinger, a laconic hombre who won't pull his artillery out of its holster because he's seen too much killin' already. This is "Shane" remade as a Southern psychodrama. But there's some real conviction in it—a mixed-up fervor that keeps us watching.—T.R. (8/7/89) (Angelika Film Center; through Feb. 8.)

Steel Magnolias—Chalk scraping across a blackboard for two hours.—P.K. (Gemini, and Chelsea Cinemas; through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through Feb. 8, evenings only.)

Trouble in Paradise (1932)—Perhaps the most shimmering of the romantic-comedy collaborations of the director Ernst Lubitsch and the writer Samson Raphaelson, this film is a make-believe world of the thirties preserved intact. Herbert Marshall is so adept at the silky tricks written into his lines that he creates a hushed atmosphere. He plays a career jewel thief; as his partner, Miriam Hopkins, quick and darting, always has her feelers out, along with her kittenish claws. These two are accomplished seducers, and in this movie witty seduction is indistinguishable from love itself. Kay Francis is the wealthy widow whose face takes on a yearning expression once she sees Marshall; desire makes her warm and languid. The movie is full of suave maneuvers and magical switcheroos; in its light-as-a-feather way, it's perfection.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 9-10.)

The War of the Roses—Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner play Oliver and Barbara Rose, a yuppie couple whose banally "perfect" marriage isn't strong enough to survive their individual mid-life crises. When they decide to divorce, things get real ugly: the Roses' hatred and pettiness keep escalating, to the point of absurdity and far beyond. These successful, eighties-style people are revealed as greedy, self-centered, infantile: they'd rather die than have to sacrifice either their egos or their possessions. (This social observation may not come as a surprise to everybody.) "The War of the Roses," written by Michael Leeson (from a novel by Warren Adler), is one of Hollywood's periodic attempts at black comedy, and, like most of its predecessors, it's not quite black enough and not quite funny enough. The director, Danny DeVito, who also acts in the film, seems a bit too pleased with his own outrageousness. The picture has a peculiar, not very satisfying tone: smugly savage.—T.R. (34th St. East, Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and Criterion Center.)

The Young Lions (1958)—This piece of heavyweight kitsch is fairly entertaining, what with Marlon Brando as a fearfully handsome German ski instructor turned Nazi (he's also the blondest blond ever seen), Montgomery Clift as a forlorn, romantic American Jew, and Dean Martin as a Broadway playboy. The three meet before the Second World War and then again during it. Directed by Edward Dmytryk and adapted by Edward Anhalt from an Irwin Shaw novel, the film is episodic and overproduced, like a wartime "Grand Hotel." Maximilian Schell plays a mean Nazi, in contrast with Brando's misguided, agonized idealist, and Hope Lange, May Britt, and Barbara Rush are among the women. Also with Lee Van Cleef.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Feb. 8-10.)

Corner Shop
Antique
Galleries
Macy's

OBJECTS OF YOUR AFFECTION

The search for a unique and memorable Valentines present leads to the past. The Corner Shop Antique Galleries are filled with extraordinary pieces, from handpainted Italian plates to elaborately handcarved French cages for lovebirds. See our remarkable collection of European objects on the Ninth Floor in Herald Square. Call 560-4049 for details.

macy's
WE'RE A PART OF YOUR LIFE

THE NEW YORKER

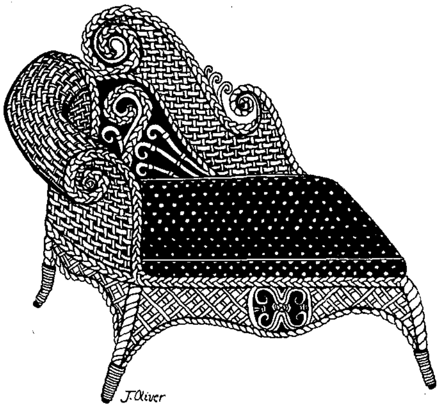
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THAT the military budget is at last back on the table as a legitimate subject of political debate marks a historic turning point—an unmistakable sign that the Reagan era, when the Pentagon was gorged with literally more money than it knew what to do with, is finally waning. During Ronald Reagan's first four years in office, military spending was doubled, to nearly three hundred billion dollars a year. No one seemed to notice that in the process the Administration had managed, by a clever bookkeeping trick, to pad the Pentagon budget with some fifty billion dollars a year more than even Reagan's most hard-line advisers said was necessary. David Stockman, then the director of the Office of Management and Budget, later said of the military-industrial complex in those years, "They were squealing with delight." Now, however, with Gorbachev's implicit surrender in the Cold War and his scaling back of Soviet military power, the rationale for anything like such spending has been removed.

The Bush Administration claims to support a restructuring of United States military forces for the post-Cold War world, but its actions suggest otherwise. Last November, to great fanfare, Secretary of Defense Richard Cheney outlined some hundred and eighty billion dollars' worth of military-spending reductions. Measured against the Pentagon's three-hundred-billion-dollar annual budget, that sounded like a lot of money. But it turned out that the hundred and eighty billion dollars in potential cuts (and potential is all they were) were to be spread over three years (fiscal years 1992 to 1994), and thus the annual reductions would really average closer to sixty billion dollars. Nor was "reductions" really the right word. What Cheney apparently had in mind was spending a hundred and eighty billion dollars less than the Pentagon planners had *hoped* to spend during those years, not a hundred and eighty billion dollars less than what they were actually going to receive from Congress. In other words, the so-called cuts were calculated not against a realistic fiscal benchmark but against the Pentagon's own wish list, which took for granted the bloated budgets accumulated under Reagan. When the effects of inflation were taken into account, the decline from today's spending levels was only about ten per cent.

Observers in Washington, whatever their political persuasion, agree that genuine cuts in the Administration's new Pentagon-spending request are inevitable. Nevertheless, Bush officials continue to do what they can to limit the damage. Richard Darman, the current O.M.B. director, has called the various plans for spending "a substantial, near-term 'peace dividend' " a fantasy, a "true Wonderland phenomenon." Meanwhile, Secretary Cheney and William Webster, the director of the Central Intelligence Agency, have seized on Mikhail Gorbachev's domestic political problems as a pretext for warning against drastic spending cuts. Cheney has predicted that Gorbachev will be replaced by a hard-liner hostile to the West and has said that it would be foolish to base American military planning on "what fate may have in store for one man."



Most Administration officials seriously doubt whether Gorbachev will be overthrown. Whatever fate may have in store for him, though, Cheney's argument is beside the point. The testimony of David Stockman and of other students of the Reagan buildup, not to mention the lessons of the Pentagon spare-parts-pricing scandals and similar corruption, demonstrates that over the past nine years American taxpayers have paid hundreds of billions of dollars more for national defense than they should have, so it is reasonable to conclude that the Pentagon budget could now be cut sizably without endangering American security even if the Soviets were not already disarming, and even if Gorbachev were to suddenly disappear from the scene.

Last fall, William Kaufmann, a veteran of the national-security establishment, published a study that argued that the Pentagon budget could be cut almost in half, to a hundred and sixty billion dollars—or almost back to the pre-Reagan level—over the next ten years without compromising American security. During congressional testimony in December, Robert McNamara, the Secretary of Defense under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, and Lawrence Korb, an Assistant Secretary of Defense under Reagan, endorsed a full fifty-per-cent reduction in the course of the coming decade. And there is reason to believe that the savings could be even greater. As Randall Forsberg, the executive director of the Institute for Defense & Disarmament Studies, has explained, the forces earmarked to deter or to fight another war in Europe account for more than half the United States military budget, and most military experts think that such a war is now inconceivable. Admiral William Crowe, Jr., the recently retired chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, said last month, "The threat of a surprise attack on Western Europe is just gone. The military people say it's reduced. I don't think it can be resurrected." Why, then, should the nation have to wait a full ten years to realize the budget savings that flow from this change in the military circumstances? "Previously, you could at least pretend to be afraid of Soviet tanks," Daniel Ellsberg, the former Defense Department analyst, best known for releasing the Pentagon Papers, said recently. "Now you can't, and that means there's at least a hundred and fifty billion dollars in the budget which is utterly redundant." Ellsberg noted that the cuts urged by McNamara and Korb would generate half a trillion dollars in savings over the next ten years, and he went on to point out, "That's a lot of money. But if we instead were to cut the budget in half *this* year, and freeze it at that hundred-and-fifty-billion-dollar level for the next ten years—which would be incredibly generous to the military—it would generate *one and a half* trillion dollars in savings. That's a difference of a trillion dollars. Are we so rich a country that we can afford to waste that much money?"

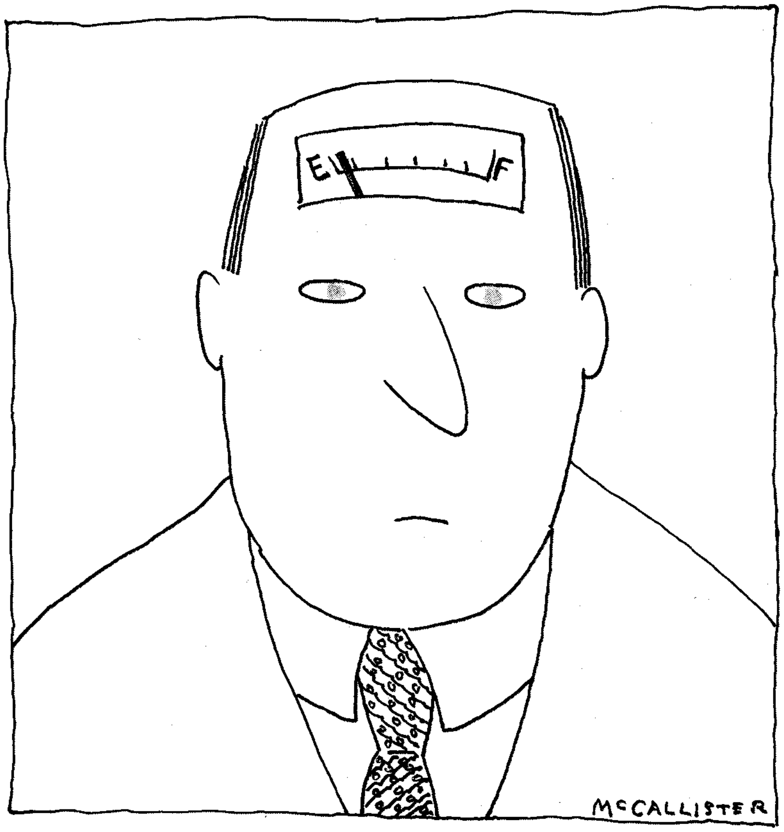
•

A FRIEND writes: One might begin with anything. There was an article in the paper not long ago about a big housing project in Chicago, almost given up for dead, that volunteers are working to fix up. White people who live just a few blocks away from this development, which is completely black, to judge from the way the paper reported the story, have been going in with buckets and paint and cleaning gear, and working hard in eight-hour shifts to fix up apartments that had been left for almost lost. In this place, according to the report, the top floors of some of the tall buildings have been blocked off, because they couldn't be made safe by anybody's standards, and before the volunteers went to work the Chicago Housing Authority did a "sweep." In a sweep, anybody who belongs to certain categories (drug dealers, squatters, and gang members are the categories mentioned, and I guess a person could be all of them at once) is swept out of where he has been staying, and a guard is posted to keep him (or, I guess, her) from coming back.

The great thing about this story is that it appeals to our two great American virtues: we are forgivers, and we have common sense. Presumably, right down to a certainty, the volunteers who are doing this almost menial work for their neighbors don't approve of how their neighbors have been behaving; the sweep part of it shows that. The volunteers (they belong to church groups) are not fixing these neglected places up so that more bad behavior can go on; they hope for a change, and their hope is based on the power of forgiveness and the power of common sense (and just maybe the power of publicity). In any case, it is a story about optimism and traditional American values.

Another way to begin would be to discuss at length my reaction to an advertisement that has the headline "THE NEW TRADITIONALIST," but I just can't bear to do it. Instead, I ask you to remember, dear reader, the first time you saw one of the attractive young mothers the world is now bursting with take an interest in fine old things: Victorian houses, tweeds, herbaceous borders. Keep her in mind, and I'll flash back to a lunch I had about ten years ago with a wonderful fellow, a gentleman of the old order—a kind of decent, intelligent survivor of the Belle Époque— But now I see I have to tell you more, I really do have to tell you more, but please keep on keeping the New Traditionalist in mind, O.K.? The fact is that this man, my Belle Époque friend, had a famous grandmother. She was what you might call an Old Traditionalist. You might not be able to guess what she was famous for, because if you are a Young Traditionalist you have a long way to go. My friend's grandmother was famous for going to the opera. That's right. She was famous for going to the Metropolitan Opera, the way other people are famous for racing fast cars. She was a star. Her name was Mrs. George Washington Kavanaugh. She had a friend named Lady Decies, and just like clockwork they put on expensive clothes, jewelry with big, heavy stones, and diamond tiaras, and they went to the opera, and that's just about all they did. They didn't have to do more, really.

So this woman was my friend's grandmother, and if he had warm and private times

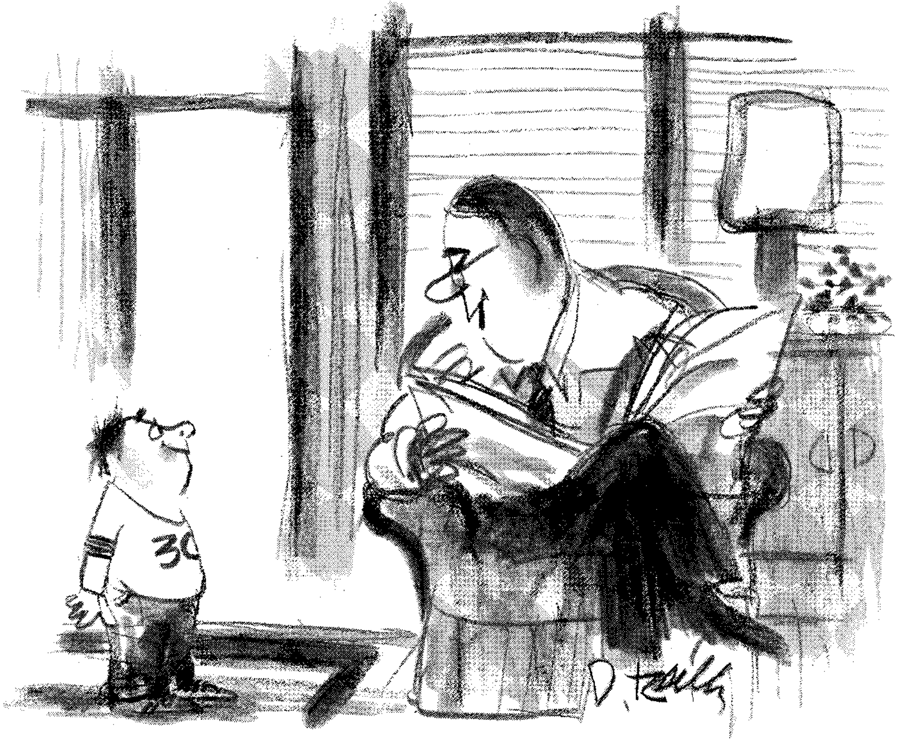


with her, the sort of experiences that bring a glow to the heart, he has not confided them to me. But he has told me one good story I want to pass on to you. We take my friend out of childhood into manhood. War looms. He is an enlisted man in the Army. He is marching up Italy, freeing it from the grip of the Axis. It is a desperate hour for the enemy, and the enemy takes every chance he can get to undermine our morale—perhaps because his own morale is so bad. He drops discouraging propaganda: "WHY FIGHT ON?"—that kind of thing. "THEY DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT YOU AT HOME. WHY ARE YOU GOING TO ALL THIS TROUBLE? LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS." Well, I guess our guys knew why they were going to all that trouble, and the propaganda was mostly a source of amusement to our American forces—especially to my friend, who found one day that he and his fellow-soldiers were being bombarded by thousands of pictures of his grandmother! There he was, on a battlefield in Italy, getting a special letter from home. Thousands of copies! The picture showed his grandmother and Lady Decies at the opera, just as if no war were going on. The picture is a grainy black-and-white kind of picture, and by that I mean that it presents sharp contrast, by which I mean that it is a stark, rich-versus-poor, black-and-white kind of picture. In fact, it is a classic. It is the subtext of every tabloid story. It's by the photographer who used the name Weegee, who went to all the dives and sopped it all up. Everyone studies him now. I mean, if you were to go to sleep now and wake up as Weegee you'd really be somebody. Do you see where we're going?

What makes us different from the English or the French? In theory, they have these rich layers of civilization, and we are wild creatures who ride vectors that take us we know not where. But it's getting so that we've seen it all before. Not all of us have seen the same things, I guess, but as television takes in everything maybe that will be less and less of a problem. Certainly everyone gets the main problem: How does a person get to be a somebody? So we have this idea of a problem, and then we have social artifacts. Aren't we more interesting? And wouldn't a new Weegee be more of a somebody than a New Traditionalist at this point?

O.K., very-fast-forward to ten years ago, when I have lunch with my Belle Époque friend whose grandmother was famous for going to the opera. Am I going too fast? Of course not—we go this fast on TV all the time. So here we are back on the program where my friend and I are having lunch. We are lunching at a men's club to which we both belong. I ask about his children. For each one, there is a story: rebellion is involved, and alternative life styles, and, in one case, trouble. Then my friend leans forward. He mentions the name of his younger daughter. His eyes tell me that he is going to tell me something that astonishes him. You must understand that he has had so much of rebellion, alternative life styles, and trouble among his children that none of that arouses him much. "She rides to hounds!" he says. I know what he means. After all we've been through, it's too much to bear.

So, as I say, I think you can begin anywhere and come up with the fact that we have plenty of layers of civilization. But where I'd like to begin is with a story about a different housing project in Chicago. In this instance, the sweep (which was followed by rigid I.D. requirements, and parietal hours for non-tenants) had the effect of excluding from the project certain men friends of the women in the project. The men wanted in. The women could not be denied. Couple by couple, they began to talk about marriage. And then the goddess of common sense made one of her unexpected appearances, and someone suggested a *group wedding* for the excluded men and the anxious women. A dress designer contributed pretty dresses, a tuxedo-rental firm contributed correct formal dress for the gentlemen, a limousine service did the right thing, and—*voilà!*—Aristophanes in Chicago, where he belongs.



"Why, certainly, son. In this great land of ours, anyone can aspire to become another Marlin Fitzwater."

• •

• •

Roadside Attractions

LANCE MALLAMO, the director of Suffolk County Historic Services, normally looks after about a hundred and fifty drooping estates and sagging eighteenth-century farmhouses. Lately, though, he has been busy assembling a Suffolk County Museum of Roadside Culture—a kind of outdoor repository for the region's more audacious commercial landmarks. Mallamo and his deputy, Richard Martin, picked us up in a white County Historic Services van not long ago for a tour of roadside attractions that they hope to collect for their alfresco archive. "I'll tell you how embarrassing this can get," Mallamo said, and he laughed. "One day, Richard and I were called out to look at an inn that Thomas Jefferson had visited. We said to each other, 'Forget this building. There's a great gas station nearby.' "

The inspiration for Mallamo's scheme is a twenty-foot, ten-ton hollow concrete duck that was built in 1931 for Martin Maurer's Duck Ranch, on Route 24, in Flanders. Maurer is said to have got the idea in California while he was sipping coffee inside a restaurant shaped like a giant coffeepot. On his return to Long Island, he hired a pair of theatrical-prop designers, and they drafted the duck from a live model tied to their front porch. For more than half a century, the Big Duck, as it was called, occupied a roadside roost, and by local custom motorists honked twice as they whizzed beneath its yellow concrete beak. The duck gained some far-flung notoriety, too: because it was the focus of a sometimes snippy architectural debate over the merits of campy commercial icons, the genre was labelled "duck architecture."

In the early eighties, the Duck Ranch was bought by a sculptor and entrepreneur named Kiamarz Eshghi and his wife, Pouran—she inherited the job of working inside the concrete creature, and doling out barbecued ducks to passing motorists—and in 1987 the Eshghis sold the ranch to a developer. Over a duck dinner, Mallamo persuaded them to donate the Big Duck to his museum. He'd never mentioned the idea of a museum to anyone before, but it took hold immediately. In January, 1988, a team of house movers arrived and, with hundreds of loyal citizens on hand, hoisted the duck off its foundation (under it was an enormous wooden egg, which Mallamo had put there, on a bed of straw) and lugged it, at roughly one mile per hour, to its new roost, four miles east on Route 24. "All the cars had to pull over for an hour," Mallamo said. "You'd think people would have been mad. But, no, they were cheering. You're talking about a building that was part of people's lives. It's almost more important as a memory than as a building."

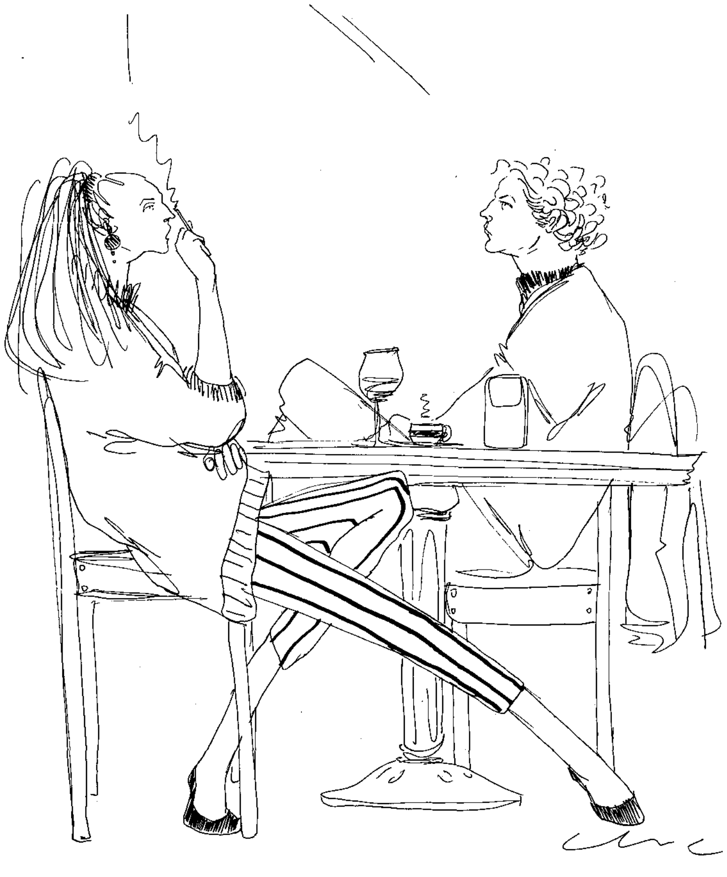
Duck fans convened again last Christmas, for the relighting of the duck's eyes—a pair of Model T taillights that had gone dim with neglect years ago. Afterward, the fans serenaded the Big Duck with a slightly altered Christmas song: "Later on, perhaps a diner Will make Big Duck look even finer. It'll be a museum. Folks'll come see 'im Waddlin' in a winter wonderland."

To go with the Big Duck, a group called Friends for Long Island's Heritage has acquired, and intends to donate to Suffolk County, a 1950 Silk City diner ("The cream of American diners"), furnished with venetian blinds and pink formica, and a nineteen-thirties sign that advised Depression-era travellers, "EAT LONG ISLAND DUCK. IT'S THE BEST." Mallamo also has his eye on an Aquebogue farm stand shaped like a witch's hat and a miniature lighthouse now on top of the Chicago Pizza Pub, in Huntington. And eventually he hopes to round off the collection with a drive-in-movie sign, a tourist cabin, and a vintage pair of golden arches. "Certainly, there are people who say this is junk," he told us. "My reaction is, So what? If it tells us something about ourselves—who we are as a *people*—we should learn something from it."

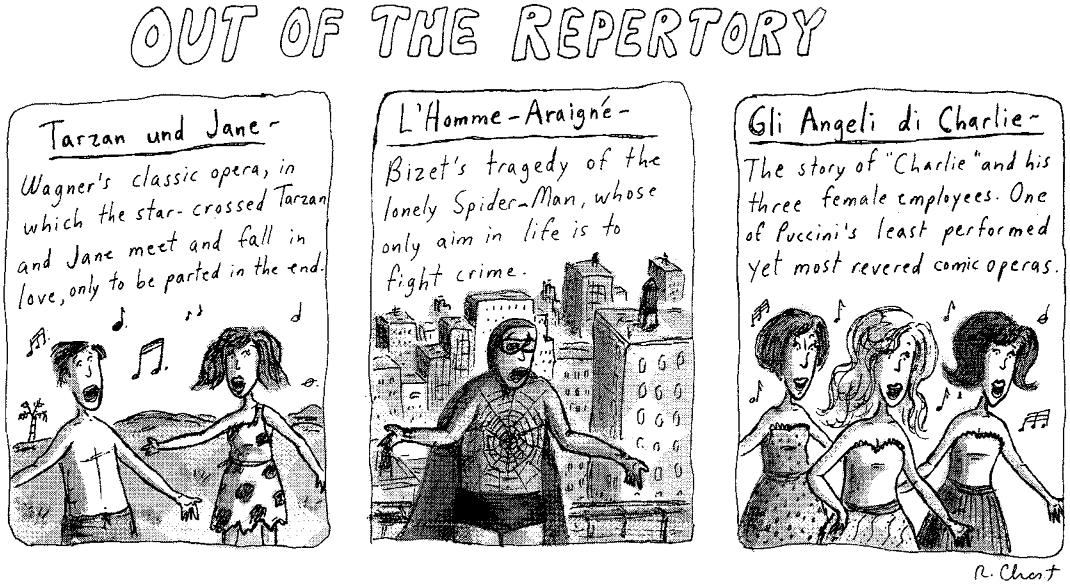
The dossier of museum candidates swells with every outing, as we learned during the one we took part in. "Hey, do you think there's a nineteen-twenties porcelain gas station under that brown paint?" Mallamo asked, and, not waiting for a response, he stopped to investigate. "Why do I do this to myself?" he said, with a sigh. But his face lit up when he rapped a key against the façade. "Yep," he said. "Porcelain. You hear it? I've driven by this a thousand times without looking beyond the brown paint." He turned to a pair of attendants in greasy coveralls who were approaching with distrustful looks. "We're the Big Duck people," he said. "You've got a museum piece here. Take good care of it."

Mallamo swung the van back onto the road and said, "Richard and I began the project somewhat tentatively, but now it has really taken over our lives. I look at the streetscape with completely different eyes. We're not out here to save the commonplace. We're out here to save the few remaining examples of something that once was but is no longer."

Our safari continued with a stop to admire a car-size concrete replica of the Sphinx, gazing across the Montauk Highway with otherworldly serenity. A



"Is this the year our relationship goes into the black?"


OUT OF THE REPERTORY
Tarzan und Jane –
Wagner's classic opera, in which the star-crossed Tarzan and Jane meet and fall in love, only to be parted in the end.
L'Homme-Araigné –
Bizet's tragedy of the lonely Spider-Man, whose only aim in life is to fight crime.
Gli Angeli di Charlie –
The story of "Charlie" and his three female employees. One of Puccini's least performed yet most revered comic operas.
R. Chast

cement contractor had salvaged it from a defunct Blue Point inn, Mallamo explained covetously. "I just love those eyes," he said. "Can you imagine driving for miles through wilderness and coming on *this*?" An inscription tucked between the Sphinx's paws read "She Who Climbs to the Sphynx's Head / A Millionaire Will Surely Wed."

Mallamo said that his hope was to collect artifacts like the Sphinx before the tide of corporate parks and landscaped Burger Kings engulfs them. "As commercial building creeps outward, these sites are up for redevelopment," he said. "The economic downturn has given us a bit of a breather, but we feel that if we don't take things now we're going to lose them. There used to be a Mister Donut in the Town of Hempstead with the gaudiest pink-and-blue neon sign. Now the shop is painted brown, and a placard says 'Your Oat Bran Muffin Headquarters.' I remember when it used to be your gooey-jelly-doughnut headquarters."

We looked at a miniature-golf course in Hampton Bays, then drove on to Sears-Bellows Park—seven hundred deserted acres of flat, sandy land—where the Big Duck is on temporary display. We walked a few laps around it, trying to determine whether, as a legend goes, the Big Duck has two left wings. It's hard to say. Then Mallamo steered us out back to an abandoned road cutting through some pine barrens. If county officials bestow their blessing, Mallamo will install his bits of Americana along this ghostly highway. To our city eyes, it seemed a desolate spot, practically begging for a dash of chrome and neon. "It's going to be very trashy," Mallamo said. "But trash has its place."

Scouting Report

EARLY returns from Greenwich Village Little League tryouts, recently held in the Manhattan Community College gym—way ahead of opening date for major-league training camps in Florida, Arizona, and California:

Michael S. Shortstop once again looks like destiny for this scrappy Village Community School eight-year-old . . . Sleeps every night with glove . . . Wears intimidating Batman sneakers . . . Spent most of off-season replaying in his mind highlight of '89 campaign: unassisted triple play . . . Academic performance apparently not seriously affected by proneness to fantasize about repeating feat in '90.

Jeb S. Talented P.S. 41 third grader still undecided whether to quit school and enter major-league draft as hardship case (allowance "only" two dollars a week) . . . Parents equally ambivalent; Jeb S. has worn hole in living-room dhurrie rug practicing hook slide . . . Shattered heirloom soup tureen when fork-balled baked potato aimed for younger brother's head "got away from" him . . . Batted awesome .845 as rookie tee-baller; faces prospect that average might drop in '90, when ball is not stationary.

Ezra L. Just got back from Florida (good-will tour of grandparents' condominium); watched West Palm Beach Tropics, of Senior League, drop back-to-back games with Orlando Juice and St. Petersburg Pelicans . . . Saw ex-Cubbie Ray Burris (also ex-Met, ex-Yankee, ex-Brewer, ex-Cardinal, ex-Expo) give up seven straight runs . . . Has promised self never to make similar mistake.

Vanessa B. Popular-with-fans-and-teammates short-center fielder; has pierced ears, wears pearl studs to distract opposing pitchers . . . Tries for comeback after sitting out '89 season because of injury (strained rotator cuff, resulting from overzealous tickling by older brother) and scheduling conflicts (Brownies, accordion lessons).

Jason L. Known as Frog, for deft footwork along base paths of grassless, chronically rain-puddle-pocked James J. Walker Park . . . Has excellent gum-chewing capacity: eighteen sticks at once and still able to sustain steady flow of chatter . . . Occasional mental lapses (attributable to helicopter and airplane traffic) should diminish with maturity, experience.

Matthew P., *Zachary T.*, *Aaron F.*, *Jonah Z.* All "forgot" to brush teeth morning of tryouts . . . Still need work on defensive skills.

Joshua P. and *Jesse P.* Keystone-combo twins had opponents "seeing double" with impressive '89 stats: identical .490 averages, plus twelve two-baggers and fourteen dingers apiece . . . Both switch hitters . . . Major question mark: If team makes playoffs, will they have already departed for sleep-away camp?

James S. Pint-size, friendly P.S. 41 second grader, eager to defy conventional wisdom that he is too short for bigs (and would require substantial orthodontia before product-endorsement offers materialize), feels ready to volunteer designated-hitter talents to any American League club . . . Quotable quote: "I could get a walk every time. Did you know that baseball players get at least a hundred thousand dollars a year? I'll be an instant millionaire. What would I spend it on? Getting stuff for my mansion."

SUMMER SESSION

The Time: *July, 1962.*

The Scene: *A screened porch, evening. Sound of crickets.*

The Characters:

Steve (*just graduated from high school*)

Ronnie (*his sister, home from her senior year in college*)

Dad

Steve: Hey, Dad, didn't we use to have a couple bowling balls?

Dad: What do you want with bowling balls in this heat?

Ronnie: Maybe they're in the garage.

Dad: Don't be silly.

Steve: Come on, Dad, where are they?

Dad: Don't go in the garage now. What do you want bowling balls for at this time of night?

Steve: Ronnie has to bowl.

Dad: Aw, what are you talking about?

Ronnie: We're just going bowling.

Dad: What do you mean, bowling? Do you know what time it is?

Steve: It's only nine o'clock.

Dad: Nine o'— Jesus, what's the matter with you? Your mother's already asleep.

Ronnie: Gee, then I guess we can't bowl in the house. We'll have to go to the bowling alley.

Dad: Nine o'clock at night people don't go bowling. Look at it, it's dark out.

Ronnie: I thought the car had headlights.

Dad: You don't even have bowling shoes. What are you gonna do, bowl in those? You can't bowl in sneakers, you gotta have shoes.

Steve: Look, Dad, they rent the shoes.

Dad: *Rent*? What, you're gonna wear somebody else's shoes?

Steve: Everybody does that. They put powder in them.

Dad: What do you know about powder? You're a powder expert now.

Ronnie: Fine, then we'll buy some shoes.

Dad: Oh, you're gonna buy a pair of shoes now for one game.

Steve: Listen, you rent the shoes, they put powder in them, and you wear them. And you bowl with them. They have these nifty little—

Dad: "Nifty"? "Nifty"? Where the hell did you learn to talk, anyway?

Ronnie: Dad, leave him alone. This is getting to be a hassle.

Steve: It's no hassle, Ron.

Dad: "Hassle." What is it with you two? You got a hassle, nifty, go bowling.

Steve: Dad—

Dad: What do you want to go bowling for? All of a sudden you've got this big interest in bowling now all of a sudden.

Steve: Dad, look—Ronnie couldn't pass her grades in college because of her phys-ed credit, so now she has to bowl because she didn't want to go in the water and swim.

Dad: What do you mean, she didn't want to—

Ronnie: Look, Steve, just forget about it.

Steve: Ron, are you jumping on *me* now?

Dad: How are you two going bowling? What are you gonna use for money?

Steve: Ronnie, you have money, don't you?

Ronnie: Let's just forget it.

Steve: No, now I'm getting interested. Come on, Dad, want to go bowling with us?

Dad: What, *now*?

Ronnie: Forget about it.

Dad: Aw, for Christ's sake, you don't go bowling at this hour.

Steve: Come on, Dad, just bowl a few frames with us. You and Mommy used to bowl all the time, remember?

Dad: You don't know what you're talking about. Your mother doesn't bowl at midnight.

Ronnie: Come on, Steve, I can't stand here all night arguing about the proper times to bowl.

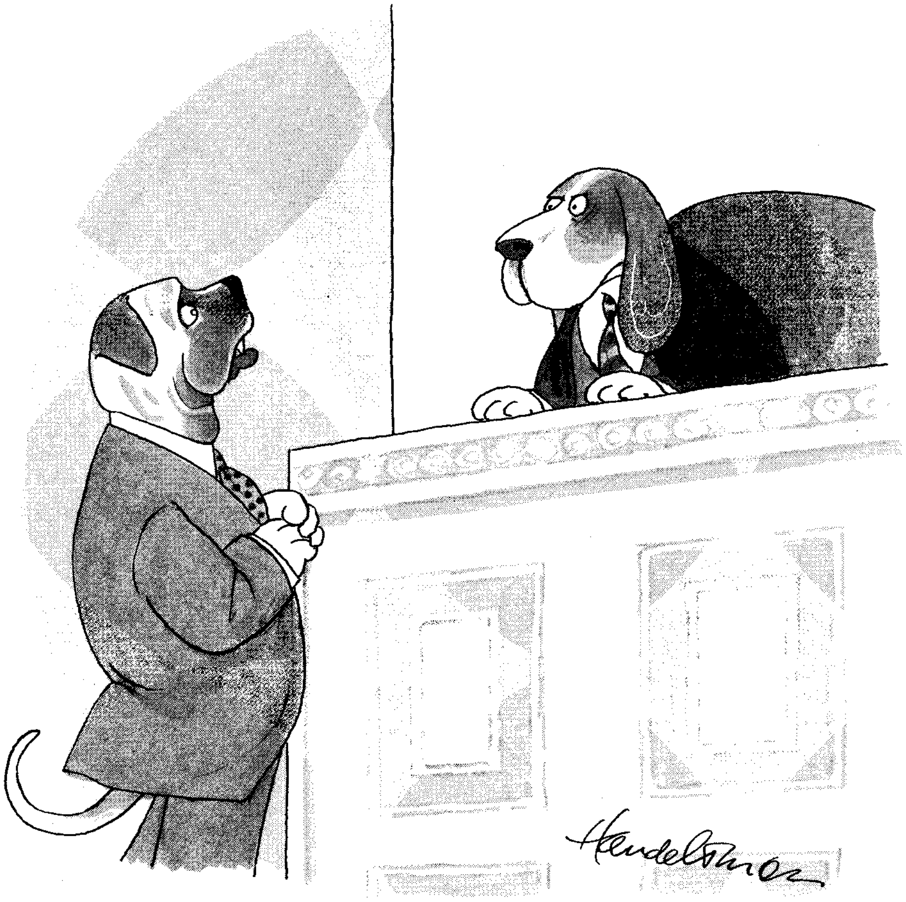
Steve: Dad, come on. You can wolf down an order of French fries.

Dad: I'm not hungry.

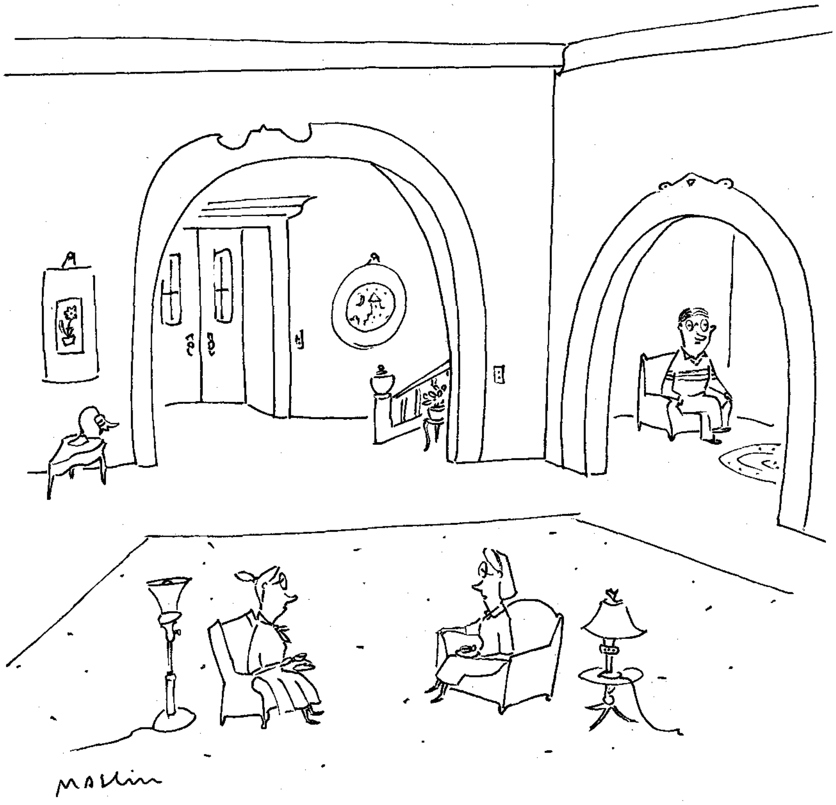
Ronnie: You're sitting there with candy bars.

Steve: So he eats candy bars—so what? Leave him alone.

Ronnie: It's not healthy.



"I didn't realize, Your Honor. I assumed the law here was the same as in New Jersey. As you may know, dog eat dog is permissible there."



"I thought I'd try him in there, but I'm beginning to think he works better in here."

• •

STEVE: Yeah, Dad, come on over to the alley and work up an appetite for some fries.

DAD: Jesus Christ, do you know how much a bowling ball weighs? How is Ronnie gonna go bowling? She looks like a good meal of corned beef and cabbage would stand her on her feet.

RONNIE: Look, all I want to do is graduate from college.

STEVE: Dad, leave her alone. She's upset enough that she doesn't want to put her head under water.

DAD: What's that got to do with anything?

STEVE: You know, it's a swimming credit she couldn't get.

DAD: Swimming. You know what it is, swimming?

RONNIE: No, Dad, what is it?

DAD: Swimming—all swimming is is relaxing. In the water. That's all it is. Swimming is a relaxing. You put your head in, you relax, that's it. Otherwise you sink like a stone. Tense up in the water and you can forget about it.

RONNIE: Oh, so, Dad, wait a minute, when's the last time I saw *you* swimming? You go out there and wade.

STEVE: Come on, Ronnie, don't pick on him.

RONNIE: You *wade* in there, in your shorts—

DAD: Get out of here. You're gonna tell me about swimming? You've been in college too long, that's what your problem is. Then you come here and tell me about bowling and swimming.

RONNIE: This is just really upsetting me. If I don't fulfill this credit— Oh, forget it. Forget about it. I'm not graduating from college. Just forget about it. We're not going bowling.

DAD: Oh, you're not graduating from college now, huh? Now it's my fault you're not graduating from college because you don't have bowling shoes.

STEVE: Dad, forget the bowling shoes. They have millions of 'em in the alley.

DAD: So you know all about bowling. Where's your bowling ball?

STEVE: They have balls all over the place.

DAD: What, at this time of night?

RONNIE: They don't take the balls away just because it gets dark outside.

STEVE: Really, she has to bowl to graduate from Penn. She was supposed to pass her swimming test, but she can't swim.

DAD: Of course she can swim.

STEVE: She can't swim. She's afraid to swim.

DAD: Where in the world did you get that idea?

STEVE: Dad, look, have you ever once seen her swim?

DAD: You're crazy.

STEVE: You know how she just stands there in the shallow end and then comes out and lounges around on a towel.

DAD: She could swim fine if she wasn't too goddam hoity-toity to swim.

STEVE: Dad, I'm telling you, she had a traumatic experience in Atlantic City that time when we were kids. She got knocked down by a wave. So now she won't put her head under water.

DAD: Where the hell do you get this stuff?

RONNIE: Forget about all that. They said I could graduate without swimming. All I have to do is bowl a certain number of frames over the summer and send them the score sheets.

DAD: That's the silliest thing yet. They're gonna let you go bowling when you're supposed to swim?

RONNIE: They couldn't care less what I do. So I'm not swimming.

DAD: You better start swimming in a hurry, because you're not gonna be able to bowl. You couldn't bowl if your life depended on it.

STEVE: Dad, anybody can bowl.

DAD: And that's where you're wrong. Swimming, yes. As long as you don't tense up. But with bowling it's a horse of a different color.

STEVE: Dad, if she can't bowl I'll teach her. It's no big thing. All she has to do is keep hurling the ball down the alley and boom!—sooner or later she'll hit something.

DAD: She'll hit something, all right.

RONNIE: They didn't say I had to bowl *well.*

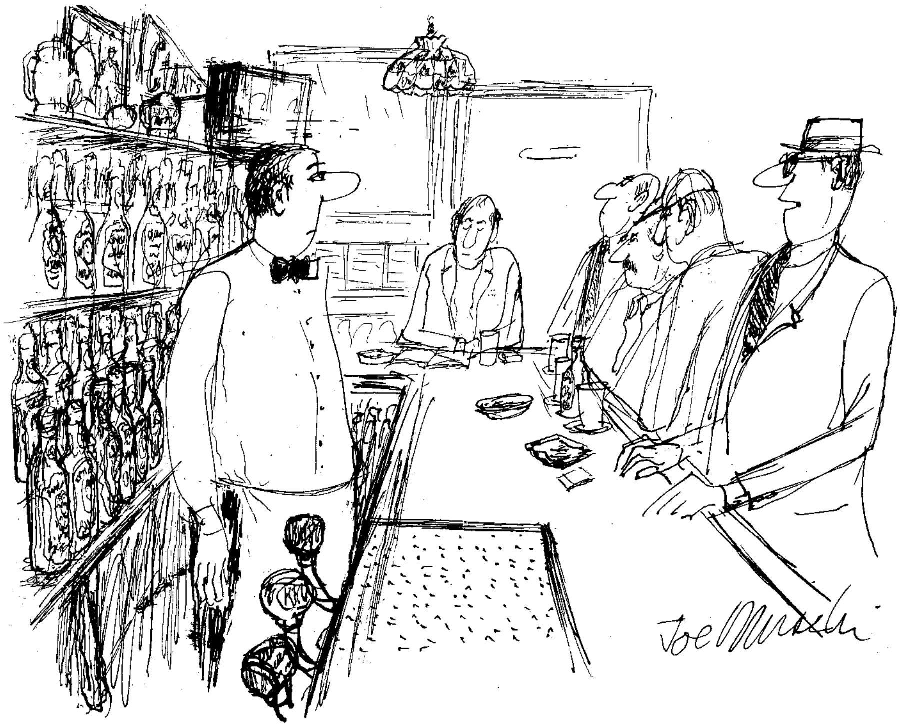
DAD: What, now you want to have a traumatic bowling experience? You have to prepare for these things, you can't just get up there and—

STEVE: Bowling is a Zen thing. It's all in the—not actually in the mind but in the non-mind. Like an animal, or a fish.

DAD: Fish breathe in the water.

STEVE: That's what I'm saying.

DAD: Look, people cannot breathe



"I'm stone-cold sober. What do you recommend?"

• •

water. People and animals—they have lungs, not gills.

Steve: Will you stop? Of course people don't have gills. Of course they don't. Do you think I'm stupid?

Dad: Are you calling me stupid?

Ronnie: Steve, look, leave him alone. Forget about it.

Dad: 'Cause if you're calling me stupid, you can forget about the bowling.

Ronnie: I don't care. This is upsetting me now.

Dad: *You're* upset?

Ronnie: Yes. This is just upsetting me. Forget the whole thing. Forget college. I'll go to the Sorbonne.

Dad: She'll go to the Sorbonne. Listen to this. What are you gonna study there, French water sports?

Steve: Dad, are you coming bowling with us or not? That's all we want to know.

Dad: If you're so smart, what are you planning to do for money? You know how much it costs to go bowling?

Ronnie: It's only a couple of dollars. Just give Steve a couple of dollars and we'll go. I don't need anything.

Dad: Give *Steve* a couple of— Jesus Christ, you want me to give him money to go bowling? He's only a kid! It's dark out there. You're being silly now. You want to go bowling, first of all you need *shoes*, and then you need money. And you're gonna take this kid in the middle of the night—

Ronnie: It's not the middle of the night at nine-thirty.

Dad: You don't listen to reason. You know how hard your mother and I worked to send you to college, and now all it comes down to is bowling in the middle of the night?

Ronnie: Look, it's not—

Steve: Ronnie, let me tell him. All you're doing is pissing him off.

Ronnie: What are you, my lawyer now?

Dad: All this happens because you don't want to put your head under water? That's what this is all about? I thought I told you about swimming.

Steve: Dad, will you back off the swimming thing?

Dad: No, wait a minute, let me tell her about swimming. You reach down to the bottom of the pool, and you keep your head straight, and you breathe. When you're in the water, you breathe. That's it.

Ronnie: That sounds terrific on paper—

Dad: What do you mean, "on paper"? What are you talking about? Where does this kid get this from? I'm talking about swimming, she's talking about paper.

Steve: Dad, will you—

Ronnie: Steve, no, wait a minute, I want to hear what Daddy has to say about swimming. He's telling us all about swimming now.

Dad: Look, don't get smart.

Ronnie: No, I want to hear this. I want to hear about swimming. *That's why I can't swim! Because you never taught us to swim!*

Dad: Oh, you want to hear *me* now. I thought two minutes ago you wanted to go bowling.

Ronnie: Fine. Forget it, I'm not staying here with this. I'm packing. I'll be upstairs, packing.

Steve: Ron, look, forget about packing, we're going bowling.

Dad: Bowling, packing, swimming . . .

Steve: Dad, stop.

Dad: All I'm telling you is, you don't fight the water. Otherwise, if you fight the water— You never fight the water. Never ever. You let the water support you, because if you're afraid to let it support you, you just go right to the bottom. The bottom will draw you like a magnet. Gravity takes you right to the bottom and you can't breathe and that's it.

Steve: Dad, this is the same thing I'm saying about bowling. It's a gravity thing. The alley creates its own momentum, and you just go with it. It happens *for* you. And the gutters—the gutters create fear in a bowler. They're there as a fear thing. If you tense up, the ball will leap into the gutter. Whereas the pins actually draw the ball to them. It's an attraction of bodies—like planets. It's perfectly natural. If you relax, the ball goes for a strike.

Ronnie: Yeah, but only in the middle of the night, when it's really dark out. You turn on the car headlights, you breathe, keep your head down, plenty of powder, a few candy bars just to make sure you keep your strength up, and boom!—the next thing you know you're graduating from the Sorbonne with a degree in packing.

Dad: I swear I don't know where you kids learned to talk this way. (*Goes into house, slamming screen door.* Steve *and* Ronnie *look at each other, shrug, and exit toward bowling alley.* Dad *opens screen door and calls after them.*) You want to go bowling, go bowling. But I'm telling you, they're not gonna let you wear those shoes.

—Veronica Geng

PSYCHOPHANT

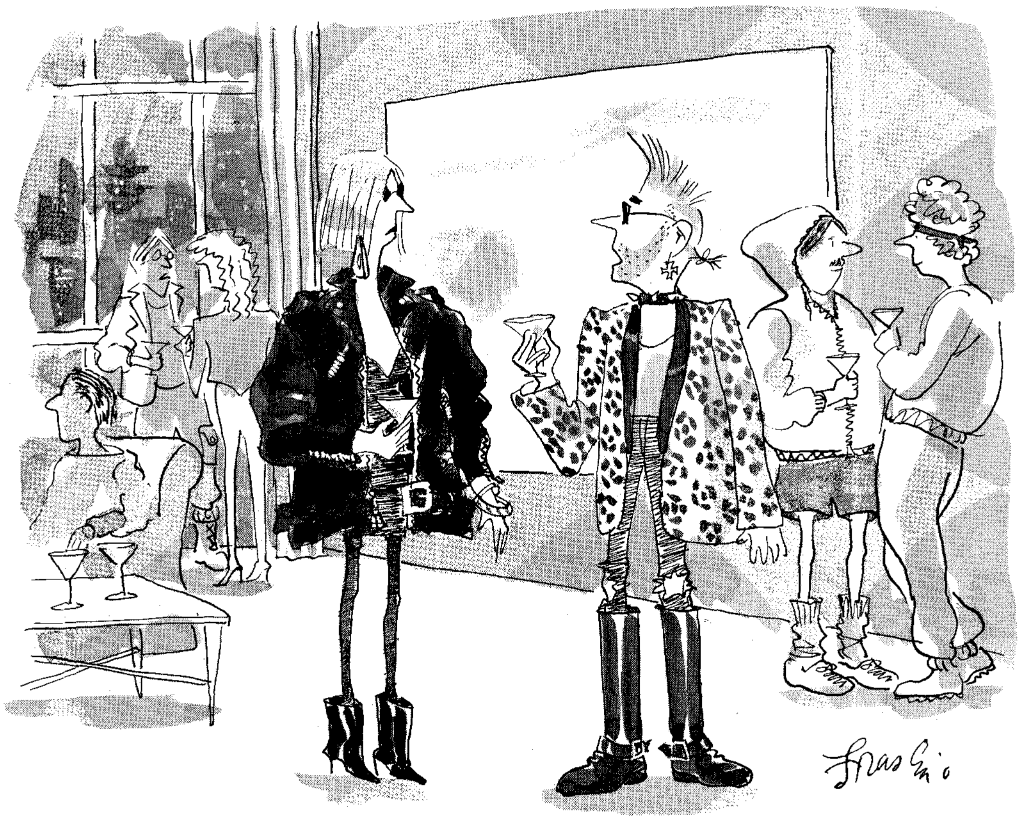
WE are a rather exclusive group of friends. We are men and women tied by a bond that is serious and profound, old and rarely renewed, a bond that consists in having lived together through important years, and having lived them without too many weaknesses. Since then—as often happens—our paths have diverged: some of us have made compromises; some have wounded one another, intentionally or not; still others have forgotten how to speak, or have lost their antennae. Nevertheless, we enjoy getting together: we trust each other, we respect each other, and, whatever subject we may be discussing, we realize with joy that despite everything we still speak the same language (some call it a jargon), even though our opinions don't always coincide. Our children show a precocious tendency to move away from us, but they are bound among themselves by a friendship similar to ours, and this seems to us strange and beautiful, because it happens spontaneously, without our meddling. Now they constitute a group that in many aspects reproduces our own group as it was when we were their age.

We profess to be open, universalist, cosmopolitan; we feel that way in our innermost beings, and we despise intensely all forms of segregation due to wealth, caste, or race. And yet, in actuality, our group is so close that, even though it is generally held in esteem by the "others," over the course of thirty years it has accepted only a few recruits. For reasons that I find difficult to explain to myself, and of which in any case I am not proud, it would seem unnatural to us to welcome someone who lives north of Corso Regina Margherita or west of Corso Racconigi. Not all of us who have married have seen their spouses accepted; in general, the endogamous couples—there are several—seem to be favored. Every now and then, someone makes an outside friend and brings him along, but it is rare for this friend to become part of the group; most often, he's invited once or twice, and treated benevolently, but the next time he's not there, and the evening is devoted to examining, discussing, and classifying him.

There was a time when each of us would occasionally invite all the others to visit. Then children were born, some of us moved out of town, others had their parents living in the house and did not want to disturb them; so, at present, there's only Tina who has people over. Tina likes to have people over, and so she does it well; she has good wine and excellent stuff to eat, she's lively and curious, she always has new things to tell and she tells them gracefully, she knows how to put people at their ease, she's interested in other people's affairs and remembers them with precision, she judges with severity but is fond of almost everyone. She is suspected of entertaining relations with other groups, but she (and only she) is willingly forgiven for this infidelity.

THE bell rang, and Alberto entered, late as usual. When Alberto enters a house, the light seems to grow brighter: everybody feels in a better mood, and in better health, too, because Alberto is one of those doctors who can heal patients simply by looking at them and talking with them. From patients who are friends (and few people in this world have as many friends as Alberto) he does not accept payment, and therefore every Christmas he receives an avalanche of gifts. That evening, in fact, he had just received a present, but it was different from the usual bottles of precious rare wines or useless accessories for his car: it was a curious gift, one he couldn't wait to try out, and he had decided to inaugurate it with us, because apparently it was a sort of parlor game.

Tina did not say no, but you could easily tell that she wasn't keen on the idea; perhaps she felt her authority threatened, and feared that the reins of the evening might slip from her hands. But it is difficult to resist Alberto's wishes, which are quite numerous, unpredictable, amusing, and compelling: when Alberto wants something (and this happens every fifteen minutes), he manages in an instant to get everyone else to want it, and so he always moves at the head of a swarm of followers. He takes them to eat snails at midnight, or to ski on the Breithorn, or to see a risqué film, or to visit Greece in the August holidays, or to drink at his house while Miranda is asleep, or to call on someone who isn't at all expect-



"Haven't we met in a previous life style?"

ing it but welcomes him with open arms anyway—him and all his friends, and the other men or women he has picked up on the way.

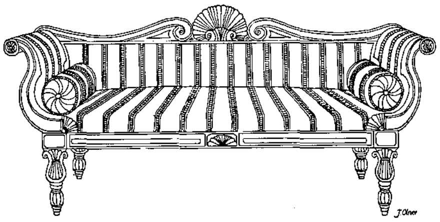
Alberto said that the box held an instrument called a Psychophant, and that, confronted by a name like that, we could not hesitate.

In the blink of an eye, a table was cleared, we all sat down around it, and Alberto opened the box. From it he extracted a broad, flat object: a rectangular tray of transparent plastic that rested on a black enamelled-metal base; this base projected approximately thirty centimetres beyond one of the tray's short sides, and on the projection was a shallow depression in the shape of a left hand. There was an electric wire with a plug: we inserted it into a socket, and, while the apparatus was warming up, Alberto read the instructions aloud. They were very vague, and written in abominable Italian, but in substance they told us that the game, or pastime, consisted in putting one's left hand into the depression: on the tray would then appear what the instructions clumsily described as the player's "inner image."

Tina laughed. "It's probably like those tiny cellophane fish they used to sell before the war: you put them on the palm of your hand, and depending on whether they rolled up or vibrated or fell to the floor they could tell your character. Or the same as doing 'He loves me, he loves me not' with a daisy." Miranda said that if this was the case she would take the veil rather than put her hand in the depression. Others said other things; there were noisy exchanges. I said that if you wanted to see cheap miracles you might as well go down to the fair on Piazza della Vittoria; however, some people competed for the first try, others designated this or that person to do it, and this or that person refused with various excuses. Little by little, the victory went to the party who proposed to send Alberto on reconnaissance. Alberto asked for nothing better: he settled in front of the apparatus, put his left hand into the depression, and pressed a button with his right.

There was a sudden silence. At first, a small, round, orange spot like the yolk of an egg formed on the tray. Then it swelled, stretched upward, and the upper surface dilated, taking on the appearance of the cap of a mushroom; over the entire surface there appeared many small polygonal spots, some emerald green, some scarlet, some gray. The mushroom grew rapidly, and when it was about a handsbreadth tall it became weakly luminous, as though it had a small flame inside that pulsed rhythmically; it gave off an agreeable but pungent odor that recalled the scent of cinnamon.

Alberto removed his finger from the button, and at that the pulsation stopped and the luminescence slowly died away. We were uncertain whether we could touch the object; Anna said it was better not to do so, because it would certainly dissolve right away; indeed, perhaps it didn't even exist, was a purely sensory illusion, like a dream, or a collective hallucination. The instructions said nothing about what one could or should do with the images, but Henek wisely observed that it was certainly necessary to touch it, if only to clear the tray: it was absurd to think that the apparatus could be used only once. Alberto detached the mushroom from the tray, examined it carefully, and declared himself satisfied; in fact, he said that he had always felt orangish, even as a child. We passed it around: it had a firm and elastic con-



AS WE DROVE

The announcer through the static warned of flash floods:
the sky could split, gullies fill, and bridges wash out.
Stop, take cover, look for high ground—
wherever that was, amid mesquite and sand.

Nothing but miles. The approach, when it came,
was sullen, week-old bruises and a migraine throb
that did not prepare us. We could have stood
one side of a wall, where all was moderation,
and dissolution on the other: every shape and color bled.

The earth had been dry. I saw an arroyo
roiled with mud and stones, and a cottonwood
baited like an animal. As lightning struck,
the water burned, and from that taking fire
rain and daubed earth rose to the sky,
full of grays, browns, and streaks of light.

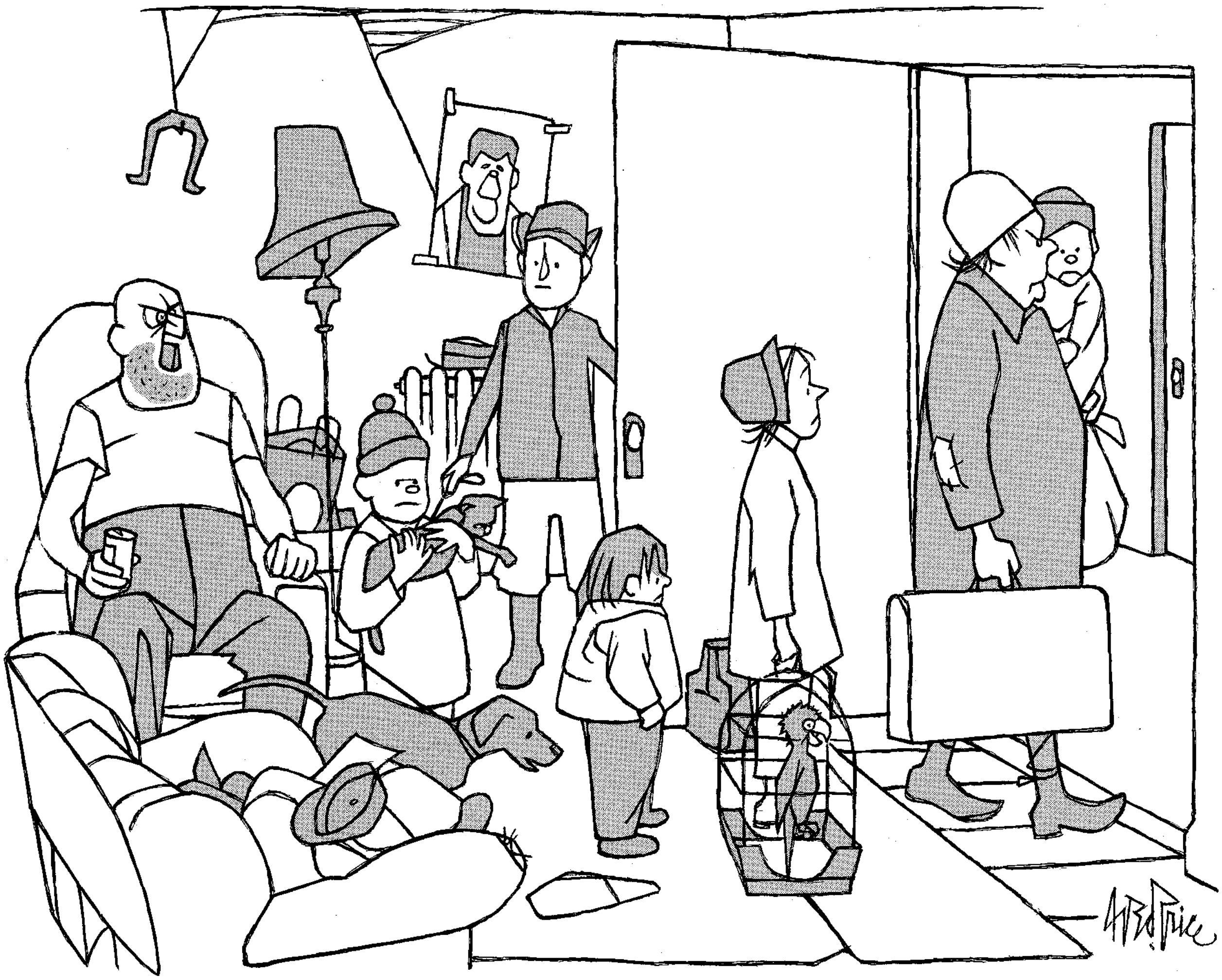
Perhaps some things appear so elemental
that the flash and crack
can stun you into yourself, or is that foolish?
Though you said wait, I stepped outside,
wondering what I was about. Was I about
to come back, would I come back
if the next bolt was as close as the first.

It has been years since that imprudence
and your anger. I came back soaked, no more or less wise
than when I left. You stared at me
saying nothing, one streaming, the other steaming,
as the sky crashed and waters flowed.

Tell me that we did not share a fury
with what comes close to those we care about?
As if by acting and believing as two
two have shared—as if,
in wonder or terror, that belief were enough.

—ALEX STEVENS

• •



"Damn it, Maureen! You just don't break up a winning combination!"

• •

sistency, it was tepid to the touch. Giuliana said she wanted the object; Alberto gladly let her have it, saying that he had plenty of time to make more of them for himself. Henek pointed out to him that they might turn out different, but Alberto said he didn't care.

Several people insisted that Antonio should try. By now Antonio is only an honorary member of our group, because he's been living far away for many years, and he was with us that evening only because of a business trip. We were curious to see what he would cause to grow on the tray, because Antonio is different from us, more resolute, more interested in success and gain; these are virtues that we obstinately deny possessing, as if they were shameful.

For a good minute nothing happened; some were already beginning to smirk, and Antonio was starting to feel uncomfortable. Then we saw a small square metal bar push up on the tray: it grew slowly and steadily, as though coming from below already perfectly formed. Soon four more bars appeared, arranged around the first in the shape of a cross; four small bridges joined them to it; and then, one after another, more small bars appeared, all of them with the same connectors, some vertical and others horizontal, and in the end there stood on the tray a small, graceful, shiny structure that had a solid and symmetrical appearance. Antonio tapped it with a pencil, and it rang out like a tuning fork, emitting a long, pure note that slowly faded away.

"I don't agree," Giovanna said.

Antonio smiled quietly. "Why?" he asked.

"Because you're not like that. You're not all straight corners, you're not made of steel, and you have a few cracked weldings."

Giovanna is Antonio's wife, and she is very fond of him. We thought that she shouldn't have expressed all those reservations, but Giovanna said that no one could know Antonio better than she, who had lived with him for twenty years. We didn't really listen to her, because Giovanna is one of those wives who are in the habit of denigrating their husbands in their presence and publicly.

The Antonio-object seemed rooted to the tray, but a weak tug detached it cleanly, and it wasn't even as heavy as it looked. Then it was Anna's turn; she squirmed with impatience on her chair and kept saying that she had always wanted such an apparatus, had often even seen it in her dreams, but that hers created life-size symbols.

Anna placed her hand on the black slab. We were all watching the tray, but couldn't see a thing on it. Suddenly, Tina said, "Look, it's up there!" In fact, about half a metre above us we saw a purple-pink cloudlet of vapor, the size of a fist. Slowly, it unwound like a ball of yarn and let down many dangling transparent ribbons. It changed shape continually: it became oval, like a rugby ball, although always preserving its diaphanous and delicate appearance; then it divided into rings set one on top of the other, from which shot out small, crepitating sparks; and finally it contracted, shrank to the size of a nut, and disappeared with a sputter.

"Very beautiful, and accurate, too," Giuliana said.

"Yes," said Giorgio. "But the trouble with this gadget is that one never knows what to call its creations. They're always hard to define."

Miranda said it was best that way: it would have been unpleasant to find oneself represented by a soup ladle, or a fife, or a carrot. Giorgio added that, come to think of it, this had to be so: "These . . . these creatures, or whatever, have no name because they are individuals, and there is no science—that is, no classification—of the individual. In them, as in us, existence precedes essence."

Everyone had liked the Anna-cloud except Anna herself, who had actually been rather disappointed. "I don't think I'm so transparent. But perhaps it's because I'm tired tonight and my ideas are confused."

Hugo caused the growth of a sphere of polished black wood, which upon more attentive examination turned out to be made up of about twenty pieces that fit perfectly into each other; Hugo took it apart and was unable to put it back together. He wrapped the pieces up in a small parcel and said he would try again the next day, which was a Sunday.

CLAUDIO is shy, and he agreed to the test only after much insistence. At first, before anything could be seen on the tray, a familiar but unexpected smell hung in the air: we had trouble defining it there and then, but it was unquestionably a kitchen smell. Immediately thereafter we heard a frying sound, and the bottom of the tray was covered by a liquid that bubbled and smoked; from the liquid emerged a flat beige polygon that was beyond all reasonable doubt a large Milanese cutlet, with fried potatoes on the side. There were surprised comments, because Claudio is neither a gourmet nor a voracious man; on the contrary, we always say that he and his family lack a digestive system.

Claudio blushed, and looked this way and that, embarrassed. "You've turned so red!" Miranda exclaimed, so that Claudio turned almost purple; then, addressing us, she added, "What are you talking about—symbols! It's very clear that this thing here has absolutely no manners, it fully intended to insult Claudio: to say that somebody is a cutlet is an insult. These things are meant to be taken literally! I knew that sooner or later this gadget would give itself away. Alberto, if I were you I would return it to the person who gave it to you."

In the meantime, Claudio had managed to recover enough breath to speak, and he said that he had turned red not because he felt insulted but for another reason—a reason so interesting that he almost felt like telling us about it, even though it was a secret he had never confessed to anyone before, not even to Simonetta. He said that he had a—not a vice, really, or a perversion, but, let's say—a singularity. He said that ever since he was a young boy women—all of them—have always felt alien to him: he does not feel their closeness and attraction, he does not perceive them as creatures of flesh and blood, unless he has seen them at least once in the act of eating. When this happens, he feels intense tenderness for them, and almost always falls in love with them. It was clear that the Psychophant had meant to allude to this: in his opinion it was an extraordinary instrument.

"Did you fall in love with me that way, too?" Adele asked, seriously.

"Yes," Claudio answered. "It happened the evening we had dinner at Pavorolo. We had fondue with truffles."

Adele was also a surprise. As soon as she placed her finger on the button, we heard a short pop, as when a cork comes out of a bottle, and on the tray there appeared a tawny, shapeless, squat, vaguely conical mass made of a rough, friable material, dry to the touch. It was as large as the entire tray; actually, it even protruded a bit. In it were set three white-and-gray spheres: we immediately realized that they were three eyes, but no one dared to say so, or comment in any way, because Adele has had an irregular, painful, and difficult existence. Adele was dismayed: "That's me?" she asked, and we noticed that her eyes (I mean the real ones) had filled with tears.

Henek tried to come to her aid. "It's impossible for an apparatus to tell you who you are, because you aren't any one thing. You change, everyone changes from year to year, from hour to hour. Anyway, who are *you*—what you think you are? the person you'd like to be? or the one others think you are? And which others? Everyone sees you different, everyone gives his personal version of you."

Miranda said, "I don't like this gizmo, because it's a buttinsky. As for me, what counts is what a person does, not what he is. A person is his actions, past and present: nothing else."

I, however, like the device. It didn't matter to me whether it told the truth or lied, but it created from nothing, it invented: it *found*, like a poet. I placed my hand on the plate and waited without distrust. On the tray appeared a small shiny grain, which grew to form a cylinder the size of a thimble. It continued to grow, and soon it attained the dimensions of a tin can, and then it became clear that it was in fact a can, and, more precisely, a can of paint, lithographed on the outside with lively colors—yet it did not seem to contain paint because when shaken it rattled. They all urged me to open it, and there were several things inside, which I lined up in front of me on the table: a needle, a seashell, a malachite ring; various used tickets from streetcars, trains, steamers, and airplanes; a compass; a dead cricket and a live one; and a small ember, which, however, died out almost immediately.

—PRIMO LEVI

(*Translated, from the Italian, by Raymond Rosenthal.*)

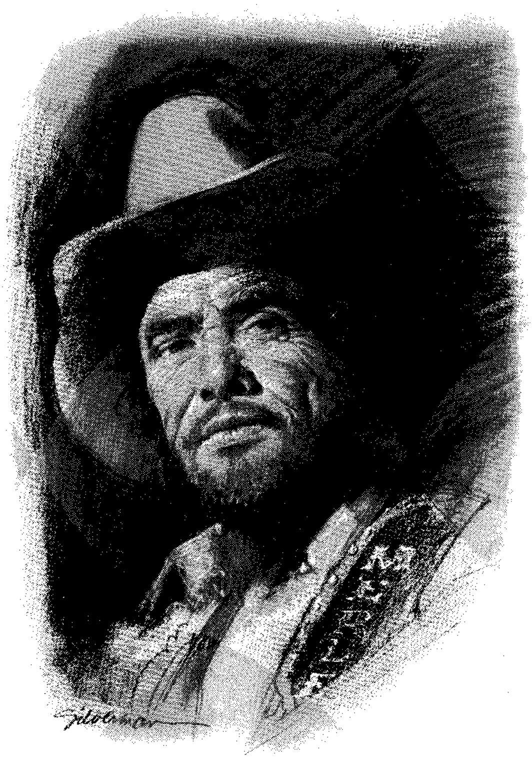
•

Kunstler spoke on another matter close to the law students' hearts—the controversial tenure of newly appointed Dean Robert C. Clark. Kunstler called Clark anti-Deluvian for his conservative policies.—*Harvard Crimson.*

Kunstler himself is pro-Deluvian.

PROFILES

ORNERY



WHEN Merle Haggard and his nine-person band, the Strangers, travel across the country to sing and play their complex, loose-shackled, intensely durable brand of country music, they do so in two handsome, high-ceilinged, custom touring buses. The Strangers' bus has three sets of triple-decker bunks, a living room and bathroom at its back, a sitting room in front, and such extras as a trash compactor, an automatic coffeemaker, a microwave oven, a refrigerator, a cassette player, a television set, and a VCR. Merle's bus has a compact master bedroom, and bunk beds for Steve Van Stralen, Merle's aide-de-camp, and Dean Holloway, Merle's boyhood buddy, who generally share driving duties. It has a larger kitchen than the Strangers' bus has, an extra bathroom, a thicker carpet, and seventy-two episodes of "The Andy Griffith Show," whose whistling theme is part of the bus's ambient sound. Both vehicles have tinted front windows and silvery windowless sides. The sides of the Strangers' bus are emblazoned with a Santa Fe Railway logo and the words "The Chief"; Merle's bus, with the same logo, reads "Super Chief."

Parked, the Chief is usually bustling, its door continually swung open and shut by a Stranger off to give a concert guest pass to a friend or an autograph to a fan, to check into or out of a motel room, to get a pack of cigarettes or a frozen burrito at a convenience store during a fuel stop, or just to stretch after yet another leg of the endless drive that is the most time-consuming and exhausting aspect of a modern itinerant musician's life. Merle's bus, on the other hand, is usually quiet, even forbidding—its door closed, its tinted windows like drawn blinds.

In Hampton, Virginia, at five o'clock one drizzly, cool January morning, Theresa Lane, Merle's girlfriend (no one addresses Merle as Mr. Haggard, though his friends often refer to him as Hag), summoned me by phone to Merle's bus. As I walked across the parking lot of the Coliseum Sheraton a half hour later, the Strangers' bus was the silent, dark one. Merle's emitted a dim golden glow and rumbled on high idle. Theresa, a tall, slim, attractive woman in her late twenties, with tousled blond hair and muscular arms and shoulders, met me at the door and escorted me through the living room and down the narrow hallway, past a framed photograph of Hank Williams and another of Dolly Parton, into the kitchen, where Merle sat on the floor, his eyes closed and his bare legs stretched straight out under a small table. Naked except for a plaid flannel shirt and après-ski boots, he greeted me with a slight nod. I took a seat at the table, summoning faith in what one of the Strangers had told me months earlier at a Merle Haggard–Willie Nelson concert in Las Vegas—"Don't knock on his door if he don't tell you to. Don't not knock on his door if he does tell you to"—and Theresa stood behind Merle to knead his shoulders, now and again pulling his head up hard, until his neck was stretched taut.

"Goddam, my head feels like it oughta be lifted right outa my skull," Merle said. He reached for a pack of unfiltered cigarettes and a lighter on the table, where several packs were scattered among cigarette papers, sheets and scraps of notebook paper, cassette tapes, and empty cassette cases. On the counter were a few dirty dishes, glasses, and some silverware.

I asked Merle how they were biting back at Lake Shasta, near his home in Northern California. He has a houseboat there, and has sponsored several bass-fishing tournaments in recent years.

"I've hardly fished this last year or so," he said, in a deep, barely audible monotone. "I been spending my time teaching her"—he motioned toward Theresa—"songwriting."

I asked about the fortunes of the band's softball team.

"We hardly play one game a year. The insurance company says there's a lot of talent out there ready to break a leg."

I asked to see some of his poems, which he had read on a recent television special. He thought Bonnie Owens, his backup vocal, longtime singing partner, and ex-wife (he has three, and is currently married to Debora Parret, who was in California at the time), had them at her house, near Lake Tahoe.

I asked about the plot of his unfinished novel, "The Sins of John Tom Mullen."

"It's about a teen-ager falsely accused of rape. They find out the rich boy in town done it, and they trace him by his tire tracks. I haven't touched it in maybe fifteen years."

I asked if he wanted me to come back later.

He looked up, as if surprised, and his voice rose slightly. "No, no, ask away." He turned to Theresa. "That's a lot better, baby," he said. "You want to make us some breakfast?"

Theresa nodded and took two short steps to the refrigerator. She was shoeless and wore a man's long-sleeved white shirt and gartered black stockings. Merle folded his legs under him slowly, groaned, pushed himself to his feet like a stove-up yogi coming out of a trance, and walked down the hallway. He returned wearing gray sweatpants and slid into a narrow banquette behind the table. The room, snug as a ship's cabin, grew hazy with smoke from frying potatoes and Merle's cigarettes. The hum of an exhaust fan harmonized with the drone of the idling bus.

Merle coughed—a deep, rasping cough—and looked at the cigarette in his hand. "I liked these things before I even started smoking," he said. He speaks in a thick, nasal Southwestern drawl-twang, dropping most of his final "g"s, and turning "think" into "thank" and "thank" into "think." The trip to put on his pants had seemed to wake him up. "But I believe myself and a lot of people will live to be a hundred years old. My blood pressure is one hundred eighteen over seventy-eight. I got the cholesterol of a twenty-one-year-old, and I can still run a hundred-yard dash and beat most people. I know that because last summer it was one hundred fifteen degrees, and I bought two ice creams and sprinted with 'em back from the store to the grandkids. That was—oh, eighty, a hundred yards, and I didn't even have to open my mouth to get air. My grandfather entered an old man's race—you had to be fifty or older to enter—and he waxed their ass. That's when he was seventy-four."

Merle began laughing at the thought. His laugh is a series of gravelly barks—HA HA HA HAAAA HA HA—at once aggressive, lascivious, demonic, and gleeful. It is also exaggerated and oddly phonetic, as if issuing from an extraterrestrial who had learned to laugh by reading a book about earthlings.

"Flat-out waxed their ass!" he repeated. "Now, as far as my body development, I'm two different people. My right side is more developed than my left side. That's an occupational hazard. My chiropractor said to me, 'You look like you had a hard life. Like you lifted lots.' Well, no, but I *have* played the fiddle some. HA HAAA HA HA! Hell, if a fella could get good dope anymore, he'd learn to play the fiddle left-handed and build up the other one-half of his body."

Despite Merle's self-proclaimed robust health, he neither looks nor acts at all like a well man. Every time I spoke with him—over the course of nine months and many miles of highway (he plays from eighty to a hundred dates a year)—he allowed as how he was laboring under some kind of ailment, either chronic or acute. Often it was "just a cold" or "a damn cough." In Atlanta, it was "near-pneumonia," and "business agents and lawyers"; at home in Northern California, it was his back, a stuffed head, a cough, and swollen eyes. At a recording session in Nashville, he was racked by a thrashing, expectorant cough (perhaps not unusual in one who has smoked heavily for four decades), which tended to immobilize him between takes.

Merle's body seems an uncomfortable one in which to live. He is small-framed—five feet nine and a hundred and sixty-five pounds—but he has a wide trunk, which he tends to draw up, like a cat fluffing for combat. His spine bells noticeably. His walk—which eats ground, to be sure—is eccentrically animated: he keeps his upper body stiff and backward-leaning, but it tends to roll, sailor fashion, and as he swings his arms and bends his legs the effect is of an almost fluid lurch, as if he were forever taking his first step off an escalator.

The last twenty years or so have not been kind to Merle's face. As a young man, he was disturbingly, lock-up-your-daughters handsome, with high cheekbones, dusty-blue eyes, and a forest of wavy auburn hair, which he wore in a dramatic pompadour. In photographs, his mouth was usually twisted in mischievous and arrogant self-amusement. Even today, onstage, when the spotlights are red, blue, yellow, or orange, his face is a portrait of high-plains-drifter nobility. When the spots are white, though—or at dawn in Virginia—he tends toward the gaunt, the spectral. His hair—stiff and lustreless but still auburn—has thinned considerably, and his forehead has rolled back to meld with a receding hairline. His face is a field of striations, less creased than canyoned. Deep lines run across his forehead and under his eyes. Two ledges run from his wide nose down his cheeks, where they intersect his reddish-gray beard and broaden his lower face. "Now, if you had a face like that," his sister, Lillian Rea, reports Merle as saying, "you'd grow a beard to cover it up, wouldn't you?" Lillian has suggested to Merle that he get a face-lift, a proposal she says he is considering. In the dim kitchen, his face hung limp and pale; his eyes were dull and heavily lidded, barely visible beneath thick, ridged brows. As we spoke, he roused himself, stood, and waved his arms, and his voice began

"I think glamour is fine until it slips over into glitz."

BE MINE
BE MY VALENTINE

"Gentlemen, we're being wooed by GTE, Xerox, and Bodine."

bouncing with glee as he launched a story.

"Me and Willie Nelson was working at Harrah's one time, and security called us from downstairs. We were up in that celebrity suite? They called and said, 'There's a guy here says he knows you guys. Says his name is So-and-So.' I go, 'What does he look like?' They say, 'He's a scroungy-lookin' son of a bitch.' I said, 'I know lots of scroungy-lookin' sons of bitches.' They say, 'Well, he's dressed like a cowboy, with a *big* goddam hat, and he seems pretty excited. He won't stop talkin', and he's taken that hat on and off about sixty times in the last thirty seconds.' 'Well, hell,' I say, 'that *has* to be old So-and-So.' So he comes up and walks into the room and turns around about ten times, like this." Merle stood up quickly and spun on his heels, like a child trying to make himself dizzy, his arms flailing. "He turns around and says, 'Man, I been up for twenty-three days.' And Willie says— Willie talks real slow, like this." Merle's voice got low and cracking-slow. "Willie goes, 'Why?' Well, that stopped the guy cold. 'Man, I don't know. Now that you ask me, I just don't know.' "

Merle began laughing with such alarming force that I was afraid he would choke. " 'Why?' " he repeated. " 'I don't know, man. I just don't know.' "

He returned to his seat and slumped into stunned silence, staring at Theresa and beyond, as if the tale had never been told. Merle stares a lot; onstage, where he almost never talks between songs, he can seem oblivious of the audience. He will work the strings of his guitar with his eyes boring between the frets, or he will put his head back and bore into the ceiling. If you happen to be in direct line of sight, at close hand, a Merle Haggard stare can be one of excruciating ferocity.

That night, Merle and the Strangers had done a show in front of a sell-out crowd at the Hampton Coliseum. It was the second show—the first had been in Savannah, Georgia, the night before—of a short road trip that had begun with a three-day drive from California. Before the show, a trio of burly young men from Morehead City, North Carolina (they referred to each other as Bubba), in their own words, "went out and drank ourselves some whiskey," and returned intending to catch the last few numbers of Randy Travis, a lanky singer who had lately emerged as a country-music superstar, and with whom Merle was billed, before settling in for Merle's show. The trouble was that Merle, the one they had come all that way to see, was already offstage, having opened for Travis, who was the headliner. Their howls of dismay were plaintive and unavoidable—especially if you happened to be sitting in the Strangers' bus after the show, when one of the Bubbas barged in to express, briefly, his outrage, or in the Coliseum Sheraton's bar, where all three continued to vent their fumy opinions until closing time.

I asked Merle if he agreed with the trio's assessment that "no way in hell, on earth, or anywheres else should Merle Haggard open for anyone."

"Now, those boys you're talking about," Merle said, after a moment of deep frowning, "I ran into 'em after the show, talked to 'em some. First of all, sometimes, fans— It's— They can expect too much. I mean, walkin' right into a bus, or askin' to walk in. Would you do it with someone's home? That's what these buses are, you know. It's an unconscious deal, for the most part. It's innocent. But it can get hard to take after all these years."

His tone took an abrupt turn toward the harsh. "I give 'em my music, that's what matters. Like my brother Lowell said once to some fans who thought I was bein' unfriendly, 'You buy your ticket to hear him talk or sing?' Over that, I maybe owe them a smile and a thank-you. Not much more than that, but I do owe them that. It's tough bein', uh, accommodating." ("Merle likes to play when people are dancing," Norman Hamlet, the Strangers' band-leader and steel-guitar player, told me. "When people are dancing, he figures, they're listening to the music, not sittin' there watching *him.* 'What are they staring at?' is what he says. He don't want to talk, he wants his music to make the comments.")

"I imagine I'm in a situation much like bein' President of the United States," Merle continued. "He's got to do it whether he wants to or not. I've got to do it whether I want to or not. I realized that early in my life. That you've got to do that, or you won't make it to the other end of the country and back. Now, sure, it *is* a compliment that they think I shouldn't be opening for Randy Travis, but Savannah, and tonight, and tomorrow, and where else I don't know down the line—these are Marlboro shows. They're co-sponsoring 'em, and it's me and Randy Travis. I admire Randy. I know he idolizes me. When I was coming up in this business, I admired Lefty Frizzell and Hank Williams and Bob Wills and Jimmie Rodgers. Down the line, someone's gonna idolize Randy Travis. A lot already do. The other night, Randy give me a guitar I admired. Me and Randy get along fine. I go on up there and do my show, and then he does his. These goddam people that are around us—I'm not talking about the fans, see, but other people, people in the business, people that have a stake—they do this. They'll throw Haggard in his face, and they'll throw him in my face. 'Look what Haggard done!' they'll say"—Merle's voice got high and pinched and whiny—" 'Look what Travis done!' Somewheres along the line, they've made a competitive sport—a Leonard-Hagler type deal—out of makin' music. Way I deal with it—with a lot of things—is to pay no attention to it. Or on other deals, with record companies—or other things at home, personal stuff—I listen to both sides and forget it. I just kind of side in with whoever I'm with on things. Call it two-faced, or whatever, but if you show your true face every time, you're in trouble, you know? People cause me to project a different personality, and the effect of their personality on me causes me to halter somewhat. I've tried to have a personality that goes along with the saying 'When in Rome, do as the Romans do.' You go down there to Rome and act like a gung-ho Texan, and some Italian might walk up and whip your ass."

THE RETURN

And then he entered the city: in the old stories,
when the hero returns, it is clear where the city begins—
he walks through the arched gateway
cut through the surrounding walls, and he is home.
But now it is more a matter of thickness and thinness:
doorways crowd toward each other like perilous hunched shoulders,
windows harden and multiply, vertical and bright.

Here the sky is reddish brown at nightfall
beneath what we still think of as the stars.
Newspapers blow in gutters,
the drained faces of victims and statesmen
press against the pavement, smudged. Or their hands
are lost in the rainbowed oil of passing cars;
the black ink bleeds.

And the people are passing, the crowds of them, so busy,
as if we were still alive—are we alive?
Maybe a questionnaire will lead us to some answer.
It wants to know: How many push-button phones do you have?
Do you use call-forward? Have you purchased a car phone
within the last six months?

The skyscrapers rise pale green and silver,
as if nothing could ever make them burn.
The phones lie in their cradles, sleeping.
I meant to call when I arrived;
is your name still buried in the phone book under "A,"
pressed between the other, similar last names,
laid down there in print deep black as the wires
that carry one human voice to another?

Someone has painted black shadows, human, groping,
eyeless on this alley's dirty walls.
I touch each faceless face, like frost.

—LAURIE SHECK

• •

Theresa brought Merle a substantial breakfast—eggs over easy, hash browns with onions, toast, and coffee. Merle smoked as he talked and ate, and decided he needed some more toast.

At both Savannah and Hampton, Merle had not played "You Babe," his then current chart single, despite several requests from the crowd. (Crowd requests are a bane of Merle's stage existence. In Atlanta, while he was fiddling madly on the Western-swing tune "A Maiden's Prayer," a large, drunken fan standing inches from the stage shoved a guitar pick in Merle's face and bellowed, "Sing 'Okie,' Merle! Sing 'Okie!' ")

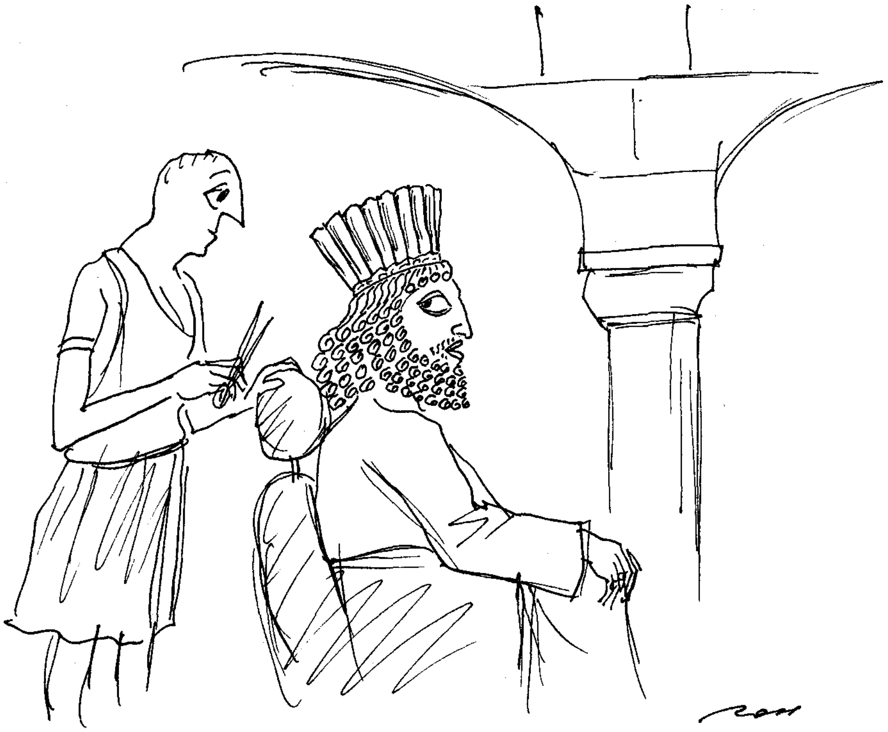
I mentioned reading a recent complaint by Hazel Smith, a chirpy, generally benevolent gossip columnist in *Country Music*, that Merle sang what he wanted to sing, instead of his hits.

LEARN THE
MAMBO
SAMBA
RUMBA
TANGO
Elite DANCING SCHOOL
EXPERT
INSTRUCTION
OF ALL
SOCIAL
DANCES
TRIAL LESSON
ONLY
1.00
LASZLO

"Where's that at she's talkin' about? Which show?"

"Nashville, last October."

"She's got her opinion," Merle said after a forkful of eggs and potatoes. "And she's right. I play what I want. I *own* that goddam stage while I'm up there. But these last two shows—and I know that isn't what she was talkin' about, but, as an example—we were three musicians short: Clint Strong, the lead guitar, and Gary Church and Don Markham, my whole brass section. 'You Babe' needs horns. Man! We're up there tonight, and I'm playin' all the lead—all the goddam guitar. That's some damn work. I turned around and asked Bonnie, 'How long we been here?' and she said, 'Twenty-five minutes.' I said, 'Jeeesus



"Just a trim. Keep it about 486-480 B.C."

• •

Christ!' I thought we'd been there about an eternity. You lay your career on the line almost every night. If you're a fantastic success, the audience loves you. But say something happens, and the audience notices. Well, you don't have to worry about calling 'Entertainment Tonight'—they're right there, believe me. *Whooo! Whooo!*"

He lit another cigarette. "One time, though, I did a bad show on purpose. Roy Nichols was playin' lead then, and I thought he was playin' real bad. Like a little funny guy. So I started singin' real bad. Like a little funny guy. And the worse I got, the worse Roy got. We finished the show and got an ovation. The crowd didn't know the goddam difference. I won't say where this show was, but it wasn't a place that has crowds with the highest appreciation. I know my audiences in California wouldn't stand for that. Anyway, I was really pissed off. After the show, Roy said, 'Boy, Merle was really pissed off at ol' Fuzzy, wasn't he?' He was talkin' about Fuzzy Owen, my manager. Well, Norm Hamlet, my steel player, he said, 'Roy, you ever consider Merle was mad at *you*?' Roy thought about it for a while and came over to me and said, 'You mad at me?' I said, 'Hell, yes!' He asked why, and I told him, and he started laughing. 'I thought you was mad at Fuzzy. I was trying to *help* you.' HA HA HAAAA HA HA HA!"

Theresa put two slices of buttered toast in front of Merle. He asked her for some Karo syrup and poured a third of the bottle on the toast, which he began cutting up with a fork.

"Now, you got the same type deal with 'Under the Bridge,' which looks like it's gonna be the title cut of the new album. We weren't at full strength up there tonight, so we didn't play it. With 'Under the Bridge'—now, that's about the homeless, a homeless man. I've made a big effort to try and capture some of the same, uh, *meat* that caused Jimmie Rodgers to be a success, with an up-tempo blues that gives the man who's under the bridge, or the man who knows someone under the bridge, or who visualizes himself possibly *going* under the bridge, or is not too far away from their own reality, so that man could have some sort of a . . . a . . . a . . ."

"An uplift?" Theresa said.

"Yeah, an *up*lift. You know, so he sees there's someone out there who believes in him. That's what Jimmie Rodgers did. People are the same basically now as they were then, during the Depression, when it comes to emotion and compassion and things of that nature."

Merle had begun speaking rapidly, forcefully, his voice bopping. "I don't know how this show sounded. My production manager makes a tape of each show for me, and I haven't listened to this one yet. But I know that Savannah was more panicky. Panicky. But I don't have to listen to know that the shows'll keep getting less frantic as nights go on." (The next day, Merle told Bobby Wayne, his rhythm guitarist, that he felt the Hampton show had been a success: "I pretty much thought they enjoyed us, but I knew it for sure when they started throwin' their newborn babies at us. That generally is a good sign.")

He took a bead on my eyes with his laser stare. "I've never known of any singer with a quality voice to last past sixty years old. I'll be fifty-two in April. I know it's gotta be over before long. I'm enjoyin' my last few years. Even a crooner like Crosby, who I admired— You can tell the difference, is what I'm sayin'. I can already notice the difference in my singin'. It catches up with you. I used to be able to come in half lit, worryin' about something else—where I'm goin' after the show is over, something—and give it about twenty per cent of my concentration, and walk away with a standing ovation. I don't—I cain't—do one like that anymore. I gotta be careful of slip and fall.

"Here's what I'm sayin': the energy we put into the Savannah show wasn't necessary. The show tonight came out better. I tell you one thing: by the fourth night out, we'll get so goddam smooth that if I don't fuck things up a little on purpose everyone in the audience'll feel cheated, like they haven't seen a live show.

"My band is a lot of individual artists. Some of those boys have been with me as long as I have. I picked every one of 'em, and they're each different as hell—like that pair of twins somewheres, one of 'em's identical, the other one don't look like anyone at all. HA! Oh, I make 'em work up there. See, I don't know what I'm gonna sing beforehand. I'll grab a song right up there onstage, right out of the air, and I'll turn around and tell 'em what we're gonna do, and they gotta arrange that son of a bitch in about three seconds. And they'll do great! Goddam! I've had reviews where they say, you know, 'The only thing wrong with the Haggard show is that it's too well rehearsed.' HA! Well, this is the only ad-lib show in the goddam business. I'm *real* proud of my band. They're tough, man. They're tough! Like the Harlem Globetrotters. BAM! BAM! BAM!

"We have to be in shape to play. Musicians are just like athletes. You cannot do what we do if you are not in shape. I've been up there out of shape, and, boy, it's a scary situation. You better damn well know what you are doing in the business there to pull it off at all. There are gung-ho genius listeners out there. You got to feel the song. That's important. Everything would be an empty message if a person weren't gifted with the ability to understand and feel what we're talkin' about. There is not really any word in the dictionary to describe this, except 'musical communication.' It's some sort of invisible connection. It's like someone plugs in everybody in the room, and they have all got the same headset on. It's unanimous. It's realism we're talkin' about—the chops to climb on the stage and hump down."

Gahan Wilson

"Of course, it doesn't pay as much as during the season."

BEFORE the sweeping demographic shifts that followed the Second World War, country music was a popular phenomenon primarily in the Southeast and the Southwest—and, to some extent, in California, because of Depression-era migrations. Occasionally, a country song would leap those boundaries and find acceptance across America—"You Are My Sunshine," which was first recorded in 1939; Bing Crosby's version of Bob Wills' "San Antonio Rose"—but, in general, country music had such a limited, regional audience that until 1944, when *Billboard* added a "Folk Songs" chart to its pages (the "Country and Western" chart didn't appear in *Billboard* until 1949), country records were designated "Hillbilly" music and listed along with the records in another *Billboard* category, "Race" music.

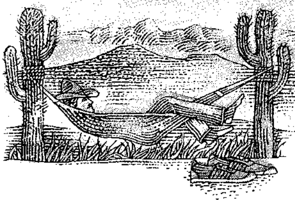
Today, country music is thoroughly national; there are over two thousand country-music-only radio stations, scattered from Miami to Tacoma. Their listeners make up more than ten per cent of the nation's radio audience, and in 1988 country music accounted for roughly seven per cent of the six and a quarter billion dollars spent on records, tapes, and CDs in the United States. Prominence, however, has not come without basic changes in the sound—if not the rural, working-class substance—of much of country music. By the early nineteen-fifties, many of its traditional forms—Western swing, "cowboy" songs, string bands (a predecessor of bluegrass), gospel, and boogie—had begun to recede from the mainstream to rivulet status. Honky-tonk, a relatively new sort of sound, dominated the postwar country-music playlists, led by a handful of singers—Lefty Frizzell, Ernest Tubb, Webb Pierce, Little Jimmy Dickens, and the towering Hank Williams—who competed with emerging crooner types, such as Eddy Arnold and Jim Reeves. This low-running, hard-hitting, raw, electrified music, with its lyrics about lust, guilt, homesickness, and the uncontrollable urge to roam, found its perfect milieu in the bars and roadhouses that serve beer, straight-up whiskey, and loud jukebox music to a blue-collar clientele. Bill C. Malone, in his authoritative "Country Music, U.S.A.," suggests that the thematic backbone of a lot of prewar country music—as he puts it, "songs about 'Poor Old Mother at Home' and 'The Old Country Church' "—was not at all appropriate in the new, less innocent world of returned veterans, shifting morals, and rural populations uprooted to manufacturing centers in the Midwest, the Northeast, and California.

With the emergence of rock and roll came a mass defection of listeners, and Nashville, having established itself as a center of country-music songwriting, publishing, and recording, reacted by embracing a more accessible sound—referred to variously as "countrypolitan" music and "the Nashville sound"—which deëmphasized the fiddle and the steel guitar in favor of songs laced with lush orchestration and celestial-choir choruses. Countrypolitan took hold between 1957 and 1962, and mainstream country music has, for better or worse, never returned to anything approaching the twangy homeliness of its former self. Instead, it has flowed rather steadily toward an ever more regionless, accentless, slick amiability. Patrick Carr, in *Country Music*, has summarized Nashville's post-rock musical predilections as an "adherence to whatever style seemed to offer the maximum dollar return in the immediate short term."

Of late, the genre's publicists, both official and unofficial, have been making much of a collection of musicians they call "the new traditionalists" (with-

Meanwhile Back At The Ranch.

We're doing leaner breeding and skinnier feeding. And nobody's doddering in the kitchen. Because all it takes to cook a sirloin is a few minutes and a little fire. And you can do a roast so fast it'd make your grandma spin. See, just because we've been so busy back at the ranch doesn't mean you have to be so busy back in the kitchen.

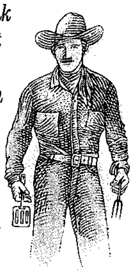


STRAY COOKING TIPS.

1. If you're concerned about fat, check the "Skinniest Six" below. 2. Great marinades come disguised as vinaigrette, yogurt or red wine. 3. Leftover steak is the ultimate cold cut.

MEANWHILE BACK AT THE STOVE.

You can cook a steak even if you haven't got a weekend or a grill. Just sear both sides in a hot iron skillet. You get the speed. You get the ease. And most important, you get the steak.



FAST FORWARD ROAST BEEF.

You don't have to drive 200 miles to grandma's house just to have roast beef. Ask any microwave cookbook. About 20 minutes a pound is all it takes. Regular ovens can do it in about 30 minutes a pound. And leaner roasts cook faster. Which leaves you with plenty of time to call grandma after dinner.

THE GREATNESS OF SMALLNESS.

The sirloin that touched both ends of the plate has been fajita'd and it's been tossed. It's been stir-fried and it's been skewered. Because small amounts of beef are hugely interesting.

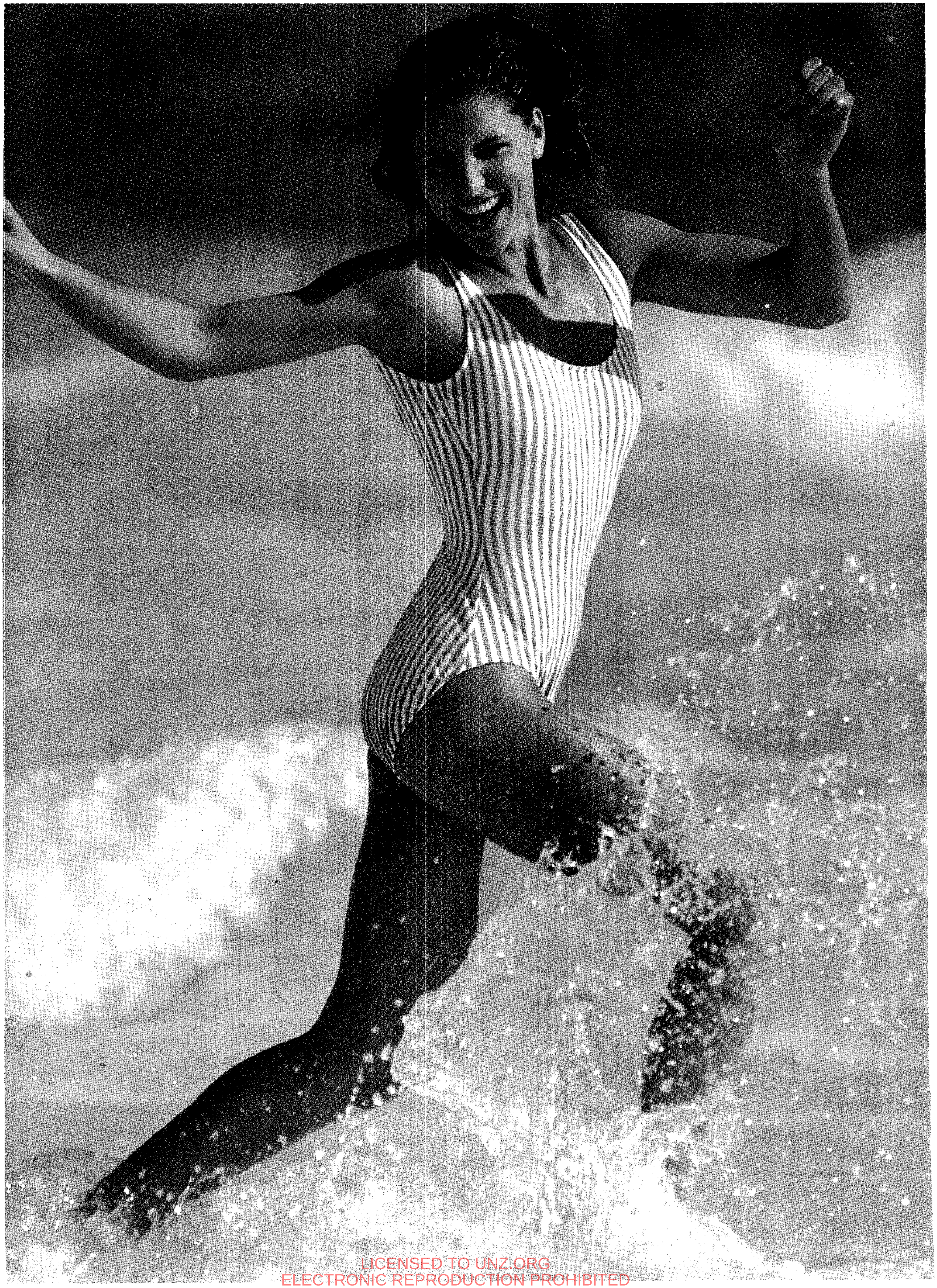
BEEF

*Figures are for 3-ounce servings, cooked and trimmed.**
© 1988 Beef Industry Council and Beef Board

ROUND TIP	TOP LOIN	TOP ROUND	EYE OF ROUND	TENDERLOIN	SIRLOIN
6.4 gms total fat*	7.6 gms total fat*	5.3 gms total fat*	5.5 gms total fat*	7.9 gms total fat*	7.4 gms total fat*
(2.3 gms sat. fat)	(3.0 gms sat. fat)	(1.8 gms sat. fat)	(2.1 gms sat. fat)	(3.1 gms sat. fat)	(3.0 gms sat. fat)
162 calories	172 calories	162 calories	155 calories	174 calories	177 calories

Beef.
Real Food For Real People.

Source: U.S.D.A. Handbook No. 8-13



How Lands' End took the tug, the slip, the bind *(and the blush)* out of Women's Swimsuits

Maybe it's our natural preference for function over fashion. Or our native Wisconsin modesty. *(There are, as yet, no nude beaches here in Dodgeville.)*

But when we first began to think about women's swimwear, we didn't for a moment consider offering the kind of smoldering suits that appear each Spring on the covers of sports magazines.

No. We figured we ought to offer swimsuits that our women customers would feel comfortable in at the beach. That they wouldn't have to tug at. That they could actually swim in, vigorously, without swimming out of. That they wouldn't wrap a towel around when they walked to the hot dog stand.

The question was, how to go about developing such suits?

We sent for help.

No swimwear experts, we. So we called a summit conference with one of America's foremost swimwear manufacturers. (From out in California, where they have all the beaches.)

Working together with our common sense doctrine, we determined that our kind of swimwear could come only from very special fabrics, very special designs, very extensive fit testing.

First, "4-way stretch."

For most of our suits, we selected an amazing nylon/spandex fabric that stretches not just two ways, like conventional swimwear fabrics, but every which way. Through the torso, for long-waisted women. Through the chest, for big-busted women. Through the hips and derriere too—in all the places where a woman needs a little strategic stretch.

Just imagine: instead of riding up, binding or bunching, this fabric stretches to cover just what it should. A lifesaver!

In the meantime, we'd developed a basic pattern we thought would accommodate the various sizes and shapes of our Lands' End customers, young and not-so-young. With a longer-than-normal cut, moderately *(not high)* cut legs, a little extra fabric in the seat area.

So far, so good. But would the suits fit real people?

Only one way to find out. With our first suits in hand, we embarked on our very first fit-testing session, using not lithe swimwear models, but our own employees in Dodgeville. (Nilda, Ruth and Marijean, to credit three.)

Clad in our sample suits, they bent, stretched, jumped, over and over again. And *(to our relief)* liked the comfort they felt.

But some adjustments had to be made. If a suit rode up, or a strap slid down, we drew lines on their skin to mark the slippage. We took photos, and sent them to our manufacturer, so suits could be recut.

This first fit test was just the beginning. Such sessions have become an ongoing part of our attempt to develop comfortable swimwear. Our first basic pattern, good as it was, has improved from year to year, as the letters and returns of our customers told us we needed changes.

(Yes, like everything else we sell, our swimwear is GUARANTEED. PERIOD.® and fully returnable at any time.)

Now we use this "perfected" pattern for every suit we make. Even use it from one year to the next, so a woman can always come back to us for that same consistent (and comfortable) fit. And, we always present a wide array of colors, designs, silhouettes.

Much more than swimwear.

Our approach to swimwear typifies our approach to everything we offer at Lands' End. Give people clothing and soft luggage they'll feel comfortable with, at prices that represent real rock-solid value, with service that stops at nothing to satisfy.

Our present customers have responded enthusiastically to this way of doing business. We think you will too. Especially if you're one of those women who wears a beach towel to the hot dog stand.

LANDS' END®
DIRECT MERCHANTS

©1990, Lands' End, Inc.

Please send free catalog.
Lands' End Dept. G-28
Dodgeville, WI 53595

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
City ______________________
State __________ Zip __________

Or call Toll-free:
1-800-356-4444

Direct From
The New Yorker
Reader Services
To hear personalized information about quality products and services offered in the pages of The New Yorker, call:

1•800•2tilley

SHOES FROM ITALY
STEP BY STEP
Italian Trade Commission Exhibit
30047

HILTON Senior Honors
30067

THE ASPENS
SNOWMASS • BUTTERMILK
ASPEN MOUNTAIN
30061

Cricket
the magazine for children
30071

Call (800) 231-7341 (outside Kentucky)
(606) 268-2006 (from Kentucky).
Free shipping anywhere in U.S.A.
Visa, MasterCard, American Express.
Absolute satisfaction
or your money back.
Catalogue on request
The J. Peterman Company
2444 Palumbo Drive, Lexington, Kentucky 40509
© 1990 The J. Peterman Company
30057

HAIG POINT®
on Daufuskie Island.
30077

ADVERTISEMENT

out making clear exactly which tradition has been resurrected), such as Ricky Van Shelton, Randy Travis, George Strait, and Ricky Skaggs. These performers do indeed specialize in songs with pungent, forthright lyrics—one of Strait's hits is the wry "All My Ex's Live in Texas"—and a relatively unadorned instrumentation, stripped down to bass, lead, rhythm, and steel guitars, drums, fiddle, and perhaps a keyboard. But the trend of much country music today, new traditionalists aside, is toward lightness and, increasingly, upbeat rehashings by artists considered "country" of once-popular songs that have little or nothing to do with the old beer-joint-and-working-class orientation. Recent hits on the country charts, for example, include a cover of the Beatles' "I Don't Want to Spoil the Party," by Johnny Cash's daughter, Rosanne, and of the Everly Brothers' "Cathy's Clown," by Reba McEntire.

In 1962, when Merle was twenty-five and had spent a couple of years playing at a variety of clubs in California's Central Valley, he cut two songs—"Singin' My Heart Out" and "Skid Row"—for Tally Records, a tiny Bakersfield company run by Fuzzy Owen, who today is Merle's personal manager, and Fuzzy's cousin, Lewis Talley. The "A" side was a lachrymose thing overpowered by a female chorus; the "B" side was livelier, with sharp, twanged guitar breaks. Though both fitted well into the still viable honky-tonk tradition, neither one went anywhere. The next year, also for Tally, Merle recorded "Sing a Sad Song," written by the late Wynn Stewart, a country artist whose hard-edged, loud, harsher-than-Nashville music was known as the California, or Bakersfield, sound. "Sad Song" reached the *Billboard* country chart and stayed there for three weeks, peaking at No. 19. Merle finally entered *Billboard's* country Top Ten in 1965, with the cynical "(My Friends Are Gonna Be) Strangers," written by Liz Anderson, and a year later he had his first No. 1 hit (again, according to the *Billboard* chart), with Liz and Casey Anderson's "I'm a Lonesome Fugitive," a song he still includes in many of his shows.

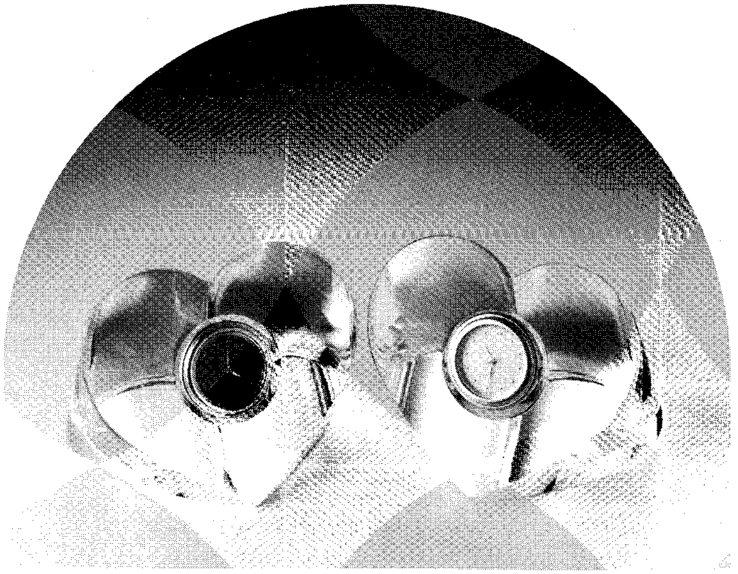
"Strangers," his first album, appeared in 1965. Sixty-six feature albums have followed. If one adds to these the dozens of repackagings, reissues, compilations, and promotional albums (such as "Christmas Greetings from Nashville" and "The Smithsonian Collection of Classic Country Music"), and the movie soundtracks ("Killers Three," "Bronco Billy," "Convoy," "The Legend of the Lone Ranger"), and albums on which he has played or sung duets (with country stars such as Willie Nelson, Porter Wagoner, Johnny Paycheck, Floyd Tillman, Bob Wills, and Ernest Tubb, and with singers and nonsingers as diverse as Ray Charles, Dean Martin, and Clint Eastwood), the number of albums rises to something over a hundred and twenty.

Merle has been on *Billboard's* charts very nearly without interruption since 1963. He has had at least one Top Ten single each year for twenty-four years. He has released a total of five hundred and seventy-four songs, and thirty-eight of them have become No. 1. That is more No. 1 country songs than have been recorded by Charley Pride, Loretta Lynn, Buck Owens, Dolly Parton, Marty Robbins, Willie Nelson, Kenny Rogers, Jerry Lee Lewis, Anne Murray, Ronnie Milsap, Emmylou Harris, Mel Tillis, or Hank Williams, Jr. It is more than Hank Williams, Sr., Johnny Cash, and Glen Campbell combined. It is more than George Jones, Hank Snow, and Ray Price combined. It is more than Tammy Wynette, Tanya Tucker, and Barbara Mandrell combined. He has recorded, in fact, more No. 1 songs than any other country artist in history except (surprisingly) Conway Twitty, and more Top Ten songs than any other country artist except (less surprisingly) George Jones and Eddy Arnold. Two hundred and twenty-five of his released songs were written or co-written by him, and one of them—"Today I Started Loving You Again"—has been recorded by nearly four hundred other artists. He is also an accomplished instrumentalist, playing a to-be-reckoned-with lead guitar and an excellent, though not for the ages, fiddle. He is thus a relatively rare phenomenon in the country-music world, where, more often than not, singers don't write well, writers don't sing well, and singer-writers don't play well. The average country singer is a stylist, whose strength is in interpreting the work of a stable of salaried songwriters, and whose guitar (strummed rather than picked) is little more than a prop, a place to put one's hands while singing.

Many of Merle's songs might well serve as definitions of booze-fuelled honky-tonk, though he is not a drinker and hasn't been for some thirty years: "Swinging Doors" ("I've got swinging doors, a jukebox, and a barstool, And my new home has a flashing neon sign. Stop by and see me anytime you want to, 'Cause I'm always here at home till closin' time"); "I Threw Away the Rose" ("I'm payin' for the days of wine and roses, A victim of the drunken life I chose. Now all my social friends look down their noses, 'Cause I kept the wine and threw away the rose"); "It's Been a Great Afternoon" ("Last night we had a hell-raisin' time, Nippin' on tequila and suckin' on the vine"); and the blunt, self-mocking "I Think I'll Just Stay Here and Drink" ("Hey, listen close and you can hear, That loud jukebox playin' in my ear. Ain't no woman gon' change the way I think. Think I'll just stay here and drink").

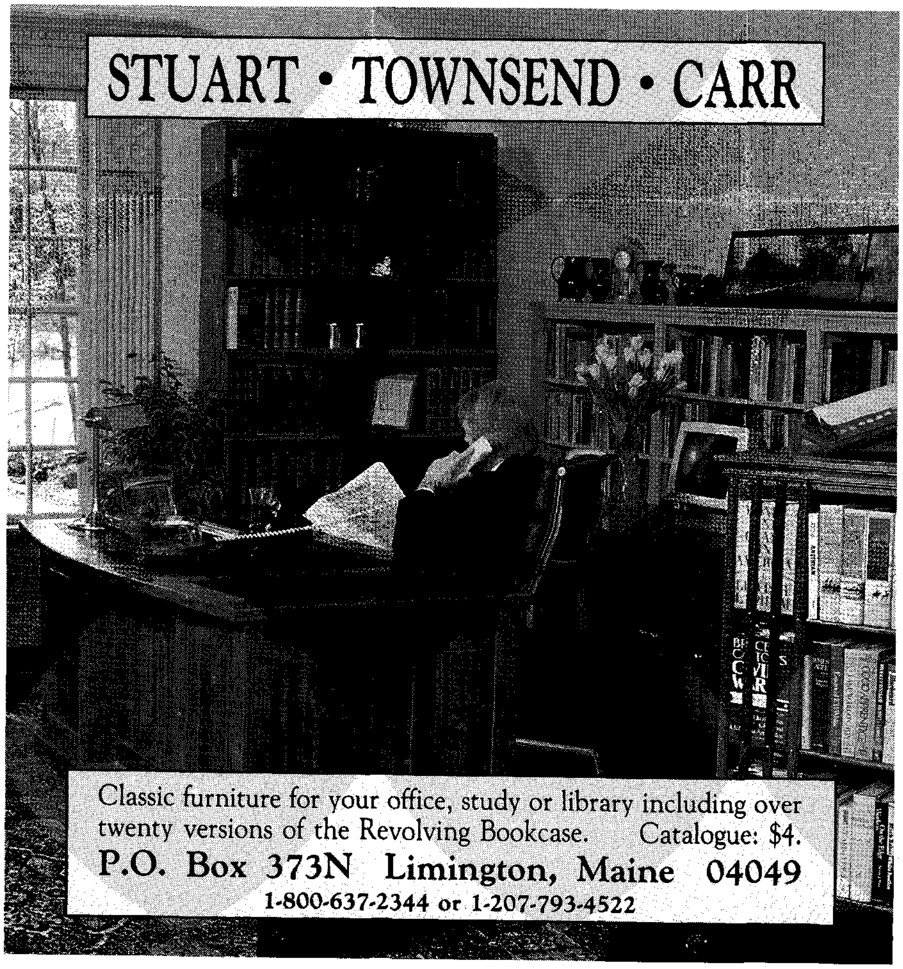
Merle has edged away from what could have been a musical sinkhole to explore a wide topography of music. Besides scores of ballads and love songs, he has written overtly political songs, such as "Amber Waves of Grain," "Jesus, Take a Hold," "1929," and "The Fightin' Side of Me" ("If you don't love it, leave it. Let this song that I'm singin' be a warning. When you're runnin' down our country, hoss, You're walkin' on the fightin' side of me"); sociopolitical songs, such as "Irma Jackson" (about an interracial love affair), "I'm a White Boy," "The Immigrant," and the notorious "Okie from Muskogee"; songs that have endeared him to truck drivers and blue-collar workers in general, such as "White Line Fever," "Movin' On," and "Workin' Man Blues"; humorously upbeat songs, such as "Rainbow Stew" and the ribald "Old Man from the Mountain"; and autobiographical songs about life in post-Depression Bakersfield, life in prison, and, later, life as an about-to-be-divorced, remarried-and-happy, divorced-again (and again) entertainer.

He has recorded an album of Bob Wills' Western swing, a double album


"ART AS TIMELESS AS LOVE."

Hoya artist Toshio Sugasawa's "Heart Clock" is encased in purest crystal. Give someone you love the gift of time. Red or gold, quartz movement. 2¾" wide, $195. Hoya catalog, $6. Call 212/223-6335 or outside New York 800/654-0016. The Hoya Crystal Gallery/450 Park at 57th/New York, NY 10022.

MUSEUM CRYSTAL
HOYA


STUART • TOWNSEND • CARR

Classic furniture for your office, study or library including over twenty versions of the Revolving Bookcase. Catalogue: $4.
P.O. Box 373N Limington, Maine 04049
1-800-637-2344 or 1-207-793-4522

What Are The Long-term Effects Of Instant Gratification?

IRONICALLY, human nature is often the greatest deterrent to making an intelligent decision.

But who can blame us? We're only human. And living for today has its rewards.

Except in the area of investing. Where a certain discipline, understanding and patience can be quite rewarding.

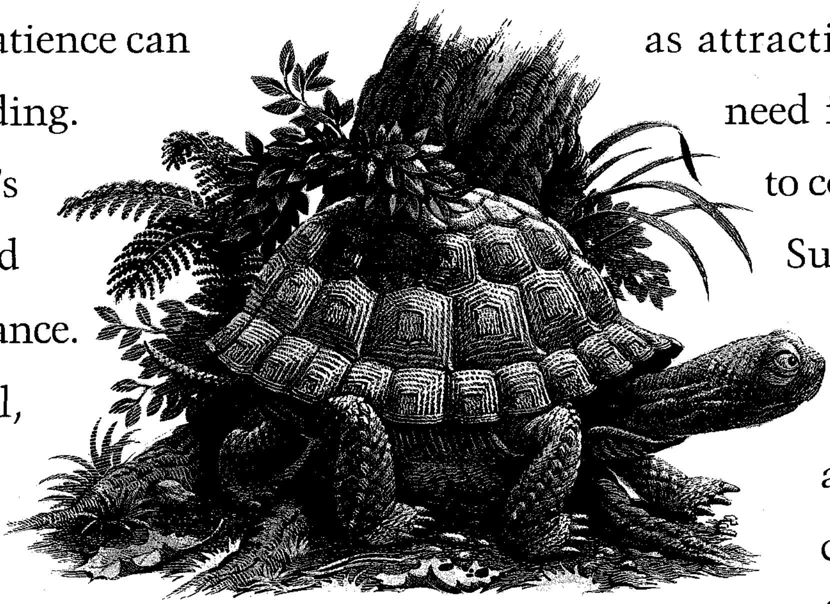
Take Aesop's famous hare and tortoise for instance.

As you recall, it was the impatient hare who looked so promising at first. Yet, it was the dogged determination and single-mindedness of the tortoise that triumphed in the end.

One can easily make the same observation about an investment.

At first glance, it may appear to be quite attractive. But will it be as attractive when you need it in the years to come?

Such a question can muddle the mind and haunt one during peaceful moments.



When racing the elusive hare, the tortoise never lost sight of his goal.

But perhaps we can provide a word or two of optimism.

You see, with nearly one hundred years experience behind us, we know a little something about investing.

And we'll be the first to tell you, there are no shortcuts. Only pitfalls to avoid.

To succeed, it takes hard work, diligence, and a kind of wisdom that can only come from years of experience.

Our experience is with municipal bonds.

In fact, each and every year we review billions of dollars worth of bonds. And only after a painstaking process of research do we finally invest in a select few (including some of those municipal bonds that other investment companies have overlooked).

All of which are tax-free.* Which means you keep more of the money you earn. (Something that adds up quite nicely over the years.)

So if you're thinking about making an investment, we suggest you resist the temptation to do anything instantly.

Other than ask your financial adviser or personal banker about Nuveen tax-free investments (for current and future income).

Or you can call us toll-free at 1-800-524-6500 for a free booklet.

In the end, you may find the long term effects most gratifying.

For more complete information on Nuveen tax-free open end mutual funds or unit trusts including charges and expenses, call for a prospectus. Read it carefully before you invest or send money.

**Income may be subject to state and local taxes. Capital gains, if any, will be subject to capital gains tax.*

NUVEEN

Specialists In Tax-free Investments Since 1898.

of Jimmie Rodgers' blues, a tribute to Elvis Presley, and a double album invoking Lefty Frizzell and Hank Williams. He has recorded gospel albums, an album of Dixieland blues, and one album devoted entirely to train songs. He has sung for Richard Nixon (in 1973, at the White House, on the occasion of Pat Nixon's birthday) and for Ronald and Nancy Reagan (in 1982, at a barbecue near the Reagan ranch, outside Santa Barbara). He has performed at the Kennedy Center, in Washington, and approximately sixty thousand miles between here and the moon, courtesy of the astronaut Charles Duke, who took a tape aboard Apollo 16, in 1972.

Merle's music is nothing if not eclectic—difficult to slot under "country," the way the music of Van Morrison, say, is difficult to categorize as rock. "It's real difficult to say, 'This is country. This is pop. This is jazz,' " Mike Leech, who was then the Strangers' bass guitarist, told me one day. "Country has more emphasis on the lyrics. It's more narrative than pop. That's Merle. In pop, the voice isn't emphasized as a solo instrument so much as it's part of the larger sound. In country, the voice stands out. That's Merle. Country is what you'd hear in a beer joint—what feels *right* there—rather than a cocktail lounge. The chord changes in country are simpler. But with Merle you go all over the place. Hell, I don't know. What Merle does—he sets the standard. It's Merle's music. Others follow." Jim Belken, who plays fiddle for the Strangers and earlier played with Bob Wills, Hank Thompson, and Ray Price, among others, including the Dallas Symphony ("I quit when I realized I didn't want to find myself fifty years old and gettin' cussed out by some Hungarian"), says that Merle plays good music, whatever it is. "Hell, we don't label it," he told me. "I mean, we don't go into the studio and say, 'Let's do us a country tune, boys.' "

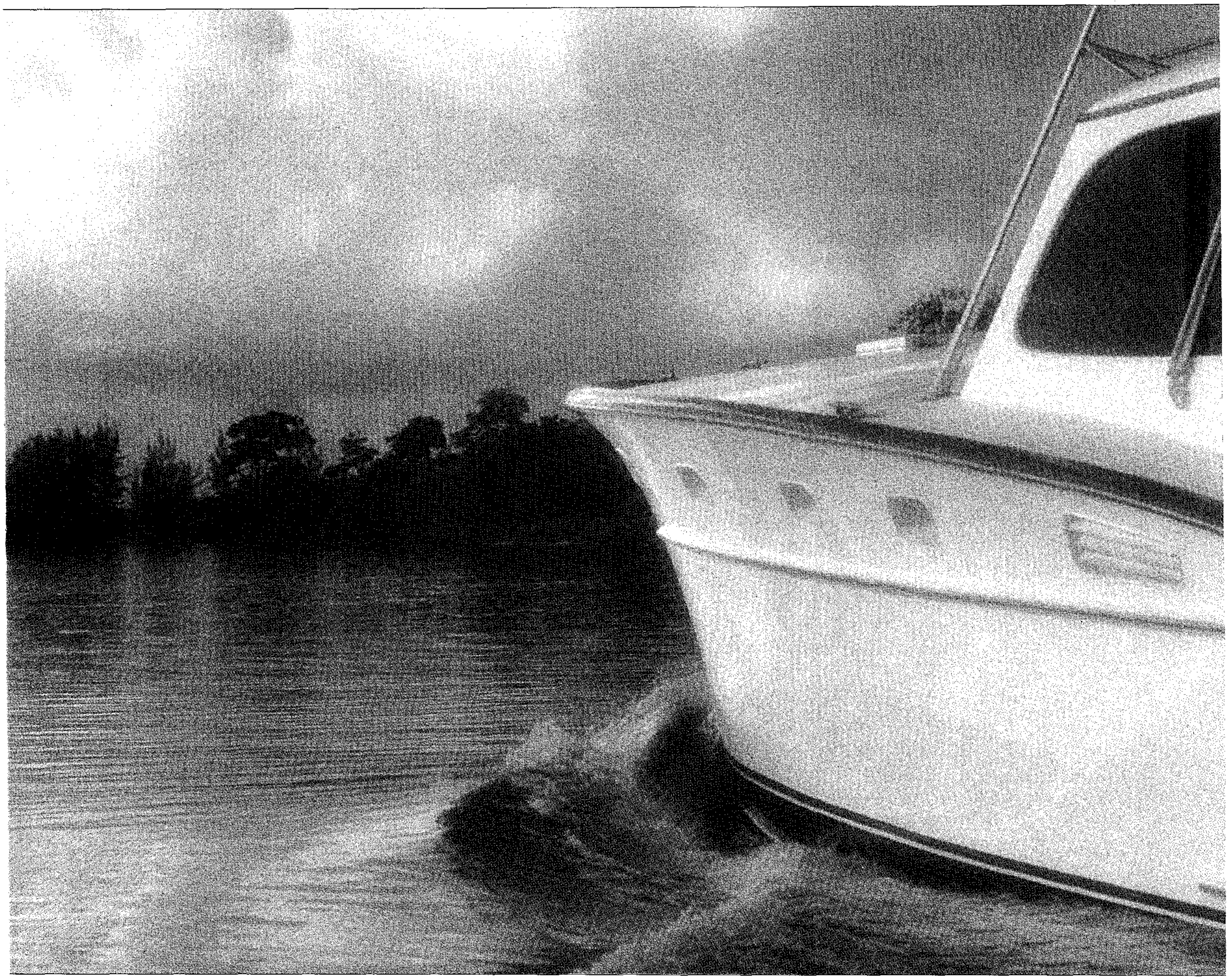
Merle's music has brought him a considerable amount of creature comforts. He lives a few miles outside the town of Redding, a quarter of an hour's fast drive south of Lake Shasta and about twenty-five hundred miles northwest of Nashville, in a sprawling, tile-roofed hacienda called Shade Tree Manor, with a commanding view of the Sacramento Valley to the south and, on a clear day, north and east to Mt. Shasta and Mt. Lassen. The house sits atop a wide knoll on seven hundred acres of pasture dotted with California oak and grazing cattle. There are man-made ponds stocked with catfish, bass, and sturgeon; a large swimming pool and an outsized cabaña; a small vineyard. There are other houses on the property; Biff Adam, Merle's drummer, and his wife, Bette, live in one, and Dean Holloway lives in another. In a barn, gathering dust, sits a meticulously restored cream-colored 1956 Ford Thunderbird. Near the main house are one of Merle's old touring buses, which has been converted into a mobile recording-and-video studio, and a pair of parking lots large enough to handle the dinner rush at a popular steak house.

Merle also has a recording studio attached to the house. Its entryway and hall are dominated by photographs of Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys, Lefty Frizzell, and Lewis Talley, who was probably Merle's closest friend, and who died of a heart attack in 1985. Framed album covers and records of platinum and gold line the walls. Between the control room and the studio proper is a double-paned sound buffer, and between the two panes of glass are a model train, a cigar butt in a yellow plastic cigar holder which Bob Wills left behind when he visited Merle several years ago, and an empty Smirnoff bottle with a ten-dollar bill attached to it by a rubber band. Lewis Talley had helped himself to the Smirnoff and left the empty and the payment the night he died. The control room, carpeted in gray, is dominated by an immaculate twenty-four-track console, on which is a plaque reading "YOUR BEER ON MY CONSOLE IS YOUR INVITATION TO LEAVE—HAG." Another plaque, nearby on the wall, reads "WE SHALL OVER DUB—ST. GOSH 3:16."

Accessible from the studio is Merle's recreation room, which is dominated by a twenty-five-foot bar and, behind it, a window affording a panoramic view of the mountains to the east. The room is like an airy Western roadhouse, with a large aquarium, mounted fish, and tables and chairs grouped around a Ping-Pong table and a pool table. Overhead, along the perimeter of the ceiling, runs an H.O.-gauge model train. Shade Tree Manor is a pleasant sort of masculine fantasyland, one that would seem to make dreaming easy and

THE AMERICAN TEAROOM, MOSCOW

It took man 3 billion years to evolve from the sea. From here, it takes just 20 minutes to return.



However we got here, one thing is certain. Water attracts us. And that's what makes living at Jonathan's Landing so attractive. More than 120 acres of water. Much of it salt water connected to the Intracoastal Waterway. Which, in turn, leads to the ocean.

So you can go from your back door to Neptune's backyard in a matter of minutes. Floating all the way.

On dry land, we've built 54 holes of championship golf. Two courses designed by Tom Fazio, one by Arthur Hills. But beware the hazards - slices are attracted to water as well.

Single-family homesites are priced from $275,000; patio homesites priced from $140,000. If you are interested in a new home or condominium, we've got that, too.

But mostly, we've got water. Water, water everywhere. And direct access to the sea. It's calling. So call us at (407) 746-2561. Or fill out the coupon below and mail to Jonathan's Landing, Jupiter, Florida 33477.

Jonathan's Landing
JUPITER, FLORIDA

Name ____ Address ____ City ____ State ____ Zip ____

A community development by ALCOA Properties, Inc. This is not an offering to NY, NJ, or IL residents. Prices subject to change. This is not an offering. Sales can only be made in Palm Beach County.

leaving difficult—but Merle spends half of each year on the road.

A few miles from Shade Tree Manor is a small suite of offices which serves as a mail drop and message center for Merle's business organization. One day last spring, in the midst of the usual chaos there—stalled payments from a show in Florida; abrupt band-medical-insurance hikes; a new Cadillac for Merle that wasn't what he thought he had ordered; a fight between Merle and Theresa; *Billboard* on the phone wanting information that no one had except Merle, who was holed up on his houseboat not answering the phone; both buses in the repair shop; liner notes needing Merle's approval; a British television crew hanging fire for the third day while Merle decided whether he wanted to talk to them for a special on country music—Biff Adam got off the phone, leaned back in his chair, and looked across the room at his wife, who now and then helps run the office. Biff is a gray-haired, very large, extremely sturdy man; Merle once saw him coldcock a pesky two-hundred-pound ram on Merle's land. ("Biff turned around and —*whap!*—with his bare hand. He just crossed that son of a bitch's eyes!") He has been a Stranger since 1970. In addition to playing the drums, he acts as a co-road manager with Norman Hamlet.

Bette Adam put out a cigarette and asked Biff if it was "those Limeys" on the phone. "Was it that woman of theirs, Biffer? Was she pushy? I think she's awful pushy." She breathed on one of her two 24k.-gold glue-on fingernails and polished it absentmindedly.

Gary Church, Merle's trombone player, piped up from a corner of the room. "She isn't a Limey, Bette. She's from Northern Ireland. We might even be related. I got a cousin there who's real important. He's a tail gunner on a bread truck." Biff laughed. Gary walked over to a skeleton that Merle had bought from his chiropractor, put a baseball cap on it, and stuck a cigarette between its teeth. "Tell 'em to come on over and talk to this guy. 'Here's Merle, he's been feeling poorly lately.' "

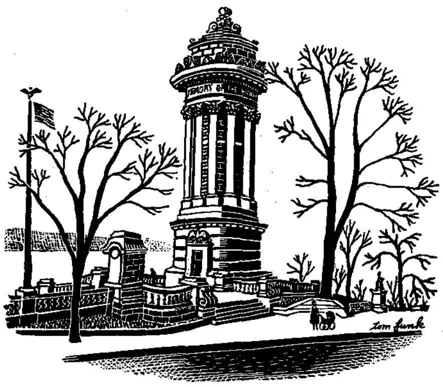
"Yeah," Biff said. "All those people want to talk about is honky-tonk. Honky-tonk, my ass. I'm getting awful goddam sick of that word. There's more to it than that. What Merle plays is country jazz. That's what he calls it, and that's what it is."

IT is an unfortunate irony that Merle Haggard, probably the most musically diverse singer in country music, should be inextricably linked with a casual ditty—a passably catchy tune—that shifted attention from his musicianship, which is highly articulate, to his politics, which are not.

In 1969, the story goes, Merle and the Strangers were travelling through Oklahoma when someone, seeing a highway sign, remarked, "I bet they don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee." Twenty minutes later (the story continues), the boys—the actual writing credits are listed as Merle and Roy Edward Burris, the Strangers' drummer at the time—had come up with the lyrics and melody of "Okie from Muskogee." (In country-music annals, many, many songs are "written in twenty minutes.") The song itself is a ballad that evokes a small-town America where "boots are still in style if a man needs footwear" and "beads and Roman sandals won't be seen." Muskogee is a place where they "don't make a party out of loving" and "even squares can have a ball." Its population is defined in terms of counterculture styles and mores, and the tone is one of defensive and slightly belligerent beleaguerment:

We don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee.
We don't take our trips on LSD.
We don't burn our draft cards down
  on Main Street.
But we like livin' right and bein' free.

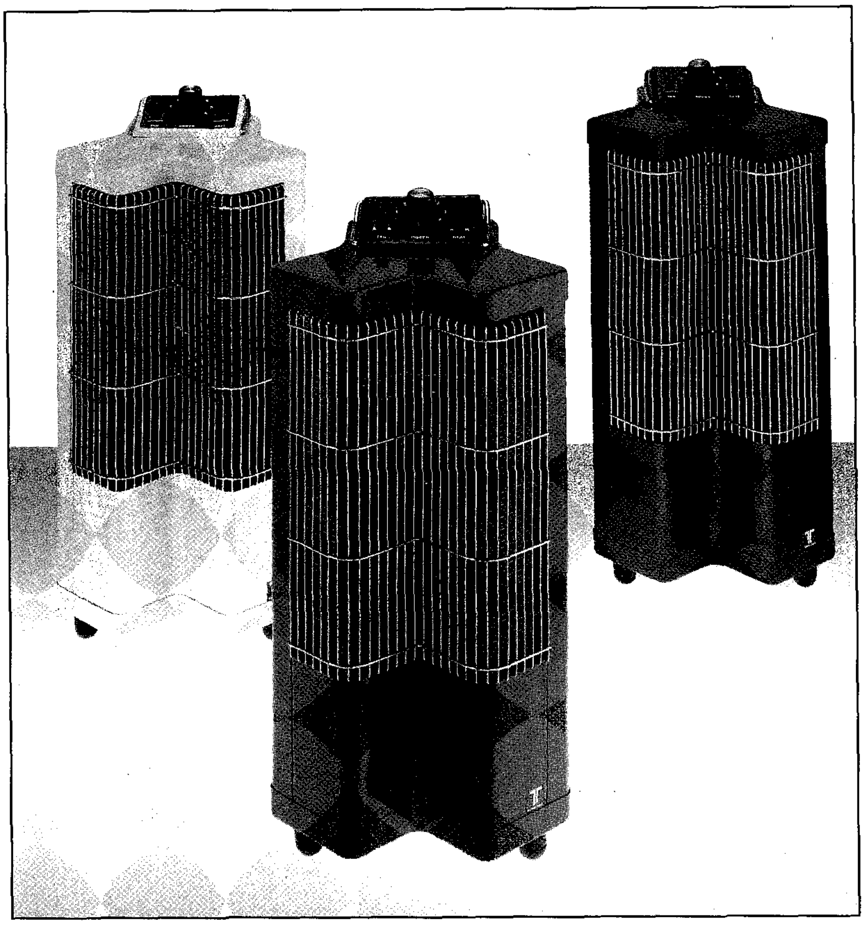
"Okie" 's first public airing came at an N.C.O. Club at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, to a tumultuous response. The song became a No. 1 *Billboard* hit, staying on the charts for four months. It was selected as the Single of the Year by both the Academy of Country Music and the Country Music Association. Merle's price for a concert reportedly tripled—to about ten thousand dollars. (Currently, he gets a minimum of something under twenty thousand dollars.) The single sold over a quarter of a million copies, and the album it inspired sold nearly nine hundred thousand copies within a year. Audience after audience greeted Merle at his shows waving tiny American flags, and Merle found himself the center of a firestorm of political controversy, which did not abate for five or six years, and which tapped a vein of bullnecked chauvinism that is very much evident to this day.



Over the years, Merle's explanation of the impulse behind "Okie" has varied, and his basic political orientation—an instinctive right-wing populism—has found expression as everything from stouthearted flag-waving to the maunderings of a day drinker down at the corner tavern. Merle doesn't read much. Of reading, he said to me, "I find that it has lost its ability to keep up with the pace of knowledge that is gained by just keeping your eyes open. In this audiocommunicative world, if there is something you want to know about, there is a much quicker way of finding it out than reading it in the paper. There are a lot of books I haven't read that I feel like I know what they are going to say before I read them better than if I *did* read them, by just bits and pieces I have been told by people that *have* read them. That is the way I have gained my knowledge." He has also said that his heroes, in addition to his father, are Bob Wills, Joe Louis, Bing Crosby, and Franklin Roosevelt, and that "evolution is a laughing matter for anybody that's got a rational mind."

In 1970, Merle told a newspaper reporter that "Okie from Muskogee" started out as a joke. Later that year, he admitted that the song might have left "a bad taste" in the mouths of "a certain class of people," and explained, "I'm thinking here of hippies—not hip-type people, but these barefooted bums walking around. . . . But I didn't put the record out to reprimand or anything. It's just a song—like, y'know, I wrote something that I thought said something a lot of people would like to say. . . . What I don't understand is where did they"—hippies and protesters—"all come

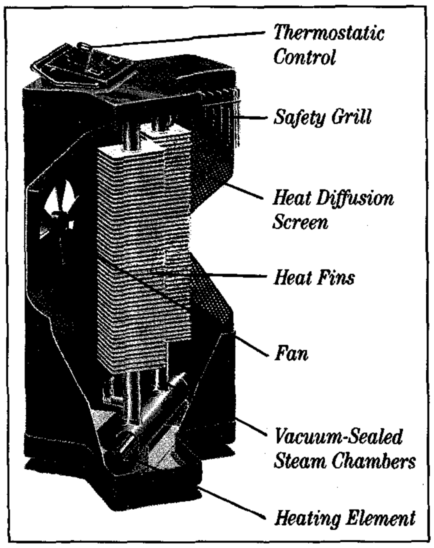
THE ROOM HEATER THAT BEATS OTHERS COLD!

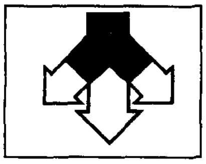


VACUUM TECHNOLOGY TAKES AIR OUT OF OTHER HEATER CLAIMS

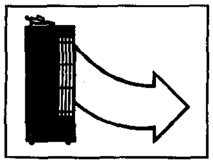
THE TECHNOLOGY: The story begins in the Arctic. A small Colorado company had an order from the U.S. Government to manufacture a vacuum insulated stainless steel canteen that would stand up to hard use and keep liquids from freezing in the torturous Arctic cold. It took the company a great deal of time to perfect the process of "pulling a vacuum" in a sealed metal system so that it stood up to hard use, yet could be manufactured economically. Now, after seven years of additional research and over twenty worldwide patents they have used that original technology to produce a room heating unit that leaps a generation beyond every other heater on the market. At the heart of the Heatech™ heater is the vacuum technology developed to preserve warmth in the Arctic. Here the vacuum is used to cause water to boil almost instantly at approximately 130°F instead of the usual 212°F. Water inside the sealed Heatech system turns to steam and rises in vertical tubes. There the heat is transferred to fins which in turn heat the cold room air that is then blown through a diffusion screen to bring you warmth where you need it.

THE PERFORMANCE: The system is super fast and effective. Comparison tests show the Heatech doing in 15 minutes what other heaters take up to an hour to do. Inside, as the heat transfer cools the steam, it condenses back into water droplets and the cycle starts again. The vacuum sealed system does not need replenishing and does not require service. The Heatech's unusual patented cabinet design provides greater air flow and more even heat distribution. While warm air from most other heaters simply rises wastefully to the ceiling, Heatech provides a multi-directional heat flow that warms your room more uniformly from the floor up.





Multi-directional heat flow



Heats room from floor up

THE SAFETY FACTOR: The 1500 watt Heatech also sets a new standard in safety. It is one of the few electric heaters on the market not required to carry the UL fire hazard warning sticker on the heater. Recent independent laboratory tests show Heatech's hottest surface temperature is up to 205° lower than other types of heaters tested - making it exceptionally safe for use around children or pets. To further protect against accidents, the Heatech has three separate safety devices — a tipover switch, thermal sensing switch and pressure relief valve.

THE BOTTOM LINE: In independent laboratory tests against three leading electric heaters, *Heatech® heated a room to 70°F up to six times faster while using 30% less energy.*

No other portable room heater we know of combines the safety, quick heating ability and superior heat distribution of Heatech. That's what we mean by beating the others cold! At 12.5 lbs. and 21"x10"x9", the Heatech is portable and compact, it requires only one square foot of floor space and uses standard 110 volts AC. Its handsome high-tech look comes in a choice of baked enamel finishes - Red, White or Black. Made with American pride, it is backed with a manufacturer's 5-year limited warranty and is UL listed. You can see why the Heatech was named winner of the 1988 Innovator Award at the National Home Center Show! Thanks to an exclusive arrangement with Heatech, you can now obtain this state of the art heater direct from *The Lifestyle Resource.* See for yourself how the Heatech can chase your chills away with portable heat that sets a new generation of standards for performance and safety. Order now while our supply is assured. Available in three colors for **$179.95** each. White #2221; Black #2231; Red #2241.

THE LIFESTYLE RESOURCE™
• DEPT. NEWBB0; 921 EASTWIND DR, SUITE 114 WESTERVILLE, OH 43081

CALL TOLL FREE 24 HRS. A DAY – CREDIT CARDS ONLY
800-872-5200

SEND TO: ____________________
ADDRESS ____________________
CITY ____________________
STATE __________ ZIP __________

Canadian residents we cannot accept mail orders, please call (614) 794-2662.

ITEM NO.	QTY.	ITEM PRICE	TOTAL PRICE

☐ PAYMENT ENCLOSED (PAYABLE TO THE LIFESTYLE RESOURCE)

SHIPPING	$12.95
TOTAL	

PLEASE BILL MY ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA ☐ AMEX
ACCT. # __________ EXP. DATE __________
SIGNATURE ____________________

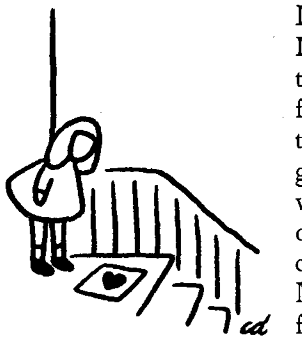
THE MEDIA DEVELOPMENT GROUP

©1989 C134 ADVERTISEMENT

from? . . . I don't like their views on life, their filth, their visible self-disrespect, y'know? They don't give a shit what they look like, or what they smell like."

In 1971, he said that parts of "Okie" are "dead right," and that he was proud to be an American and proud to be an Okie. (He is actually a native Californian, of Okie stock.) But in 1971 he also released "The Farmer's Daughter," a song about a man happy—because his daughter is happy—to see his daughter marrying a town boy with long hair. He also told *Look* that he didn't understand why we were in Vietnam: "I think we got in for one reason and we're stayin' for another. I don't agree with the war, but I don't agree with the way dissent is run either." A couple of years later, when someone asked if it bothered him that people were by now smoking dope in Muskogee, too, he said, "No, and it didn't bother me then, either." (The Ann Arbor *Sun*, in 1974, printed an alleged Merle quote: "Son, the only place I *don't* smoke it is Muskogee.") In 1981, he told *Quarter Notes* magazine that "Okie" "made me appear to be a person who was a lot more narrow-minded, possibly, than I really am."

In 1988, he seemed to throw up his hands. "It was just kind of a patriotic song that went to the top of the charts at a time when patriotism wasn't really that popular," he told the Birmingham *Post-Herald*. Later the same year, he explained, "I didn't give a shit how long their hair was. But the fact that the ones with long hair were the ones burning the damn flag—I didn't like it. I still don't. See, I've got to go with this flag until they hang up one that's better." Last July, in response to the Supreme Court's ruling that a Texas law forbidding flag-burning was unconstitutional, Merle wrote and recorded "Me and Crippled Soldiers," a song that was unequivocally pro-Administration.



"Sometimes I wish I hadn't written 'Okie,'" he told me, somewhere in Florida. "Not that I'm ashamed of it. I'm not sure but what bothers me most is the people that identify with it. There is the extremity out there. I don't know. It made people forget that I might be a much more musical artist than they give me credit for. I was indelibly stamped with this political image—this political, musical spokesman, or whatever. I had to play that song every night for eighteen years. And sometimes, out of a little bit of rebellious meanness, you know, I say I'm not going to do it. But very seldom. Your own songs become like living creatures. They are like children. They are individuals. You forgive them. God dang, you fall back in love with 'em, you know?"

WHEN Merle was coming up as a performer, he began to attract a following of youthful idealists, who saw him as a spokesman for the common man—a musician in the Woody Guthrie mold. This image of him was based in part on the lyrics of such quasi-autobiographical songs, as "Hungry Eyes," "Tulare Dust," "I Take a Lot of Pride in What I Am," and "Workin' Man Blues," and in part on his blue-collar upbringing and his honest-to-God recidivist adolescence. (Johnny Cash, who many people believe spent a lot of time in prison, actually spent only a few nights behind bars—for public drunkenness and possession of some pills.) Merle has done little over the years to disavow his pinched-son-of-the-Dust-Bowl image. Lillian Rea, Merle's sister, has a somewhat different recollection of things. She is a trim, gracious, candid woman who lives in a small town on California's central coast. Her version of Merle's childhood is affectionate and matter-of-fact (she calls him her "ornery, undisciplined little brother"), and is only occasionally punctuated by a burst of frustration, disappointment, or anger.

"Merle was born in 1937," she told me. "I was sixteen, and Lowell, my other brother, was fourteen. My parents, James and Flossie Haggard, were married in 1919 in Oklahoma, and they moved to Illinois in 1926. My father was a plant foreman for a steel company there. My mother became ill, and the doctors recommended a warmer, drier climate, so in 1929 we moved to California. That was in August, and the climate near Bakersfield was so hot we returned to Oklahoma two months later—eastern Oklahoma, near Checotah, and about twenty-five miles south of Muskogee—to farm, and my mother's health improved radically. In fact, she lived to a ripe old age, and died in 1984. The farm did well, and we were hardly affected by the Dust Bowl business. In 1934, the year before we moved back to California, my father bought a brand-new Ford, with an opera window. He paid cash for it. That doesn't sound too much like 'The Grapes of Wrath,' does it? Oh, I get sick and tired of that stuff!"

In 1935, a fire, thought to be the work of an arsonist, burned the family's barn to the ground, destroying the new Ford, a hay crop, and most of the farm's equipment. James Haggard ran a service station for a few months and got the family back on its feet, but after he underwent an appendectomy he decided to try the next rebound in California. The Haggards settled in Oildale, just outside Bakersfield, not far from Flossie's sister. James soon found work—first as the manager of a dairy, then as a carpenter for the Santa Fe Railway. Merle-inspired versions of those early days in California have Flossie milking cows to help feed the family. "Definitely not true," Lillian said. "Then you get the born-in-a-boxcar business. A woman in Oildale had the idea of converting a boxcar into a house, and she asked Dad if he thought it was possible. He thought it was such a good idea that he built it and then bought it for us to live in until we could build a bigger house. What it was was a comfortable early-style mobile home." The boxcar house still stands, behind the house that the family eventually built, in a clean, quiet, working-class Oildale neighborhood dominated by pickup trucks and children's bicycles parked in front of small, well-tended lawns.

"My mother was—well, embarrassed when she found herself pregnant a year or so after getting to California. She thought that having another child when she already had two teen-age children was—that it was too far apart. She didn't exactly think that Merle was a sign or a gift from God—my mother was a member of the Church of Christ, and very religious, even sternly so—but she firmly believed, after Merle was born, that God had answered her prayers during pregnancy. She had prayed for a child who would inherit the family talent for music. Merle's grandpa was the best fiddler back in McIntosh County, Oklahoma, and Dad played fiddle, guitar, and mandolin, and his brothers and sisters all played at local dances, though after Mom and Dad got married the playing was restricted to socials at home. Mom didn't mind music—she played the organ—but she did mind the drinking and fooling around that went with commercial music. Merle was a funny child. At six months, he'd be lying there in his bassinet, and when the Stuart Hamblen country show came on the radio he'd begin kicking his little feet in time to the music. We experimented with other music, but he'd just lie there until we put Stuart Hamblen back on. Mom used to say that his first words were 'Stu Ham.' She thought he was talking about food, not the music."

Merle took violin lessons in the first grade, but they were unsuccessful. As Lillian tells it, Merle would eschew the required exercises and attempt, not unsuccessfully, "Turkey in the Straw" and other traditional fiddle tunes. " 'I don't know, Sis,' he'd tell me. 'My fingers just do it.' The teacher told my mother that she was wasting her money. I think he got his first guitar when he was around ten. He loved it."

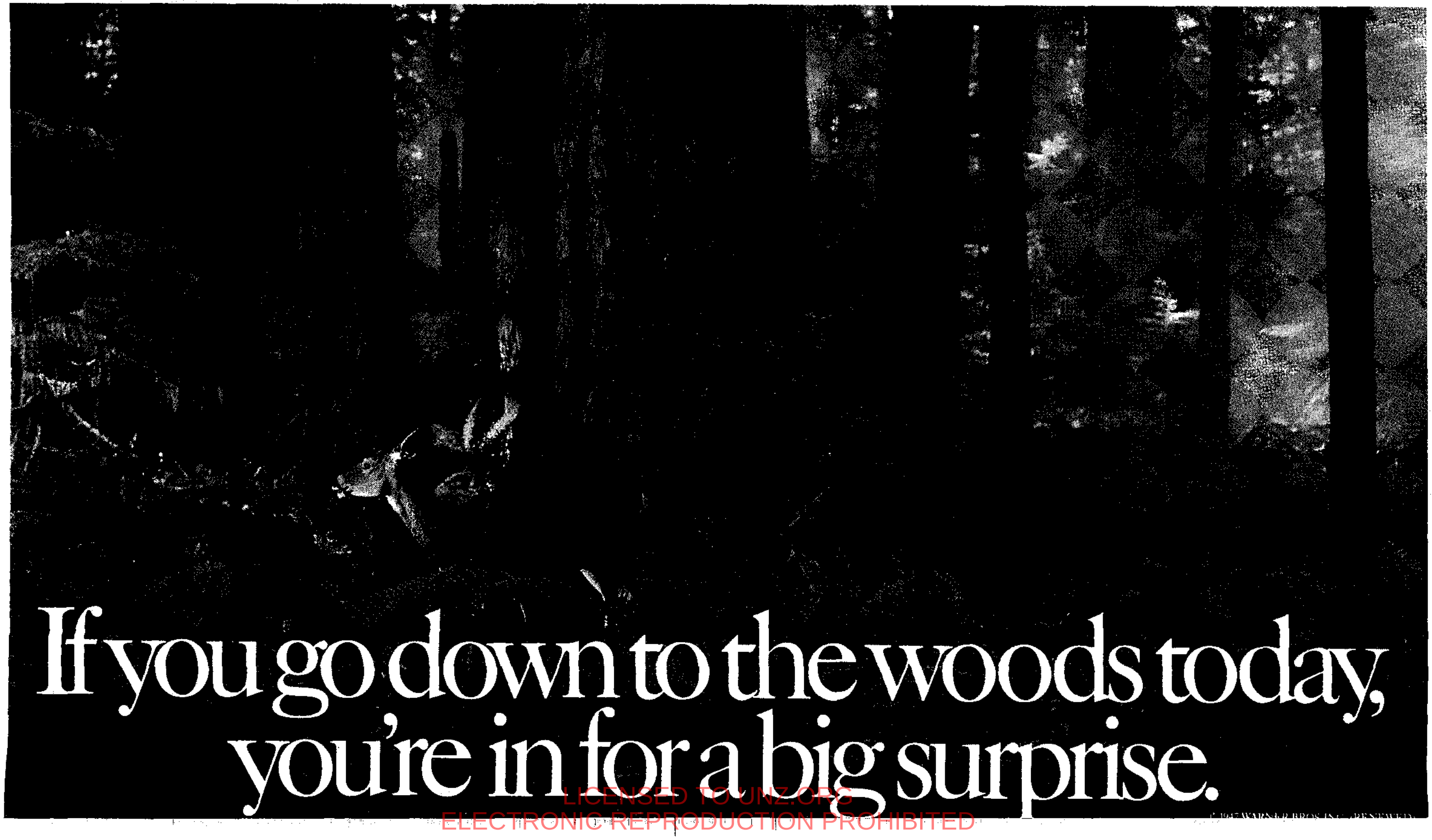
When Merle was nine, his father died of a stroke. The account of this event is the most affecting, and unaffected, section of "Sing Me Back Home," Merle's 1981 autobiography, co-written with Peggy Russell. Though the family's financial situation became somewhat straitened, they were never impoverished. "Mom got a job as a bookkeeper, first for a department store, then for a meat wholesaler," Lillian recalled. "She wasn't a frivolous person with Merle, but Merle never lacked for Christmas presents."

Merle's life, however, took a wide turn after his father's death. "The change was due to a combination of things," Lillian said. "Merle had what they called Valley fever—coccidioidomycosis, a respiratory disease—when he was seven or so, and the cure then was just like for tuberculosis, rest and quiet at home. Mom had her hands full, trying to keep a lively kid in a low-activity life style, and keeping his friends away. Merle hated being an only child. He hated it then, and he hates to be alone now. He used to give toys away to get neighbor kids to play with him. Sometimes I think he's still doing that. Anyway, after a year of all this attention and a lot of rules, he was suddenly released. Of course, maybe it was just his artistic temperament finally coming out. And then Dad died, and Merle became a latchkey kid, unsupervised. Both Lowell—who's much more of a disciplinarian than I am—and I were long out of the house by then. Merle needed what they call now 'after-death counselling.' He felt he was to blame for his dad's death. He felt he was a burden to his mother. Plus, like I said, he was always ornery. 'If Lillian can go out, why can't I?' he'd say to Mom. Of course, he was ten, and I was twenty-six. There had never been any wild children in the family, no previous pattern of independent behavior, so the bull was out of the barn before anyone recognized it."

Merle began running away. When he was ten, he and a pal named Billy Thorpe hopped a freight and got as far as Fresno, a hundred miles north, be-

Walk through places like these and the child in you runs free. You've spotted deer in our countryside, eagles in our skies or whales off our coasts. Fly into a fishing camp or find yourself on a turquoise lake. It's a picnic to find out more, call **1-800-663-6000** for our travel kit. Tourism British Columbia, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C. V8V 1X4.

Super, Natural British Columbia


If you go down to the woods today,
you're in for a big surprise.

Country Curtains®

FREE COLOR CATALOG

Country Curtains . . . Over thirty years of old-fashioned quality and conscientious service.

A delightful selection of curtains trimmed with ruffles, fringe and lace. Also tab, tailored and ruffled styles in warm colors and cheerful prints, some insulated styles, lots of lace and balloon curtains, bed ensembles and more. **Please call toll free: 1-800-876-6123**, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. **Satisfaction guaranteed.**

Visit our retail shops in New England and New Jersey.

☐ PLEASE SEND FREE CATALOG.

Name
Address
City
State Zip

COUNTRY CURTAINS®
At The Red Lion Inn
Dept.1600, Stockbridge, MA
01262

WINDERMERE ISLAND CLUB · ELEUTHERA · BAHAMAS

WINDERMERE ISLAND CLUB

A private Island
for those with a taste for escape.

Call 1-800-237-1236
New York State 212-839-0222
Canada call 1-800-451-2253

ORIENT-EXPRESS HOTELS

The Adams Family's

Cartwright Hotel

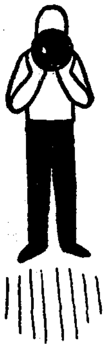
San Francisco

We've transformed our little hotel into a home. Antiques and fresh flowers in every room. Complimentary afternoon tea. One block from Union Square.
$75 to $150.

(800) 227-3844

524 Sutter at Powell, San Francisco, CA 94102

fore being sent home by a railroad detective. At fourteen, he and another friend hitchhiked to Texas—a trip that was in part a pilgrimage to Lefty Frizzell's home, in Big Spring. On the way back, the boys were arrested for carrying a pistol and a switchblade, and they spent five days in the Lincoln Heights jail, in Los Angeles.



Not long after the 1951-52 school year began, Merle ran away to Modesto to work haying. One night, he played guitar in a local club for five dollars and all the beer he wanted. He returned to school, but not for long, and he was thrown in juvenile hall as a truant. After spending Christmas there, he and two other boys escaped—the first of what Merle estimates were seventeen breakouts from various correctional institutions. He says that after one of these escapes—from the Fred C. Nelles School for Boys, in Whittier, where he spent much of his time in the disciplinary barracks—he was made to run around a courtyard in ill-fitting boots. By the time he finished his punishment (he was swatted with a rake whenever he stopped running), his feet were raw and bleeding. After another escape, in which, he says, he came close to being lynched as a suspected rapist, he was sent to the Preston School of Industry, a sort of maximum-security reformatory near Stockton; he managed to last there for six months before escaping, briefly, once again.

At sixteen—after serving time at Preston, working at a potato-packing house (the first of many short-lived jobs his brother Lowell landed him), and running away to Eugene, Oregon, to set up housekeeping for a month with a sixteen-year-old girl—Merle headed for Arkansas with Dean Holloway, to visit Holloway's kin. They got as far as Arizona, where they were temporarily detained on charges of having violated the Mann Act; a third buddy's fifteen-year-old girlfriend had come along for the ride. Merle eventually settled into a routine of beer-and-guitar parties on the outskirts of Bakersfield—he recalls in his autobiography being told by person after person that he sounded like Lefty Frizzell—interspersed with joyriding in stolen cars. Around this time, he and another former Preston inmate took part in what Merle considers "the sickest and most degrading" crime of his life—beating the living hell out of a slow-witted boy and stealing his odd-job money.

Not long after that, Merle married the first of his four wives—Leona Hobbs, whom he had met on the way to a drive-in hamburger spot in Bakersfield. "They got Lowell to take them to Reno," Lillian Rea told me. "This was one time when Merle listened to Mom—'We don't shack up,' she said—and this was one time when he should have disobeyed her." The marriage, which lasted nearly ten years, was, by Merle's recollection, little more than one prolonged, ugly fight. If Leona (according to Merle) was cruel and disparaging, Merle, in return, was not much of a husband or father. He was in the Ventura County jail, serving a nine-month sentence for car theft, when his first child—a daughter, Dana—was born. Not long after getting out, he was again arrested for theft. Sentenced to ninety days in a road camp, he escaped after five days and went on the lam through several Western states before being picked up and returned to jail. "I got in trouble on purpose," Merle told a television interviewer for the Nashville Network. "I wanted to experience the things I had heard in Jimmie Rodgers' songs, I wanted to be a Clyde Barrow. Jesse James was one of my idols."

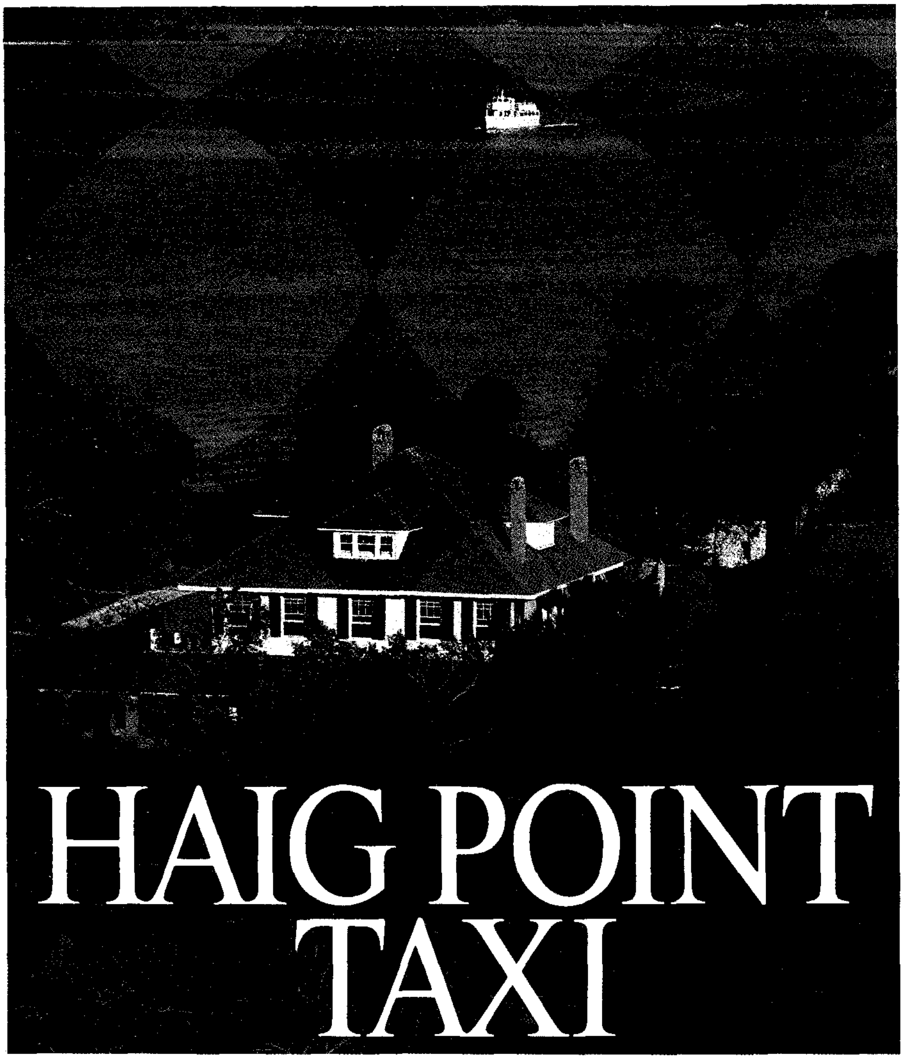
In December of 1957, after a brief career with a pair of professional burglars, Merle and a friend attempted to rob a highway restaurant. "We were out of work," Merle recalls. "We believed we had a justification to rob, because there weren't enough jobs around. We thought the place was closed; we were so drunk we thought it was 3 A.M. when it was only ten-thirty at night." The proprietor met them at the back door, which they were prying open with a crowbar, and asked why if they wanted something to eat they didn't just go around front, like everybody else. Merle was arrested almost immediately, escaped nearly as quickly (or was allowed to escape; he is vague about the event), and was re-arrested. After a few days in the Bakersfield jail and two months in a minimum-security prison, the twenty-year-old Merle was sentenced, for burglary and escape, to spend the next six months to fifteen years of his life in San Quentin. Leona had been with him during the unsuccessful robbery, though she was not charged with being an accessory. She was pregnant at the time, and Merle's second child, Marty, was born while Merle was in prison. (Leona had a third child, James, during her husband's incarceration.)

Merle served two years and nine months in San Quentin before being paroled, in October of 1960, but not before taking part in a few last extralegal activities, among them brewing homemade fruit beer. He nearly joined a pair of other convicts in an escape attempt but backed out at the last minute. The one convict who escaped, a friend of Merle's named Jimmy Kendrick, killed a highway patrolman before being recaptured, and was sent to the gas chamber. Merle recalled the execution in a haunting song, also entitled "Sing Me Back Home":

> The warden led a pris'ner down a
>   hallway to his doom,
> And I stood up to say goodbye like
>   all the rest,
> And I heard him tell the warden,
>   just before he reached my cell,
> Let my guitar-playing friend do my
>   request.
> Let him sing me back home
> With a song I used to hear . . .

At one point while Merle was in San Quentin, he was caught drunk and spent a week in isolation, near death row, where, as he tells it, his only companion was a Bible, which he read by day and used for a pillow at night. ("Don't let nobody tell you there's just one way to get comfort from the Good Book.") Whether it was the experience in isolation, the death of Jimmy Kendrick, or the influence of the Bible, Merle decided to go straight. He volunteered for the most onerous prison jobs, was selected to play in the prison band, and became a model prisoner. (He received a full pardon from Ronald Reagan, then the governor of California, in March, 1972, after his musical reputation was well established.)

Lowell, who can be stern and opinionated on the subject of his brother's life, is quoted in "Sing Me Back Home" as remembering Merle's return to Bakersfield with uncharacteristic tenderness: "He stepped down off the bus carrying his guitar. He looked like a little whipped pup. . . . His clothes, which were bad enough to begin with, looked like he'd slept in them, which he probably had. I don't think either one of us knew what to say to each



HAIG POINT
TAXI

You'll find a lot more than our unique "taxi" service separating you from the crowds when you own property at Haig Point.

Step aboard our private ferry and cast off from Hilton Head. Only a mile away is this premier, *car*-free community on Daufuskie Island, South Carolina.

Here you can purchase a luxury home or island homesite for vacation, retirement or year-round living. Tee it up on our top-ranked, members-only Rees Jones golf course. And get away from tourist crowds, noise and traffic forever.

Call us now toll-free at **1-800-992-3635** to experience for two nights the uncommon quality of our amenities and lifestyle. In South Carolina, call collect (803) 686-4244.

Or, write us at Haig Point Center, P.O. Drawer 7319, Hilton Head Island, S.C. 29938.

Haig Point definitely isn't for everyone. And that's the beauty of it.

HAIG POINT® on Daufuskie Island.

Obtain the Property Report required by Federal Law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property. Void where prohibited by law. © 1990 International Paper Realty Corporation of South Carolina.

Degas
Matisse
Picasso
Hassam
Renoir
Cassatt

DAVID RAMUS
▪ 212-980-0015 ▪

other. I asked him where he wanted me to take him, and he said he wanted to go to Mama's house. He'd only been home a little while when he called Leon Copeland"—a family friend—"to come over. The two of them were sitting there singing songs and playing guitar when I left. I don't know how long they kept at it. Any time Merle didn't know what else to do, he turned to his music."

After his return to Bakersfield, Merle worked for a time as a laborer for Lowell, who was an electrical contractor, but he soon began moonlighting, then working steadily, at local night clubs, playing electric bass and lead guitar and occasionally singing. Soon after he was paroled, Leona became pregnant again, and another daughter, Kelli, was born. Noel, their fourth child, was born in 1963. Not very long after Noel's birth and a final, near-murderous battle, the two were divorced. In June of 1965, his career blossoming, he married Bonnie Owens, who had been divorced from the country singer Buck Owens in 1953. Bonnie had had several minor local hits, and she and Merle had already recorded a touching duet album called "Just Between the Two of Us." The year they were married, Merle and Bonnie won an Academy of Country Music award for Best Vocal Group. Merle also won the Most Promising award, and Bonnie garnered Top Female Vocalist. They were named Best Vocal Group again in 1966 and 1967.

By 1974, Bonnie had had enough of the road and Merle's womanizing, and she began spending more and more time in a huge house they had built on the outskirts of Bakersfield. In 1976, she filed for divorce, and it was granted in October of 1978. That month, Merle married Leona Williams, who was his opening act and had been singing harmony with him in Bonnie's absence. His marriage to the second Leona lasted until an acrimonious divorce, in 1984. He married Debora Parret the following year.

Merle's current marriage appears to be one of some kind of convenience. He and Debora do not seem to spend much time together, at home or on the road. At a show last year at the Freeman Coliseum in San Antonio, Merle made an entrance in a red Corvette, with his arm around Theresa Lane, in full view of eight thousand people. He has admitted in print that his marriage to Debora was undertaken more in the spirit of friendship than of love. Friends suggest that Merle remains married so as not to be under an obligation to divorce and marry again. Whatever the situation, it is one that almost everyone close to Merle—with the possible exception of Debora, who is known to be testy and (understandably) possessive at times—has come to some sort of terms with. When I asked Merle about the propriety of mentioning his keeping company with Theresa, he said, "Go ahead. It's all on the up-and-up."

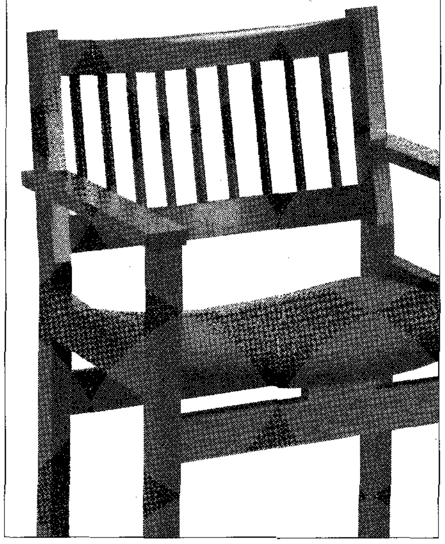
BONNIE OWENS is a dark-haired, handsome, square-faced, and extremely modest woman. She is sixty years old and, arguably, the best poker player among the Strangers. She manages an easy camaraderie in the tight bus quarters with the male musicians. If one of the band members has a date on the road, the new friend is generally introduced to Bonnie as quickly as possible; if a can opener or the aspirin or the paper towels are misplaced, Bonnie can generally locate them; if the bus needs a tidying up—and it does, every few days—Bonnie and Gary Church are usually the ones to take on the task.

"Merle called—I think it was June of 1987 or so—and said he wanted me to go on tour," Bonnie told me at the Center Stage Theatre, in Atlanta, while we were waiting for Merle's second show to begin. "I hadn't worked with him since 1981. He said, 'Bonnie, as long as I'm up there on a bandstand, I want you to be with me.' So here I am. When I met Merle, I was working as a singing waitress in Bakersfield. He had started singing and booking out, and I'd had a few hits. But even after we started becoming popular I never really considered Nashville. It was too far away. I was—You know, seventy-five dollars a show, that's fine. But Merle had bigger dreams. We sang together first, but it didn't go farther than that for a long time. He was married. His life was too complicated. I also thought he'd never settle down. His talent didn't need help. He just needed discipline. He is aggressive. He has drive. He allows himself to get depressed and bored. I can always find something that needed to be done yesterday. Every year, we'd write our dreams down on New Year's. In 1966, we wrote down (1) get a B.M.I. award, (2) have a No. 1 song,

CHARLES
WEBB
designer/woodworker

51 McGrath Highway
Somerville, Massachusetts 02143
(617) 776-7100

Catalog of Designs: Four Dollars



"A private estate that sweeps all honors as the most enchanting lakefront sanctuary of its kind in America."
THE HIDEAWAY REPORT

THE POINT Experience life as it's meant to be, at this former Rockefeller estate in the Adirondack mountains—private, romantic, and eminently civilized. Luxuriate in front of a crackling fire with breakfast in bed; stroll, ski, or snowshoe across the frozen lake and through hushed hemlock forests; curl up and settle in with a good book; dine elegantly by candlelight in the Great Hall with old friends and new. Discover The Point—endorsed by nine years of rave reviews, and one of only fifteen Relais & Chateaux in the U.S.

THE POINT, Saranac Lake, NY 12983
518-891-5678 800-255-3530

Santa
Barbara
This winter, visit
southern California's
coastal paradise.

Write or call for a free 64-page
Destination Guide.
Santa Barbara
Conference & Visitors Bureau
222 E. Anapamu, Santa Barbara, CA 93101
(800) 827-3777

"Remember when we thought we could make a difference?"

You know how Adrienne feels. She's bright, concerned, hardworking. She has a loving husband and a good job. Yet she's never lost her awareness of problems like poverty in the world. Nor that deep need to make a difference.

Now, through Foster Parents Plan, she's found an effective way to live what she believes…and it really works!

Make a *real* difference. A *personal* difference.

As a Foster Parents Plan sponsor, Adrienne has begun a special one-to-one relationship with a wonderful child, 10-year-old Nolberto in Guatemala. With each letter they exchange, she's getting to know him better. And with just $22 a month, she's helping change his life for the better.

Through frequent personal reports from our on-site overseas staff, she sees the progress for herself. Thanks to her, Nolberto no longer has to work in the fields all day. He can go to school, and pursue his dream of becoming a teacher. Meanwhile his family is learning new techniques for growing food. His village has a new way of bringing in clean water.

And Adrienne's life is even richer now!

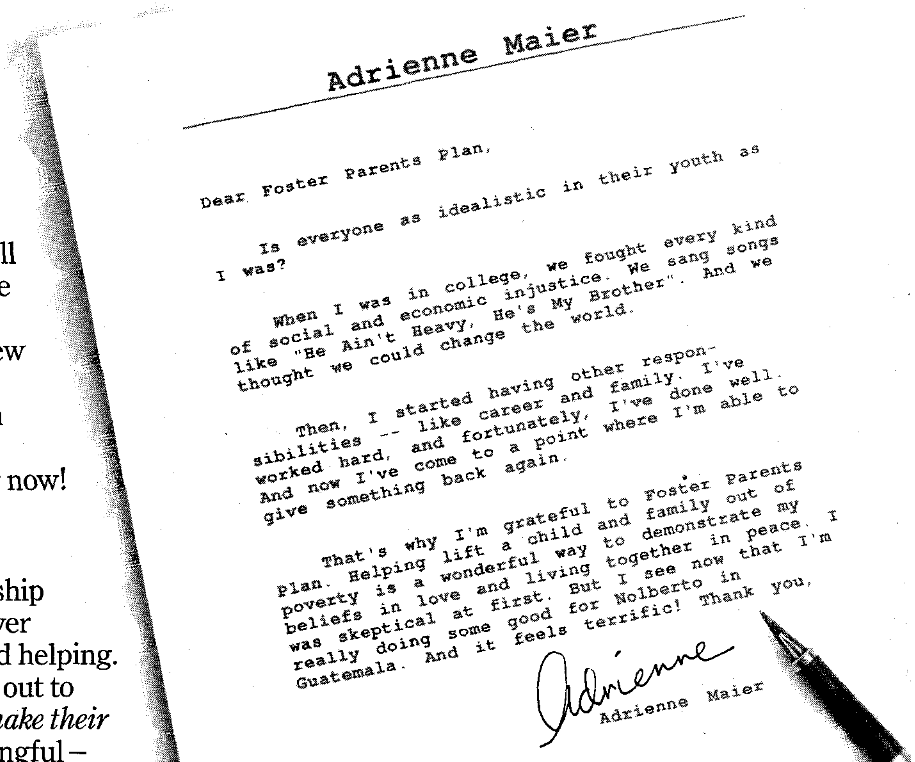
Time to come back to caring.

Foster Parents Plan is one of the oldest and most respected sponsorship organizations in the world – with over 53 years of experience in caring and helping.

So you, too, can personally reach out to a child and family of poverty, *and make their lives better.* It's a smart – and meaningful – thing to do.

Become a Foster Parents Plan Sponsor. Call 1-800-225-1234 now.

Foster Parents Plan.
Help so personal, you touch a child for life.



Adrienne Maier

Dear Foster Parents Plan,

Is everyone as idealistic in their youth as I was?

When I was in college, we fought every kind of social and economic injustice. We sang songs like "He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother". And we thought we could change the world.

Then, I started having other responsibilities -- like career and family. I've worked hard, and fortunately, I've done well. And now I've come to a point where I'm able to give something back again.

That's why I'm grateful to Foster Parents Plan. Helping lift a child and family out of poverty is a wonderful way to demonstrate my beliefs in love and living together in peace. I was skeptical at first. But I see now that I'm really doing some good for Nolberto in Guatemala. And it feels terrific! Thank you,

Adrienne

Adrienne Maier

Yes, I want to reach out and make a difference.

Enroll me as a sponsor to… (Please indicate the number of children below.)
___ The child who needs my help most.
___ Girl ___ Boy ___ Either
___ SOUTH AMERICA (Colombia, Ecuador, Bolivia)
___ CENTRAL AMERICA/CARIBBEAN (Guatemala, Honduras, El Salvador, Dominican Republic)
___ ASIA (Indonesia, India, Nepal, Philippines, Thailand)
___ AFRICA (Burkina Faso, Egypt, Sierra Leone, Sudan, Togo, Guinea)

Foster Parents Plan.
Help so personal, you touch a child for life.

☐ Please send my New Sponsorship Kit with my sponsored child's photo and case history. My check for $22 per child for the first month's sponsorship is enclosed.

☐ I'm not yet sure if I want to be a sponsor, but I'm interested. Please send me information about the child I would be sponsoring.

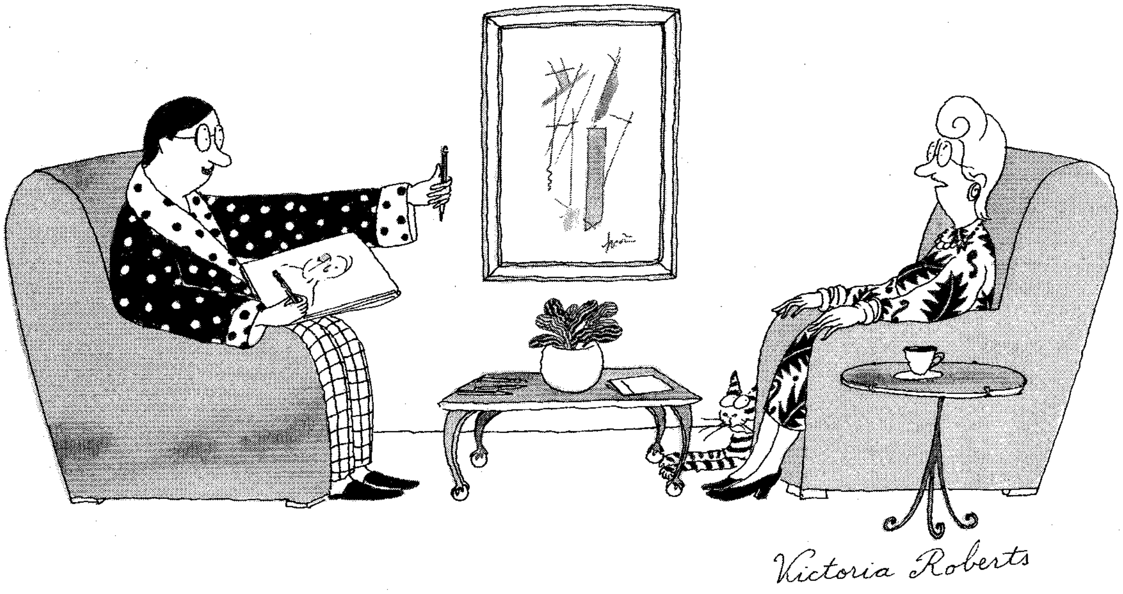
☐ I can't sponsor right now, but I want to help. Enclosed is a contribution to the Children's Emergency Fund for $ ____________.

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss ☐ Ms.
____
Address ____________________
City ____________________
State ____________ Zip ____________

Mail to: Kenneth H. Phillips, President
Foster Parents Plan
157 Plan Way, Warwick, RI 02886

K474

Foster Parents Plan is the worldwide humanitarian organization linking caring sponsors to needy children and their families overseas. Founded in 1937, we are the leader in combining the best tailor-made self-help programs in health, education and family income with complete sponsor accountability and quality personal communications. Individual sponsors make our work possible and more effective. Non-profit. Non-political. Non-sectarian. Tax deductible. A copy of our financial report is available upon request from N.Y. Dept. of State, Office of Charities Registration, Albany, N.Y., or Foster Parents Plan.



“I’m not easy to draw.”

and (3) write a classic. ‘Swinging Doors’ did all three. I *knew* if he didn’t get bored and give up he’d be great. He was the best I ever heard.

“On the first thirty albums or so, I didn’t write any lines, but I kept him from straying. I was sort of an editor. Before he wrote ‘Branded Man,’ in 1967, he hadn’t talked about prison to the public. He was thinking about doing it in a sort of indirect way. I said, ‘Why not come right out and tell ’em?’ He thought it would hurt his career, but he was also afraid he might be exposed as an ex-con by someone else before he owned up. So Fuzzy Owen and I said, ‘Put it out there.’ See, I was proud that he had outgrown prison. This is why ‘Branded Man’ is so direct. Me and Fuzzy, we forced the situation. We prodded him, you might say.

“Merle went down to Nashville with the second Leona and lived there for a couple of years—1976 and 1977, I believe. He hated it. Every time he went in for a recording session, there’d be fifteen songwriters there, waiting to meet him. He didn’t—for years—even want a fan club, because when he’s off work he wants to be off work. He’s a frustrated sideman—I really believe that. He’d love to play for others, walk in there and play without a big fuss. He enjoys the spotlight, but sometimes he doesn’t enjoy all the responsibility.

“After the show in Savannah last month, Merle said to me, ‘See, I *told* you I was a good openin’ act.’ He *liked* that show. He *thrives* on competition. The best shows are when he’s competing, like with Randy Travis. I remember when we got married, he said, ‘Bonnie, don’t ever satisfy me, or I’ll be gone.’ Lefty Frizzell was Merle’s biggest idol. Lefty, I believe, saw Merle as competition, as taking over his spot, and Lefty gave up. He began to drink right onstage. Merle felt badly. *He* doesn’t want to give up. Maybe he sees the changing of some kind of guard. So when he opens for Randy he gives it his all. He doesn’t give up, like Lefty did. He has more perseverance—when he wanted to learn the fiddle so’s he could play Bob Wills tunes, he’d practice that fiddle every day and drive us crazy. He’d walk up and down the bus—we only had one bus then, that was around 1970—for hours, playing the fiddle, with total disregard for the rest of us sleepin’. He wanted someone to play rhythm for him. We’d pretend to be asleep, but— You ever heard anyone startin’ to learn the fiddle? Oh, Lord!”

A WEEK or so after the Atlanta shows, Merle pitched a fit at a truck stop in Slidell, Louisiana, a half hour northeast of New Orleans. The blowup was caused by a combination of things: the state of American railroads, the lingering bad taste of Nashville musical politics, and the inability of a man of Merle’s high profile to get a little privacy. The band was en route from Texas, where it had played at the San Antonio Livestock Show and Rodeo, to Panama City Beach, Florida. Merle had decided that he and Theresa would ride the train from San Antonio to New Orleans, and that Biff Adam would pick them up there in Merle’s bus and then hook up with the band bus at the truck stop in Slidell.

Merle is a train buff, as the Santa Fe Railway logos on his buses, and the model trains that run around the ceiling of his recreation room, attest. His album of train songs is entitled “My Love Affair with Trains.” Amtrak has sponsored some of his concerts. In 1985, he tried, but failed, to launch a nationwide Farm Aid benefit that would travel the country by rail.

“It’s important for Merle to get off this bus when he can,” Biff told me as we drove the Super Chief to Union Station in New Orleans to pick Merle up. “He’d like to fly everywhere, but that can get expensive, since he doesn’t like to fly commercial, because of the terrorist thing. He said a while back to my wife, ‘Anytime you can book me on a train, you go and do it,’ and this seemed like a good time to do it—to give Merle a different experience. Didn’t it, Fuzzy?”

Fuzzy Owen—a tall, long-faced, laconic man, who is responsible for negotiating Merle’s tour contracts and arranging and securing payments for every show date—nodded, but he appeared to have a few misgivings. “We always get real nervous when Merle gets around a train,” he said, in his slow, deep-voiced way. “There’s *no* telling what might happen.”

What happened this time was that Merle had had a miserable trip. After he and Theresa were delivered in Slidell, both buses idled for nearly three hours while Merle fumed about not being able to get out and get something to eat at the truck stop’s café. A small crowd—drivers, pump attendants, waitresses, clerks from the convenience store, and one very angry and bedraggled young man, who said that he was dying of cancer and needed to talk to Merle “as a friend to a friend”—had ringed the Super Chief, and Steve Van Stralen was kept busy handing out publicity photographs and explanations as to why Merle couldn't come out and talk. Merle had Steve call various members of his entourage—Fuzzy, Biff, Norman Hamlet—and they shuffled back to his stateroom, from which his loud and angry and frustrated voice could be heard. At one point, Theresa emerged and asked Van Stralen if he'd go see if they sold thermometers at the truck-stop store.

"What's Merle need a thermometer for?" Steve asked. "He got a fever?"

"He's got stress," Theresa said.

"I accommodate every son of a bitch that gets to me," Merle told me some time later. He spoke slowly, distinctly, sounding alternately exhausted and passionate. "If I stop and turn and take somebody's eyes, so to speak—if we lock eyes—ninety per cent of the time throughout my career I accommodate him. The other day, I thought I would get off the bus awhile. So I got on the train, and everybody on that train, I think, knew me. Everybody. All the crew, everybody at the station. I shouldn't have got on the train. And not just because I couldn't be alone—me and Theresa couldn't be alone, and we wanted to be—but for other reasons. Once before, I took the train and didn't like it. I said to myself maybe I'd screwed up, let's try it again. I hadn't been mistaken. It's sad, man, really goddam sad—paper cups, plastic spoons, dirty rest rooms.

"I remember the time when a black man in America would have been the most—been proud to be a redcap on the railroad. I mean, I think I could be right in saying that unless he'd've been Joe Louis there was no higher place for him to have gone for a number of years than to be on one of the nation's beautiful trains that used to run through here. I wonder what that black man that once rode the Sunset Limited out of San Antonio for New Orleans about thirty years ago would have thought about that train that I rode on. He'd have puked. He'd have been a mad son of a bitch, because it's a sad train. I mean, they used to spit shine. It looked like sterling silverware is the only way to describe the Santa Fe Super Chief that once ran across America in the forties and fifties. Sterling silver all the way, inside and out. They Bon Ami'd those sons of bitches every time they made a two-hundred-mile run. They

The Most Famous Necklace In The World
only from Kenneth Jay Lane

From the Authentic KJL by Kenneth Jay Lane Collection

The world's most famous women, including first ladies, wear jewelry from Kenneth Jay Lane, "The King of Costume Jewelry". This is the same 16" KJL faux pearl necklace you have seen on magazine covers and newspaper front pages. Now, you can own one!

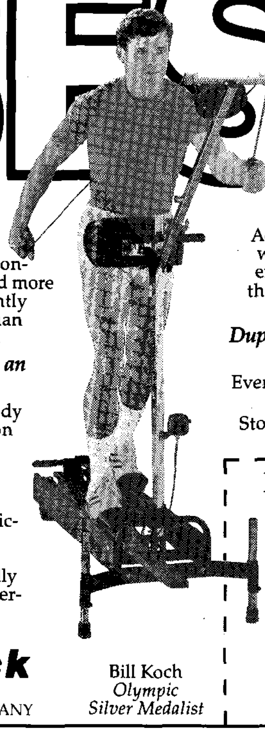
These faux pearls are of the finest imported quality. They are large (12mm), individually hand-knotted, and fastened with a 23 karat gold-plated KJL signature clasp.

If real, this necklace would cost as much as $250,000. But like the world's most famous women, you can have this fabulous KJL necklace for only $95. Matching earrings only $39 (clip or pierced). 30-day money-back guarantee.

Call Toll-Free
800-233-3489, ext. 469
(24 hours, 7 days a week)
for the name of a fine store near you, or to order by phone with VISA or MasterCard.

Or, mail check or money order to address below
(add $4.50 for shipping and handling;
NY & RI residents add sales tax).
KJL, 417 Fifth Ave., (Dept. 469) NY, NY 10016

GOOD
BETTER
BEST



NordicTrack is the Best
Here's the evidence . . .
A major university laboratory concluded NordicTrack users burned more calories and obtained significantly more cardiovascular exercise than from any other machine tested.
More complete workout than an exercise bike.
NordicTrack provides upper-body exercise missing when sitting on a stationary bike.
Safer, more thorough exercise than a rowing machine.
Unlike rowing machines, NordicTrack's arm and leg resistance can be adjusted independently so you can set the tension ideally for your arms and legs. No lower-back pain with NordicTrack.

Best way to lose weight
Aerobic exercise is the most effective way to lose weight. Because no other exercise machine burns more calories than NordicTrack, you can lose weight faster without dieting.
Duplicates the world's best exercise — cross-country skiing.
Even if you've never skied, in a few minutes you'll soon be "tracking."
Stores in only 17 × 23 inches floor space and unfolds in seconds.

NordicTrack
© 1989 NordicTrack A CML COMPANY
Bill Koch
Olympic
Silver Medalist

FREE BROCHURE AND VIDEO
Call Toll-Free or Write:
1-800-328-5888
In Canada 1-800-433-9582
141 Jonathan Blvd. No., Chaska, MN 55318
☐ Please send free brochure
☐ Also free videotape ☐ VHS ☐ BETA
Name__________
Street__________
City____ State____ Zip____
Phone (____)______ 263B0

came in, and they repainted and shined all the silver outside, and it looked like a new nickel goin' down the road. It was just unbelievable, how they used to have them. And now, hell, there's more class on a Greyhound bus.

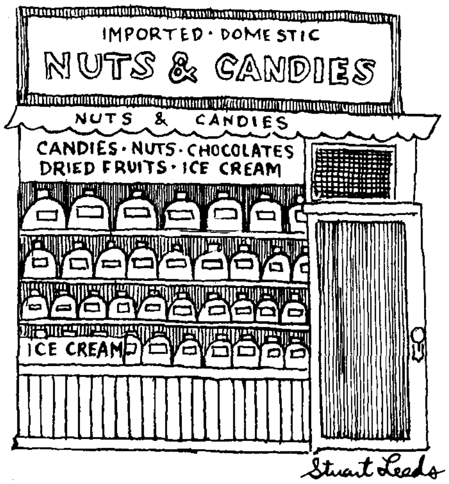
"I visioned that we would be alone—me and Theresa—and it didn't happen that way. When I got off, there was a train station full of people, and by the time I made it to the bus and we got to the truck stop there was five or six people who met me before I even made it to the door. It gets pretty irritating. When you are at some crucial point in your life, be it business or our little lives . . . Her and I, we have a couple of little lives we share together. There are times when you kind of want to lay back into your own situation, and you would like to be able to lose yourself, and you make an effort, such as I did, to get on that train and do it, and you have it completely mess up on you. I 'bout blew it there at the truck stop. I just thought, Man, is this really worth it?"

The Strangers were nearly all in a bad mood on the ride to Panama City Beach. One thing that had emerged from the coming and going and confusion and hysteria at Slidell was that their per-diem pay had been slashed. They told me that an earlier salary arrangement had been changed, evidently on the advice of one of Merle's accountants, to a per-diem, per-concert rate of a hundred and fifty dollars for every nonplaying day on the road and three hundred dollars per show; now that had been halved—again, presumably, on the accountant's advice. But for the most part they kept their financial anxieties to themselves, and made it clear—kindly—that I shouldn't bother myself with their problems. I sat in with Bonnie, Bobby Wayne, Mike Leech, and Don Markham for a desultory poker game. Usually these are whip-lively and expensive. This one was just expensive. It broke up an hour or so down the road, and one by one the Strangers headed for their bunks to read or sleep. I stretched out on a couch behind the driver's seat. Bonnie brought me a blanket and a pillow, and I was dead to the world until 5 A.M., when I woke to gaze on the low, dusty, mean Florida-panhandle landscape. We should have been in Panama City Beach hours earlier, and I wondered for a moment if there had been another uproar and we were headed west, back to California. Two of the Strangers had told me that it would not be out of the question. It turned out that Merle's bus, which we were following, had had a flat tire, and the tire's steel belt had punctured one of the large air-suspension bags at the rear. There had been a long, slow, flappety haul to an all-night convenience store and a two-hour wait for the tire to be repaired. Now we were driving at less than forty miles an hour down the straight, empty highway. The Super Chief dragged itself along ahead of us, leaning far to the right, sparks jumping out from under its diesel-coated rump. It looked like a defective, elephantine slot car, more suitable for a struggling opening act than for a country-music legend.

One after another, the Strangers woke up and wandered from their bunks to peer blearily out at the road, ask where we were, get a cup of coffee, and retreat back to the bunks. During the last couple of hours that it took us to get to Panama City Beach, and the forty minutes or so that it took us to find the motel, most of the band sat down to grouse and to reflect on the pay cut, Merle's emotional state, and the general lay of the land as far as the Merle Haggard organization went. Despite the best efforts of Merle's personal manager, his business managers, his two road managers, and his office managers, it appeared that Merle's procrastinating, self-contradictory style of decision-making and authority-delegation often meant that things took a long time to get managed, if they did at all.

"He can't go in and get something to eat at Slidell, so he blames it on us wearing our tour jackets—he never thinks it's because maybe there's two giant buses in the parking lot."

"The goddam accountant isn't out there on the interstate helping to change a tire. The goddam accountant isn't waiting around a truck stop while Merle takes the train to New Orleans instead of going straight to a job. The goddam accountant isn't stopping for burgers in the middle of the night instead of heading for the job and getting decent sleep because someone decides they're hungry."



"It's just bullshit. Cut our pay in the middle of a trip. It can't be good for morale. It isn't for mine."

"I ain't gonna take it, goddammit! This is too good a job to quit. This is the best music in the business—what are we supposed to do, go out and play for Eddie Rabbit? But where's the money?"

"Where's the goddam motel? Who's paying attention to details?"

"We took a pay cut in '87—went off salary and onto per diem—because Merle decided he wasn't going to tour as much. Then he decides to do more dates, and suddenly we're making too much money."

"It's just one temporary crisis after another temporary crisis. But they aren't short term. It's been one concession from us after another, and I'm getting disillusioned."

"All this time out here, and I don't feel like I know him at all. He's fearful of getting close to people, or something."

"We used to have *fun* out here. Look back over the years, you can't help but say things are different."

"We'd go out to dinner in a gang after a show. Go to ballgames, be a family."

"Merle used to be a lot more accessible. He'd come over on the bus here and play cards, shoot the shit, play the guitar. Not anymore. Half the time you say hello he won't hello back. I know that's his type of personality. I know he's got things on his mind. But, goddammit, it *hurts*."

"It's like your own dad rejecting you."

"He's become introverted."

"He's always succumbed to accountants. They come driving up to meet us at a show in their goddam rent-a-Buicks and stay at the suites and then when they think a cut is needed—well, hell, let's cut the band, those guys are getting too much."

"He's a very unhappy man. The divorce from Leona, his mom's death, Lewis's death. He's afraid of getting old."

"And he's kept in the dark. Hell, who knows when he found out about the pay cuts? They don't tell him nothing, or they don't tell him the real reason for something, and then when he does hear it it's all at once."

"He's too generous. People take advantage of him."

"If Merle Haggard was a jerk, it'd be easy. The lines would be drawn, we'd be out of here. But he's our friend. He's our leader. He's the best musician in the business. Merle doesn't want to hurt anyone's feelings. Christ, the only time I see him happy anymore is ten, fifteen minutes after he gets onstage."

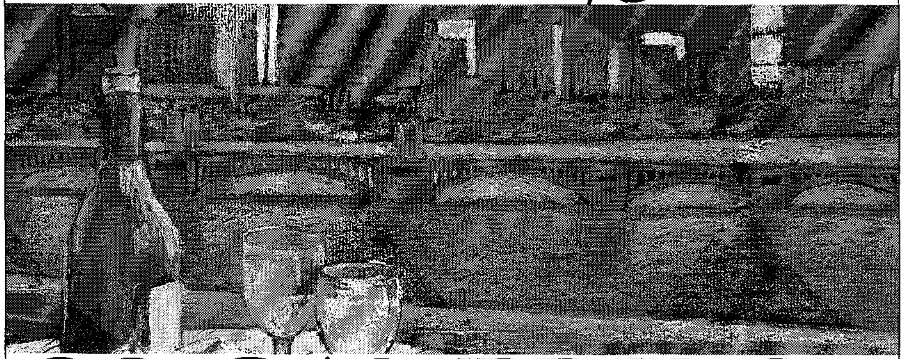
"Listen to us. We love Merle. We're worried about him. But if someone goes to him and says, 'Merle, this isn't right. Everyone's unhappy,' he'll take it so personal, get so upset, he'll just forget the whole thing, or get pissed off, or more likely just say 'Screw it!' and cancel the whole tour."

"He's a sensitive guy."

MERLE rescinded the pay cut within a few days. In Orlando, he told me that there was another reason for his blowup in Slidell—some nasty money business between him and a producer from Nashville which eventually affected some of the studio musicians who had been working on the upcoming album and lost them jobs on a future project. Nashville's country-music industry likes to present itself in public as one big happy family. It is not. It is riddled with strife and bitterness and ambition and appalling behind-the-scenes machinations comparable with the ugliest sort of city-hall political infighting. Merle declined to get specific about the trouble at hand, saying that "there's too many people hurt already," but he made plain his desire to continue to stay the hell out of Tennessee as much as possible.

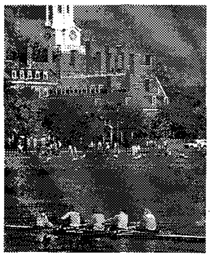
"Merle never spent much time in Nashville," Norman Hamlet told me. "If Merle had had to stay in Nashville, I think he'd be out of the business by now. I think it all has to do with his being in prison back then. He has a thing about authority. Merle has always bent rules, but in prison it's simple—you cannot do what you want. There is no 'over the line' in prison. Merle met his authoritarian match. He doesn't even like to go to Canada, for just that reason. Sometimes they just let you go right by the border, other times

SO TRANQUIL



SO CAMBRIDGE

The Charles River sets the mood. As sails catch the breeze and crewboats glide by below, you know you couldn't have found a more peaceful setting for business or pleasure. With the breathtaking skyline of Boston just over the river, and the prosperous business community of Cambridge right in our backyard, you've got the best of both worlds. So relax. Enjoy our luxurious guest rooms, indoor pool, health club, and the food and entertainment at Toffs Cafe/Restaurant. You've reached a new level of comfort. You've found the Royal Sonesta.



Royal Sonesta Hotel Boston/Cambridge
5 Cambridge Parkway, Cambridge, MA 02142 (617) 491-3600
For reservations call your travel agent or Sonesta toll-free at 800-343-7170.

SO SONESTA

Sonesta Hotels in Boston/Cambridge, Key Biscayne (Miami), Orlando and Sanibel Harbour (Florida), New Orleans, Portland (Maine), Amsterdam, Aruba, Bermuda, Egypt, Israel.

Make Wrinkles Disappear

Illusion
Wrinkle Eraser

"Hollywood's secret for younger looking skin."

You can look younger today by making wrinkles disappear. Just dab *Illusion's* revolutionary cream on wrinkles, lines, or blemishes. In only 15 seconds, your skin will look smoother and younger.

How does it work? For years Hollywood photographers have known the secret of using flattering light to make actresses appear younger. Wrinkles are noticeable because they cast shadows on your skin. No cream will remove wrinkles. But, *Illusion* uses "light technology" to make them less visible.

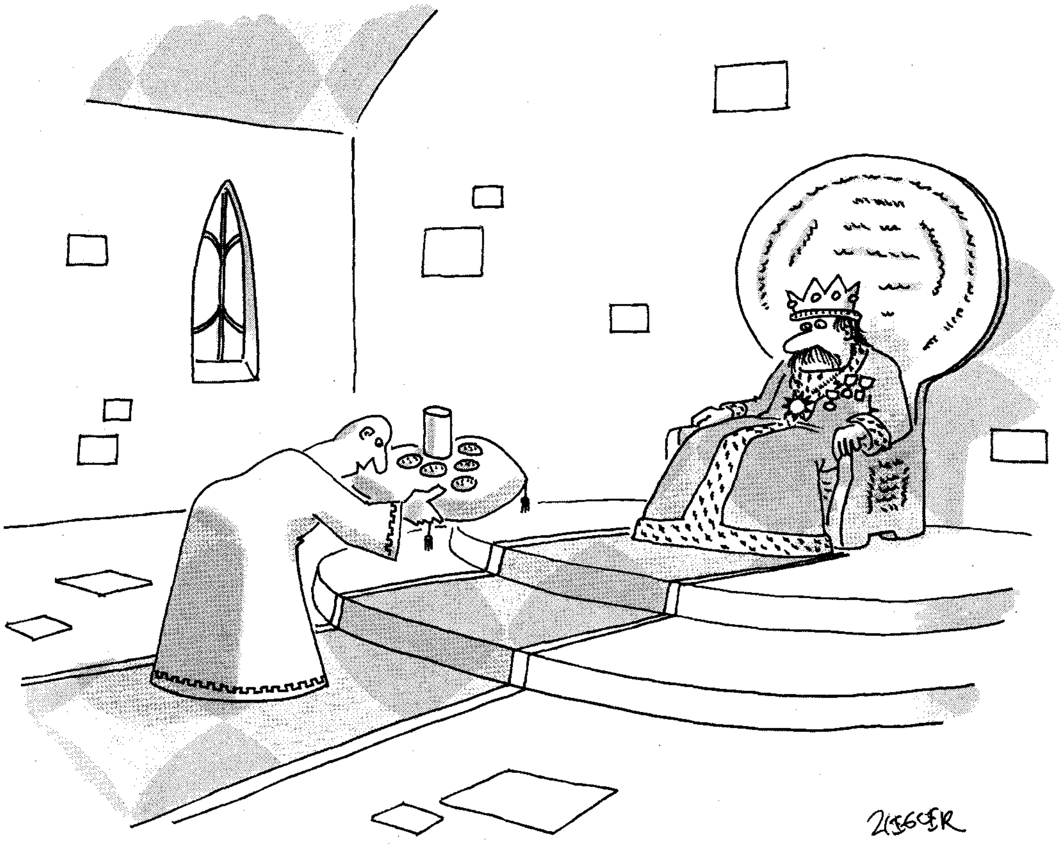
Illusion contains a blend of micro-layered quartz silica in a base of proven moisturizing ingredients...the same moisturizing ingredients used by expensive, "miracle" creams. These rare minerals reduce shadows by reflecting light. Your skin looks smoother, younger, and healthier.

Illusion is colorless, hypo-allergenic, non-sensitizing, and completely safe. Use it under make-up, over make-up or with no make-up at all.

A two-month supply is only $19.95. If you are not completely satisfied, return the unused portion within 30 days of purchase for a full and courteous refund.

Call Toll-Free
800-447-4700, Ext. 69
(24 hours everyday)
to order with VISA or MasterCard.

Or, mail check or money order to address below
(add $2.50 for shipping and handling;
CT residents add 8% sales tax).
Illusion, 45 Salisbury Road, (Dept. 69)
Darien, CT 06820



"First, milk and cookies, Excellency, then a nap, and then OFF WITH THEIR HEADS!"

they'll hop on the bus and go through ever'thing with a fine-tooth comb. Authority . . . I think it explains his reaction to fans' demands, and journalists' demands, and all kinds of demands. It's why he doesn't spend time in Nashville. There are simply too many people telling you what you should do." (Another thing that bothers Merle about Nashville is the Grand Ole Opry—the weekly showcase of country music broadcast on WSM radio, in Nashville—and he has not joined it, although he has been asked to on several occasions. In "Sing Me Back Home" he calls the Opry "that sacred cow devoted to filling the pockets of a bunch of anonymous bastards who don't know doodle-shit about country music or what it means to those of us who love it." He goes on to say that it is not the idea of the Opry which offends him, or the calibre of its music, but the way it is being run, as a sort of haphazard collection of performers. Merle would like to see it set up in three parts: old, historically significant performers; new talent; and the top current acts. He also believes that the performers ought to be paid enough to appear regularly; the Opry is broadcast, live, on Saturday nights, and members must commit themselves to a certain number of appearances annually.)

Over the years, there have been plenty of examples of Merle's rebellion against constraints, a number of them garden-variety no-shows: in Denver and Salt Lake City in 1976, because he thought he was overbooked; in Roseburg, Oregon, several years ago, because (according to newspaper reports) he and the second Leona were having difficulties; a pair of shows in Canada. Probably the most celebrated of these back outs came in 1970, when Merle, at the height of his notoriety/popularity because of "Okie from Muskogee," was asked to perform on the Ed Sullivan Show. It is not a story that Merle volunteers, and it is one that he tells with a mixture of mild regret and reluctant pride.

"I don't mind recalling this, but you got to understand I don't mean to demean the gay movement, or female impersonators, or transvestites, or guys with sex changes, but it was a circumstance that they had me doin' some choreography, and I had told 'em— It was me and Minnie Pearl and Jeannie C. Riley, singing some songs from 'Oklahoma!' This was important, and my first national exposure, but I'm not a dancer. I just— I have never wanted to act like a pansy—you know, a tiptoe-through-the-tulips sort of a guy—and that was what was happening. There was all these fruiters runnin' around, and they had us doin' figure eights and all sorts of stuff. We had six or so days of rehearsal, and they weren't listenin' to me. I'm a hillbilly. I'll *sing* Curly—I 'preciate that music, and it was a challenge to sing—but I'm a singer, not a dancer. Anyway, I was flyin' around the stage the day before the show, and I caught Fuzzy's eye and told him I'd meet him in the bus next time around. I don't know what he thought—maybe that I wanted a break, needed a cigarette. So I come around and danced right off the stage, and we left in the bus. I saw Minnie Pearl years later, and you know what she told me? 'That was when I became a fan of Merle Haggard, that night.' They got Johnny Mathis, I believe, to replace me, and they never sued, so they must have known they were wrong."

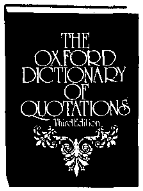
THE shows in Panama City Beach, one at five in the afternoon and another a few hours later, made everyone, with the possible exception of Merle, uncomfortable. The venue was the Ocean Opry, a metal-sided box across from a dismal shopping mall on the busy beachside highway. The sign out front read:

SAT. FEB 18, MERLE HAGGARD
AND AVA BARBER
SAT. FEB 25, FREE BAR B Q
DISCOUNT NIGHT

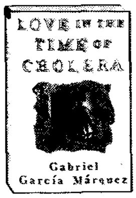
and the small lobby was cluttered with stands for a local shopping newspaper and oil paintings of seascapes offered (according to a hand-lettered sign) for seventy-five dollars apiece.

The impresario of the Ocean Opry, a hefty Ned Beatty look-alike and fundamentalist Christian named Wayne

Quality Paperback Book Club Caters to All Sorts of Readers.


THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS
Third Edition

*482. This latest edition of the famous dictionary has 40,000 memorable quotations.
Hardcover: $45
QPB: $18.95


LOVE IN THE TIME OF CHOLERA
Gabriel García Márquez

427. The Nobel laureate's latest fiction charts the course of a 50-year romantic triangle.
Hardcover: $18.95
QPB: $7.95

BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM
THE CIVIL WAR ERA

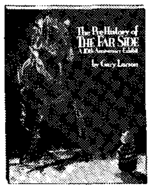
467. The critically acclaimed, best-selling history of the Civil War.
Hardcover: $35
QPB: $14.95

MICROWAVE GOURMET
Barbara Kafka

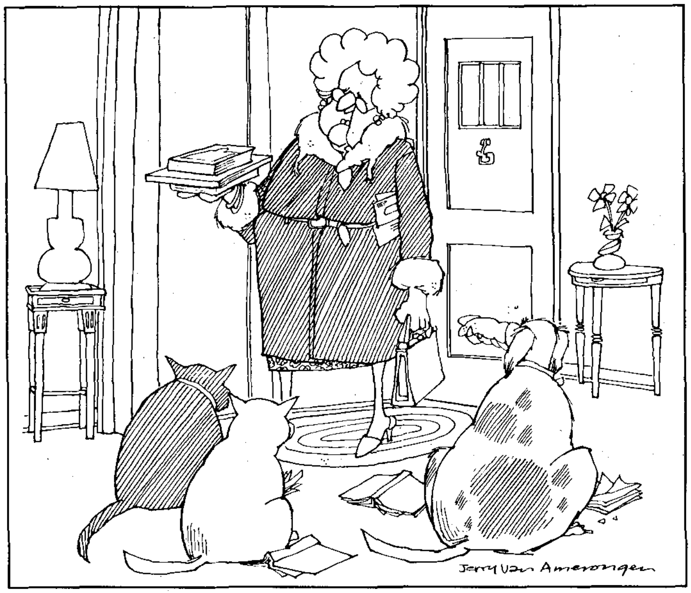
*330. An award-winning food writer offers more than 600 recipes for your microwave oven.
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $9.95

MYTHOLOGY
by Edith Hamilton

416. Mythology rewritten with a new understanding of the great legends.
Hardcover: $16.95
QPB: $8.95


The PreHistory of THE FAR SIDE
by Gary Larson

211. Take a trip down Larson's memory lane with over 300 color and black-and-white cartoons.
QPB: $10.95

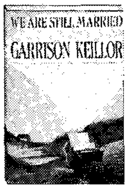

Jerry Van Amerongen

OK. Who ordered three books for three bucks and how do you intend to pay for them?

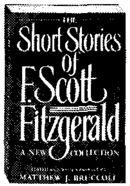
3 books, 3 bucks. No commitment. No kidding.

Whatever your reading taste, QPB has something for you. Just check out the selection on this page. Then choose any 3 books for $3, plus shipping and handling. After that, you're under no obligation to buy another book.

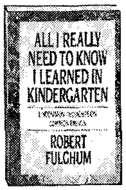
As a member, you'll receive the *QPB Review* 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). It lists the latest books we're offering; an unusual selection of softcover books—priced at up to 60% less than their hardcover counterparts. Another benefit of membership is our Bonus Point program: for every book you buy, after this special offer, you'll earn Bonus Points. These can be traded in for free books—you pay just shipping and handling. With all this in mind, don't you think QPB is the book club for you?


WE ARE STILL MARRIED
GARRISON KEILLOR

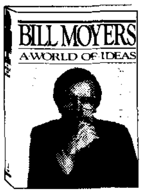
*447. A hilarious new collection from the author of *Lake Wobegon Days.*
Hardcover: $18.95
QPB: $9.50


The Short Stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald
A NEW COLLECTION
MATTHEW J. BRUCCOLI

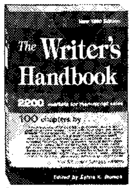
*194. A landmark omnibus collection of 43 of Fitzgerald's best short stories.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $13.95


ALL I REALLY NEED TO KNOW I LEARNED IN KINDERGARTEN
ROBERT FULGHUM

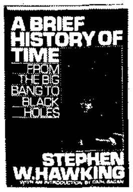
253. Fulghum's premise is that we learned the important lessons by age 5: "Play fair; Don't hit people; Flush. . . ."
Hardcover: $15.95
QPB: $7.95


BILL MOYERS
A WORLD OF IDEAS

182. Moyers talks about everything from morality to science with notable individuals.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $15.95


The Writer's Handbook

*256. What to write, how to write it, where to sell it.
Hardcover: $27.95
QPB: $13.75


A BRIEF HISTORY OF TIME
FROM THE BIG BANG TO BLACK HOLES
STEPHEN W. HAWKING

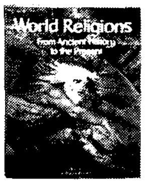
*321. Stephen Hawking offers a convincing big picture of the origins of the cosmos.
Hardcover: $18.95
QPB: $9.50

SENSUAL MASSAGE

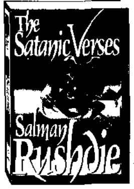
297. Soothing therapeutic techniques. 150 graphic photographs.
QPB: $9.50

TIME LIFE BOOKS
COMPLETE FIX-IT-YOURSELF MANUAL

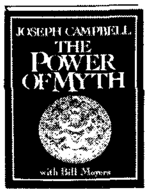
*117. Over 1600 problem-solving drawings with explanations on every aspect of home repair.
Hardcover: $24.95
QPB: $12.95


World Religions
From Ancient History to the Present

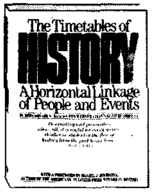
601. The evolution of beliefs throughout history. Illustrated.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $12.95


The Satanic Verses
Salman Rushdie

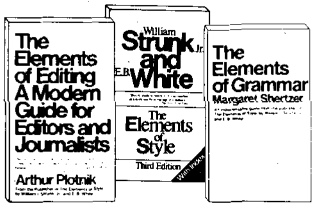
*406. "A roller-coaster ride over a vast landscape of the imagination."–*London Guardian*
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $9.95


JOSEPH CAMPBELL
THE POWER OF MYTH
with Bill Moyers

423. A scholar tells how myths have shaped our lives. A PBS TV series.
Hardcover: $27.50
QPB: $15.95


The Timetables of HISTORY
A Horizontal Linkage of People and Events

267. The story of civilization in a unique chart format.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $15.95


The Elements of Editing
A Modern Guide for Editors and Journalists
Arthur Plotnik
William Strunk Jr. and E.B. White
The Elements of Style
Third Edition
The Elements of Grammar
Margaret Shertzer

109. A special QPB trio: *The Elements of Style, The Elements of Grammar, The Elements of Editing.*
3-volume set
QPB: $10.95

*QPB Exclusive: The only softcover edition now available.

How QPB Membership Works.

Selection: Each *Review* lists a new Selection. If you want it, do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you want another book or no book at all, complete the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the specified date. (A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.)

Return Privilege: If the *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit.

Cancellations: You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

OK. Send me my 3 books today. No commitment. No kidding.

Quality Paperback Book Club,® P.O. Box 8804, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8804

Please enroll me in QPB and send me the 3 choices I've listed below, billing me only $1 each, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me the *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for at least six months. If I have not bought at least one book in any six-month period, you may cancel my membership.

0-16
☐ ☐ ☐ *Indicate by number your 3 choices*

QPB® Quality Paperback Book Club

Name *(Please print clearly.)* QB116-2-1

Address Apt.

City State Zip

Prices are generally higher in Canada. © 1990 Quality Paperback Book Club. All orders subject to approval.

Rader, puts on regular shows that cater to the large elderly population in the area, and there were an inordinate number of vans from various senior-citizen centers in the Opry parking lot. There were only two small dressing rooms, and smoking and drinking were prohibited on the premises. Rader was everywhere before the show, suspicious and worried. He asked me if the band had any women along, and began telling me about other acts and the prostitutes and underage women they brought with them—a tale that began in disgust and appeared to drift toward enthusiasm. Onstage, in the course of introducing Merle after the opening act—Ava Barber is a country singer and an alumna of the Lawrence Welk Show—Rader announced that barbecue sandwiches were available in the lobby, reminded the audience of upcoming acts, and then launched into a plea for funds for a local charter-boat captain who had recently lost several limbs owing to an adverse reaction to medication in the hospital. There would be donation cans near all of the Ocean Opry's exits after the show, Rader said.

Inexplicably, given the circumstances, Merle gave two knockout performances. His "Mama's Prayers" was near-spiritual, and he broke hearts with "Today I Started Loving You Again" all over again. His voice on "Always Late with Your Kisses" rolled along its cordillera of syllables like a fine-tuned sports car. At one point in the first show, he made a rare solicitation for requests: "We got songs goin' back twenty-seven years. Isn't this one of the finest bands? You get a treat, and I get a treat. The travellin' gets old, but this just keeps gettin' better." In the course of that show, he did an especially poignant job on Jimmie Rodgers' "T.B. Blues," making the death song—"Fightin' like a lion, Looks like I'm gonna lose, 'Cause there ain't nobody ever whipped the T.B. blues"—all the more unsettling by a lighthearted introduction: "Back in the beginning, there was Jimmie Rodgers. They call us country because we sing music that makes a little sense. HA! He wanted to call it 'Tuberculosis Blues,' but he couldn't say 'tuberculosis' and yodel at the same time, so he called it 'T.B. Blues.' " Both shows went ten minutes over an hour, and Merle ended the second show with "Okie from Muskogee" and "The Fightin' Side of Me."

The next morning, Bonnie Owens and I were eating breakfast in the motel's coffee shop, making small talk—the weather, daytime television (she is addicted to certain soap operas), the possibilities of a trip to Disney World—when Merle appeared outside its large windows. He looked out of place in the sunshine—pale and frowning, a man with unwanted time on his hands.

"He's probably thinkin' of a new song," Bonnie said. She waved him in to join us. He sat down and said nothing. Eventually, the young waitress took his order of eggs and coffee. Bonnie told him she thought the shows had gone real well the night before. Merle cocked his head and asked how far it was to Orlando.

"I think three, four hundred miles."

Merle furrowed his brow. His mouth kicked to the side in a twitch. "In the old days, a singer operated like a preacher," he said. "He just went on and on at a show as long as he wanted, or the crowd wanted. Then, after, he'd have to go off and shake hands. Course, you have to realize that in them days—I'm talkin' about the thirties—three hundred people was a big crowd. What'd we have last night?"

"One thousand, according to the owner," I answered.

"Singers used to work their asses off," he went on. "They'd play and play at night, then they'd run back to their home base and do a morning radio show. Bob Wills, he once worked sixty days with no nights off."

Some silence.

"You know, 'Stardust,' I understand, is the only truly original melody of our time," Merle said. He turned to Bonnie. "Jimmie Rodgers was supposed to have perfect pitch. I think he had even more of a distinctive voice than Bing Crosby. There was no hope for tuberculosis then, just like cancer right now. They say he once took sixteen curtain calls, none of them with a microphone, and by the last one he had blood runnin' down from the corner of his mouth. He was just blisterin' their ass, I swear."

The waitress brought him his food. "Are you Merle Haggard?" she asked.

He looked up from his plate and stared at her. "No, I'm not," he said.

I asked Merle when he had learned to play the fiddle.

"It was a while back there. Goddam, talk about work! I once played that thing for forty-eight straight hours to learn it. And there was no dope involved. I was straight as a string for that. Everybody else was eatin' beans and uppers and all, and I was wearin' 'em out."

Bonnie nodded agreement.

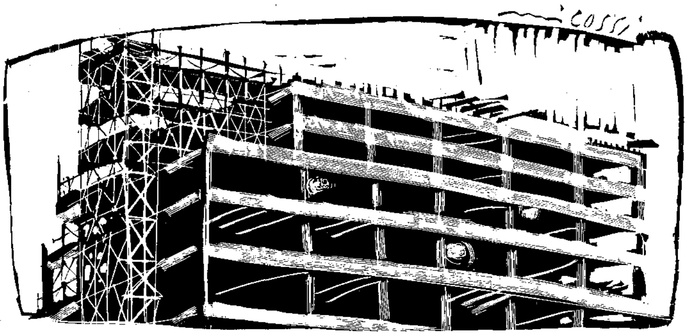
"HA! The boys were droppin' like flies. I *had* to work hard. I told Fuzzy I wanted to learn the fiddle, and you know what he said to me? 'You got about fifty thousand hours on it to go, so you better get started now.' Playin' a breakdown is like playin' pool. There is nothing like it. No art on earth to compare it with . . . You know, I put my ear to the speaker five hundred times, listenin' to Lefty sing 'Always Late,' wonderin' if I could pick up a flaw. I never could. I once played it for some Indians when I was sixteen. I played it over and over again. It was a chant for them, a goddam Indian chant."

"I don't like any new version I've heard," Bonnie said cheerfully.

Merle looked straight and hard at her. "I don't like *my* version," he said.

I remarked that the Ocean Opry seemed an odd place for a stellar performance, and that I would find it difficult to give it my all if I didn't like the circumstances.

Merle narrowed his eyes. "I have a responsibility to take my talent to the fullest bloom. I feel, uh, *intended*, and when I allow myself to vary from that I get spanked, reprimanded in life. I'm thoroughly convinced I'm supposed to be doing this, or something like it. Yeah, it has its plusses and minuses. The plus of playin' guitar, of satisfying the crowd in different ways. Now, last



night you had a no-smoke, no-drink, Protestant-oriented religious guy runnin' things. When he came out and raised his hands after the last song—UP! UP!—that spoiled the whole act. We never will know if we got 'em—a subdued, older group—got 'em standin' on their own. He shouldn't be goin' out there when I'm onstage and askin' me if I'll come back. I said, 'Not right now.' "

Merle got up. He said he'd see us down the road.

"That's Merle Haggard for you," Bonnie said after a bit. "Here's all this stuff, you know, about the pay cut, and the album, and some guy ruinin' his show in his eyes, and he goes out there and does a great show—two great shows. He can change in two seconds. I don't know what makes him change. There's times you want to stay out of his way, but no one is *afraid* of him. He's right out there in the open.

"He can't relax. That's why he left the table, most likely. I don't know for sure, because I don't know Merle that well these days. We're friends, but I'm not close to him, like in the old days. I know he never really could relax when we were together. We'd take off from the road in the old days, and after a couple days at home he'd want to go to Reno or Tahoe. We'd stay at a hotel, always. I asked him why he wanted to spend his time in these places, and he said, 'I don't know. I think it's the idea that there's people down there awake, to talk to, if I want to.'

"Merle can be real thoughtful. You know, on the duet album, 'Just Between the Two of Us,' I didn't have the range to get the highs we needed. So I dropped, and Merle had to go up. We're doing a twenty-fifth-anniversary album. Our voices are richer, fuller, more experienced. The desire is the same as way back then, but now we know how to use our voices. It'll be good. It'll show Merle's soft side, doing an album with his ex-wife. It's wonderful, this chance. That first one was so innocent. It's like having cake two times."

IN Orlando, we checked into a second-rate hotel—frayed, wet carpets, a depressing coffee shop and bar, and throngs of exhausted, sunburned American, French, and Japanese tourists. The lodging arrangements had been made by the promoter of the Orlando show, which was to be taped at the Cheyenne Saloon & Opera House for broadcast on the Nashville Network. The Cheyenne Saloon was part of a shopping-and-eating complex of uncertain thematic flavor—its tenants also included Phineas Phogg's Balloon Works, Rosie O'Grady's Good Time Emporium, and Lili Marlene's Aviator's Pub & Restaurant—called the Church Street Station.

Two days after we arrived, I met Bonnie for breakfast again. She was accompanied by Bette Adam, who had closed Merle's California office to join her husband on tour. Bette, Biff, and Fuzzy Owen had been to Epcot Center the day before, and were excited about the possibility of interesting Merle in staying at one of the park's nearby hotels and touring the place the next time they were in Orlando.

"Merle, he'd just love it," Bette said. "I think they have a hotel right there, or one you can take a future train, or something, to and from, so Merle wouldn't have to battle traffic or nothing."

"He'd love it, for sure," Bonnie said.

"And the best thing—nobody there would give a damn if it's Merle Haggard or not. Hell, most of the people we saw—your Japanese, your French, your whatever—they can't even speak English, let alone care about Merle Haggard."

"It's important that he can get away and be nobody," Bonnie said.

"If he's worried, he could wear some sunglasses and a damn hat," Bette said. "Oh, he'd— He gets so excited about things. Bonnie, do you know, one time he calls me at one in the morning and says he needs a VCR? He was in Missouri, or Arkansas, and there he was, couldn't sleep, and there was nothing on the TV."

"Did he want it right then?" I asked.

"Yes. But there was no place to buy one at one o'clock in the morning, and no planes leaving, even if I *could* have bought one. So I waited until the next day, and put it special on a plane, and the whole thing cost something like fifteen hundred dollars. Another time, he calls me at three in the morning, from somewheres out there, and says, 'Bette, take down this number and order me three of 'em.' Then he gives me an 800 number and says, 'You got to do it right now.' And then he hangs up. Doesn't even tell me what I'm ordering. I do it and go back to sleep,

LOSE WEIGHT ON HILTON HEAD ISLAND

It's not often that you can enjoy a premier vacation resort while *at the same time* lose weight, improve metabolism, reduce cholesterol and develop a healthier lifestyle. But that's exactly what the Hilton Head Health Institute enables you to do.

Since 1976 thousands of men and women have achieved long-term positive changes with our Health and Weight Control Programs. Rather than providing a short-term diet and exercise regimen the Institute offers a comprehensive mind/body approach as outlined in our bestselling books which include *The Hilton Head Metabolism Diet*, *If I'm So Smart Why Do I Eat Like This?* and *The Hilton Head Over-35 Diet*.

For a healthy vacation that will change your life for years to come call toll-free: 1-800-292-2440 or mail the coupon below.

Hilton Head Health Institute
Valencia Road, Shipyard Plantation
P.O. Box 7138 NY
Hilton Head Island, SC 29938

Name ____________
Address ____________
____
City ____________
State ____________ Zip ____________
Phone (______) ____________

and the next morning I'm thinking better, so I call the 800 number again and ask what it was I ordered the night before. They tell me it's one of those things that sucks all the air out from around food and then wraps it up in plastic so's you can freeze it smaller. See, you buy bulk and then cut it up yourself. Well, Merle calls and asks me if I ordered 'em, and I told him I did, and I asked him why he needed three. He said, 'One for the bus, one for the houseboat, and one for home. I want to put up black-eyed peas.' "

To make sure I got at least some of Bette's story straight, I repeated the part about Merle asking her to call the 800 number. She nodded.

"Why didn't you tell him to call the number himself?" I asked.

"People tell me I should," Bette said.

Later that day, I got a call in my room from Bonnie, who said that Merle was downstairs and wanted to talk to me. I found him in front of the hotel, folded up in the jump seat of a long white limousine. He was wearing a tank-top T-shirt, sweatpants, cowboy boots, and a Panama hat. (Merle's preferred dress offstage has become a matter of some concern in recent years. The first time I saw him, for instance, during a sound check in Spokane, he was wearing a billed cap, a camouflage T-shirt, swimming trunks, and cowboy boots. "He even flies in those sweatclothes of his," Bette Adam told me. "Can you imagine that? Merle Haggard, in first class, wearing sweatpants? He says, 'Bette, I just don't give a shit anymore what people think.' I think he got that way after his mother died. I think it's weird.")

We headed out in the limousine, on Merle's orders to the driver, to find a place for Theresa, who was sitting near me on the back seat holding a camera, to take some sunset-over-water pictures.

Beginning a conversation with Merle—who was once again stone-faced, this time staring out the window—is a little like starting a car on a cold winter morning.

I asked him how he was enjoying himself in Florida.

"It's O.K."

I asked him how he liked the countryside.

"It's pretty flat."

I asked him if he had got to the ocean.

"No."

"Do you much care for the ocean, Merle?"

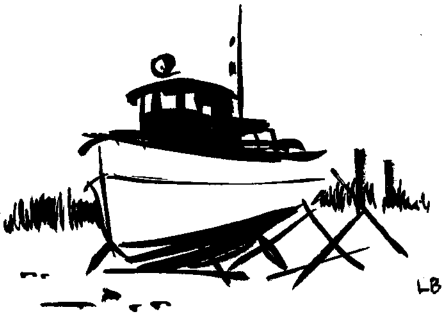
"No, I don't. Like Fuzzy says, 'What you're seein' isn't the half of it.' HA!"

I asked him about rumors that he was going to build a movie studio on his property.

"There's a lot of things to be done. I'm thinkin' of growing pistachios. We're gonna put in the first ten acres this spring, and then, in the lowland, put in a long catfish farm, a linear-type construction. I've been thinkin' of havin' some acres for the band, so we could get together and jam when we wanted to, real quicklike, but . . . I was talking with my daughter a while back about a foster home, some sort of an orphanage, a refuge for orphan children, or a boys' school—you know—or some sort of military school for troubled children, or something."

"Something nicer than the places you were put in?"

"Something to keep them from winding up in those places," Merle replied sharply. "A lot of them need discipline—need to understand why discipline is necessary. I think children are oftentimes unaware that they have to do certain things. They back-talk to their parents and really aren't bad kids, they just kind of like never had any discipline—boys, especially. I never was a girl, so I couldn't say for sure, but I think it's probably good for them to have a little supervision—responsibility and discipline, you know? My feeling is that I have . . . There's no man on earth that—unless he intends to grow something, or raise something, or start some kind of game refuge, which is one idea that is very high on the list up there—no man on earth can use as much land as I have. I would be wise to locate select people that might be interested in living there, and make some sort of long-term lease with them on ten acres, say, and have them build a home and have access to my full seven hundred. It's like they would own seven hundred, too."



We caught a glimpse of a freight train as we drove out of town, and Merle craned for a view of it.

"You know, on that train to New Orleans, one of the attendants was supposed to go on the train I was trying to get across the country for the Farm Aid deal. He told me that all the equipment and everything had been put together in Los Angeles and was all ready to go. He was telling me what the equipment looked like. I guess I really didn't visualize what it looked like, because when the deal didn't happen I sort of put it all out of my mind. Goddam! We came close. It cost me forty-five thousand dollars out of my pocket. The insurance is what messed us up. You had to get insurance for the train itself, and then the insurance from each individual railroad company, and we couldn't even get Lloyd's of London on the deal. It was the goddamnedest thing I ever undertook in my life. Even the President of the United States couldn't help me. Of course, the amount of celebrities that was going to be on that train . . . Margaret Thatcher might be aboard for a while, we thought. What should have happened, one of those rich California farmers should have jumped up there and put up a cash bond for that son of a bitch. Merv Griffin could have put up a million-dollar bond, the bastard!"

Merle looked and sounded as if he was getting grumpy, and I changed the subject, perhaps unwisely, to politics. Merle mentioned playing for Nixon and Reagan, and meeting Jimmy Carter, and how he had been asked and had refused to play for George Wallace's 1970 gubernatorial campaign. Then he talked about the 1988 Presidential election and told me he'd appreciate my keeping his preference quiet.

"Merle, is your politics any of my business? I mean, what part of you is private and what part is public?" It was a question I had asked him three times before, and each time he had avoided answering.

"I try to keep some things private, and probably the things that I try to keep private would not interest even you. As to most anything that would disturb the Southern Baptists—I *should* keep that private, but it is something I would make sure leaks out."

"Make sure?"

"Yeah, so as not to let anybody confuse me with being a Jimmy Swaggart type, a TV-evangelistic type. If I hired a hooker so I could lay underneath her skirt and look up her dress the way Swaggart did—don't be surprised, I might do that. You know what I mean?"

"No."

"It's not anybody's business but mine, but you would think that that would be the type of thing that most people would imagine I would want to keep quiet. But it's just the opposite. People about half piss me off, gossipin' and nailin' each other to the goddam cross over things they are all guilty of. Judgin' each other, and persecutin' and prosecutin' each other, and all of them standin' in a crowd, pattin' each other on the back, guilty of whatever they are hangin' the man for. You know? Goddam, that makes me mad! This is the type of person that when they happen to be at a self-righteous plane in their life, their human nature seems to be— Look off on that guy that has fallen into the ditch, and maybe they see something they have already cleaned up, or they have been able to conceal in the closet all these years, and they say, 'Let's just cut this sucker down over there and take the heat off ourselves.' In my study and understanding of the Bible, there is nothing in there to indicate a badgering of sexual conduct in one's private life. I can't find that in there. I find the absolute opposite in the life of Christ. Christ with the prostitute is all that needs to be said. You know, he didn't tell that woman to quit doin' whatever the hell she was doin'. He didn't even say that prostitution was her sin. We are all sinners in his eyes."

"What was she doing at the time?" Theresa asked.

"Nobody knows," Merle said. "This goes back to the Jimmy Swaggart thing. Mainstream Christianity, as I understand it, I believe Jimmy Swaggart misunderstood it. He, see, is preaching John 3:16: 'Whosoever believeth in Him shall have everlasting life.' O.K. That does away with his problem. He doesn't have to jump up there in front of the congregation on Channel 10 and tell everybody everythin' he done. He has *already* been saved. That would be like a child stumbled, a year and a half old, and fell down, and his daddy jerked his ass up and threw him in a trash can. His life is over. Now, Jimmy Swaggart lookin' up that girl's dress had nothing to do with his ministry. You know, that Judgment Day when we are put in the Book of Life or Death may not be the same Judgment Day that has to do with our conduct. I am sure that the Lord is going to reprimand Hitler's ass. His head and shoulders, too. Maybe not. I have never known— What is the unforgivable sin?" He turned to Theresa. "Is it blasphemy?"

Theresa shrugged.

He turned to me. "Is it murder?"

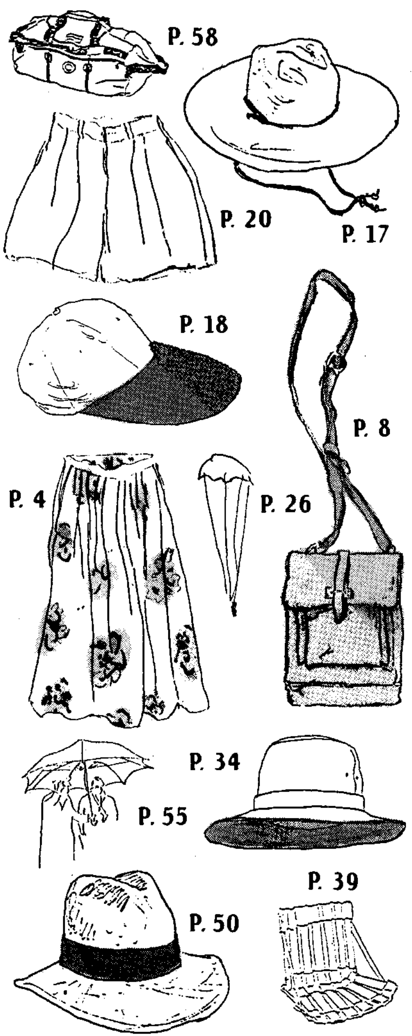
I shrugged.

"What about warping the mind of a young child? Causing that child to turn out to be a Charles Manson, or that guy that shot those kids up in Stockton. Whoever warps the mind of a child, to me, is guilty of some bad shit. Bad shit! The Bible says, 'To all the sinners that have broken the laws of God, the wrath of God is something to be taken seriously, but woe to those who harm the little children.' What that means is, You think you are in trouble, buddy—you fuck with one of the kids, and you wish you had never goddam been *born!*

"If Christ was nothing else, he was the greatest philosopher that ever lived. The way he answered his questions, you know? His disciples said, 'What is it about wine, or the fruit of the vine? Is it all right to drink, Lord?' He said if it lifts your spirits and makes your belly feel better. He said if it makes you feel better in reality, it might be all right. But he went on to say, 'Don't become drunk and stupid.' "

Merle sagged in his seat, and we drove on in silence for several miles, until we pulled up near a small lake. The sun had all but set, and Theresa said she didn't think it was worth it to try to take any pictures.

It was dark by the time we turned off the interstate and headed back to the hotel. Merle asked the driver if there was someplace nearby where he could buy a portable cassette player, and in a few minutes we pulled up in front of a



The J. Peterman Catalogue. (No. 5) Spring '90.

©1990 The J. Peterman Company

Catalogue to ______ name

address ______

city ______ state ______ zip ______

The J. Peterman Company
2444 Palumbo Drive
Lexington, Kentucky 40509
(800) 231-7341

NY2/12

GALAPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galapagos expedition. 50 Trip dates. Machu Picchu Option.
FREE BROCHURE
INCA FLOATS 415-420-1550
1311Y 63rd ST, EMERYVILLE, CA 94608

DESERT TEA
(Ephedra viridis)
This Original Wild American Tea Gives you a Remarkable Drink.
HOT or ICED • DELICIOUS • NATURAL
2 oz. pkg yields 100 cups — $8 postpaid
Desert Mountain Tea Co., POB 328N, Whitethorn, CA 95489
A RARE GIFT OF THE DESERT

SO IT'S COME TO THIS, EH?

K mart. Theresa got out to go look for the cassette player, and Merle asked her to buy him an Orange Crush. He started looking through some cassettes of his music, which were lying on the floor, and put one in the limousine's player. The driving "Ramblin' Fever" came on. Merle started playing the bones, singing along with himself and slapping his knees in double time. He pulled the tape out after a while and looked for another.

"When we recorded 'Misery and Gin,' damn if they didn't have a hundred musicians out there," he said. "Two pianos, two steel guitars, forty-eight-something violins. We got her on the first take. I knew it. I looked out over this sea of players and said, 'Hell, let's do it one more time, just for the fun of it.' HA!"

"For three or four days before I write a good song, I am like a woman with P.M.S. It's ridiculous. You know—just do things you are totally ashamed of. Say things or hurt somebody's feelings for no reason, and not even know why I do. Then I'll write a song, maybe four or five songs, and the weight of the world is off my shoulders for six months or so. I can feel the pressure of people saying, 'Write that song, Hag. Write us a song. Come on, give us one more.' Sometimes people will go to the trouble to come up and tell me so in their own individual manner. And if there is one person that will go to that trouble, how many are out there that you never know about? The brain is incredible. How far that power extends is not certain. Those thoughts those people have—I feel the pressure of those people sometimes."

He played most of the dreamy, lilting "The Way I Am," and leaned back in the jump seat, his eyes closed, his head swaying in time. He looked lost in peace. Theresa came back and said that K mart didn't have the right kind of player but that the driver could take us to another store, across the street.

"Did you get that Orange Crush?"

"No, but I bought you this sweatshirt," Theresa said, holding up a gray sweatshirt with some lettering on it.

"Good! I'll drink that!"

I sat in the car as Merle and Theresa went shopping at a large Montgomery Ward. The driver leaned against the limousine's front fender, and a small crowd gathered. People cupped their hands and put their faces against the car's darkened windows until the driver shooed them away. Ten minutes later, Merle and Theresa, holding hands, emerged from the store with a box under Merle's free arm, and we pulled out of the parking lot. Merle put on another tape, a rambunctious medley of "Workin' Man Blues" and "Always Late with Your Kisses," and before long his great contraption of a band—guitars, piano, drums, horns—was wailing at top volume. "Listen to them boys!" he shouted, alternating his knee-slapping with a rapid tattoo on the limousine's bar. "Tell me they ain't up on their horses! *Whoooo! Whoooo!*"

THE recording studio at Eleven-Eleven Sound Studio, in Nashville, where Merle reluctantly went between engagements in order to record "5:01 Blues" and "A Better Love Next Time" for his new album, is a windowless, airtight room lit by track lights and scattered with music stands and upholstered, pillowlike sound baffles. Merle was not happy to be there. He felt that the two songs he was there to record had been forced on him by nonmusical outsiders; namely, Roy Wunsch, the head of CBS Records' Nashville operation, and Wunsch's artists-and-repertory man, Bob Montgomery.

"We had something like twenty, twenty-five songs we'd done over the last couple years, ready to put on the album," Merle told me a week or so before the session, "and we'd decided what we was gonna make the album of, and what to call it—'Under the Bridge.' Then these 'xecutives came on out to the house in Redding to talk to me about it and play some songs for me—which just happened to be Tree Publishing songs, which CBS Records owns—and I said, 'O.K., I'll put a couple of the songs you want on the album, songs that you like, but I get to call it 'Under the Bridge,' and you boys have got to give me a great, dynamic-type promotion.' " (One of the suggested songs—"5:01 Blues"—eventually became the album's title cut.) "That's the trade I made. 'Your expertise is in the line of marketing,' I told 'em, 'and now you're gettin' into creative work.' They maybe spot-listened to two, three songs for the album, and they come up with their opinion on matters. They always seem to get the upper hand somehow. Someone is young when he starts out, O.K.—the company has got

How can you make your money go farther when you travel?

○ *Stow away.*
○ *Pack a lunch or two.*
○ *Use AT&T and your AT&T Card from public phones to save you money around the world.*

Call after call, AT&T is the best value around. For the facts about prices, call 1 800 225-7466 Ext. 1011.

AT&T
The right choice.

©1989 AT&T

1st IN A SERIES

THE VISTA CLARA *Experience*

At first, you'll notice the surprising contrast of pure luxury against Santa Fe's rugged arroyos and powerful vistas. Next, as one of only fourteen guests, you sense the important yet subtle role our attentive staff plays as your mental and physical stresses naturally melt away.

As the week unfolds, you begin to feel a clarity, a renewed sense of self, and a genuine exhilaration as you return to purposeful action. This is the Vista Clara experience. It may be the most important choice you make for yourself all year.

VISTA CLARA
HEALTH RETREAT & SPA
Box 111-G Galisteo, New Mexico 87540
(505) 988-8865
1-800-247-0301

IN SAN FRANCISCO
WINTER SPECIAL – December - February

Just 2 blocks west of Union Square. Complimentary Continental Breakfast. Home of the highly acclaimed Post St. Bar & Cafe.
$76-$98

THE ANDREWS HOTEL
624 Post Street, San Francisco, CA 94109
– *Call for Brochure* –
(800) 227-4742 (415) 563-6877
In California: (800) 622-0557

AL HIRSCHFELD
ETCHINGS/LITHOGRAPHS
Catalog Available
GEORGE J. GOODSTADT, INC.
17 DANBURY ROAD, RIDGEFIELD, CT 06877 203-438-1836

"Beautiful Hand Cut Wooden Jigsaw Puzzles"
Intricately cut to order from 5-ply mahogany and personalized with interesting shapes and silhouettes.
Call or send for free information.
Elms Puzzles, Inc. (301) 583-7535
8 Beech Leaf Court / Towson, MD 21204

the goddam education and the know-how. I was lucky that way—both Fuzzy Owen and Ken Nelsen, who produced me, let me have more or less a free hand. But, in general, you, as an artist, are insecure and—you know—vulnerable. I'm *not* young. I was supposed to be gone from this scene a long time ago, and yet here I am. Sometimes I think it would be a lot easier for them to just drop me, and quit worryin' about the three hundred thousand albums I'm gonna sell, or the gold I'm gonna jump up there and get. I'm a problem. Well, I don't care. I don't care if they drop me. I'll just go to the goddam sky. I'll just hire me the goddam sky-time on television and sell that son of a bitch. 'Dial 800 HAG-TAPE,' you know? HA HA HAAAA HA! If those companies don't tie up the sky rights, they're gonna lose everything. It's plain marketing sense. You can advertise even an unknown or forgotten artist that way. There's three or four that have done it—Roger Whittaker, Boxcar Willie, Cristy Lane. CBS offered ol' Boxcar Willie a contract. You know what he told 'em? 'You gotta be shittin' me! You gonna pay me two dollars an album? I make nine where I'm at right now!' I can make as much out of fifty thousand sales in the sky as I can with three hundred thousand at CBS.

"Most of the old gentlemen at CBS I grew up with are gone. Now, CBS let Johnny Cash go a while ago. Just like that! I couldn't stand it. I said, 'You know you let the son of a bitch go who paid for the seats you're sittin' in?' They aren't old enough to understand what I'm talkin' about. They don't even understand the value of preserving the talent. What they're interested in is a fast record sale, and promotions, and gettin' the wives to the Virgin Islands."

As the recording session, which began around 5 P.M., dragged on into the night, a crowd gathered in the control room, arriving in twos and threes. Mike Leech had rounded up some studio musicians for the session, including Johnny Christopher and Bobby Wood, the co-writers of "A Better Love Next Time." At least four other songwriters were also present: Red Lane, who is an old friend and collaborator of Merle's; Jeff Tweel, who had co-written "5:01 Blues"; and two younger men, who had come to see if they could pitch songs to Merle. In addition to the songwriters, the group in the control room included Dottie West, a veteran country singer with a mane of teased strawberry hair, who was wearing a red blouse and fringed, red, knee-high boots and had fingernails the length of fingers and earrings the size of minor planets; Frank Mull, who was described to me by one of the Strangers as "Merle's Nashville liaison man, whatever the hell that means"; a booking agent named Billy Deaton; a white-haired, goateed fellow in a buckskin jacket who looked like Buffalo Bill; and a silent couple in T-shirts (he gaunt, she plump), who stood against a far wall sucking slowly but constantly on beers for six hours. At one point, a couple of drunks wandered in from the street and hung around for about fifteen minutes before John Abbott, the session's recording engineer, realized that they had no business there and asked them to leave.

After each run-through, Merle and the other musicians would come into the control room to listen to their efforts. All eyes were on Merle as he sat at the console, smoking. He greeted the onlookers collectively, in a slightly distracted way, and seemed to take little notice of their reactions to his own comments on how things were going.

"Well, we're gettin' there. That sounded pretty good," Merle would say, looking toward Abbott, who was making notations on a time sheet.

"Yeah, Merle, I think we're pretty close," Johnny Christopher or Bobby Wood would say.

Dottie West would smile and say, "That's just a beautiful song, Merle. I could listen to it all night."

The two hipsters would take another sip of beer and nod and mumble agreement between themselves.

Billy Deaton would nod and say, "*Pschew*, boy! That's something, Brother Merle."

Buffalo Bill would nod and say, sotto voce, "*Pschew*, boy!"

Now and then, Merle, after remarking on how close a taping was to what he wanted, would say something on the order of "But we gotta do it again. It feels a little busy there." There followed much studious "Of course, but it's still good, that's what I meant" nodding.

"I don't know, Merle, it sounds just perfect to me," Dottie West would say. (A little after midnight, she mentioned how hungry she was. "But if it comes to choosing between listening to Merle Haggard sing and my eating, I'd listen to Merle anytime," she told me, just before leaving to get something to eat.)

The hipsters would nod, a shade more tentatively than they had before.

Billy Deaton would say, "*Pschew*, boy! You know best, Brother Merle."

Buffalo Bill would wait a second and say, "*Pschew*, boy!"

Bobby Wood would say, "Yeah, maybe just a bit crowded in there."

Johnny Christopher would say, "Well, it's possibly just a bit too fat."

Then the musicians would follow Merle down the steps into the recording room to set up for another run-through, and the consensus among the crowd was that Merle knew exactly what he wanted and wouldn't quit until he got it.

At one point in the evening, Merle invited a few of the musicians to his bus, in the studio parking lot, to drink what he called his Master Cleaner, a potent mixture of fresh-squeezed lemon juice, maple syrup, water, and cayenne pepper. "I got the recipe from Willie," he told them as he moved around the bus kitchen. "It picks you up good. They claim they talk about this in the Bible—that Christ talked about using it when fasting. I've never found it in there, though." He poured an inch or so of the concoction into each of the glasses. "I tell you what, boys, I'm leavin' the seeds in there. You can swallow 'em or take 'em out, it don't make any difference—but, whichever, here's the best way to do it." He drained his glass in a quick gulp. "Just turn it up and get after it. HA!"

Back in the studio a few minutes later, Merle was feeling spry. At the microphone, he extemporized some lyrics: "Soon as I am strong, I'll be movin' on. To a better love next time" became "Soon as I get stoned, I'll be movin' on. Get better drugs next time." The musicians, the songwriters, the hipsters, Dottie West, Billy Deaton, Frank Mull, and Buffalo Bill laughed along with Merle.

"Course, you understand, boys, all that's far behind us now, isn't it?"

Now you can keep warm, save money, and be safe with . . .

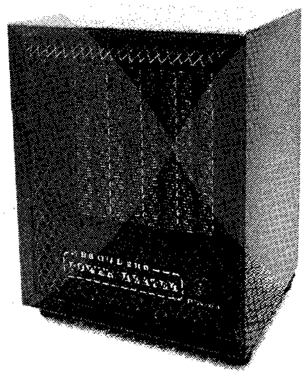
Thermal 2000 Power Heater

only $129^{95}*

But read this ad for an even better deal!

You can spend a small fortune heating your home or office. You are better off and spend much less money just "spot warming" your immediate living and working area. *Thermal 2000* is a "quantum jump" advance in heating technology. First, its heating factor is a ceramic element which, in contrast to conventional wire heaters, is safe for children and pets, has no electric coils, and no combustible fuel, yet, it's many times as efficient. On maximum power consumption of just 1500 watts, it puts out an astonishing 5200 btu's! The powerful speed-controlled turbo fan is whisper-quiet. It distributes the heat quickly and evenly over the entire area to be heated. *Thermal 2000* is self-regulating; it automatically adjusts the amount of heat to the programmed comfort level. Naturally, it's UL listed.

We are the exclusive representatives of *Thermal 2000* in the United States, import this breakthrough product in container lots, and can therefore bring it to you for just $129.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $259.90 and we'll send you a third one with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** There is no reason why you should be cold and uncomfortable and spend lots of money heating your home inefficiently. Upgrade yourself to ceramic heating. Get the best, keep warm, be safe, and order your *Thermal 2000 Ceramic Power Heater(s)* today!



• *Thermal 2000* is powerful but small (5 × 4 × 9½") and weighs only 5 lbs. It's easy to carry by its handle. It's attractively styled in its strong black metal case, with protected safety grill. If heater turns over, it shuts itself off automatically.

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **Code #4089A208** for the Thermal 2000 Ceramic Power Heater. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. UPS/insurance: $8.95 for one and $10.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

ON DATAW ISLAND,
THE CATCH OF THE DAY
IS UP TO YOU.

And if you're lucky, you'll be dining on shrimp, blue crab or flounder. Located just six miles east of Beaufort, SC, Dataw Island is abundant with wildlife. And surrounded with clean air and pristine water. Here in this private, uncrowded community, our leisure time is divided between championship golf, tennis, swimming, boating and fishing. And our clubhouse serves some of the finest food in the Carolina Lowcountry. Homes, including homesite, are in the $200,000 range. To learn more, come for a Dataw Discovery Getaway. Just don't forget your tackle box. *Discover Dataw Island.* **1-800-848-3838.**

DATAW
ISLAND

Dataw Island Realty, P.O. Box 819, Beaufort, SC 29901, (803) 838-3838. Arthur F. Levin, Broker in Charge. Obtain the Property Report required by Federal law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property. This offer void where prohibited by law. Offering Statement available from subdivider. An Offering Statement has been filed with the New Jersey Real Estate Commission (NJA#J1187049SC). Filing with New York Secretary of State is not approval of merits of offering (NYA-87-148). A Community by Alcoa Properties, Inc. ALCOA MNY2

RBC®

ROYAL BEACH CLUB

The *Royal Beach Club* redefines the word service. Enjoy the type of attention that is reserved for royalty in two of Hawaii's most spectacular resorts. To find out more about this exclusive club call 1-800-228-3000.

THE WESTIN KAUAI • THE WESTIN MAUI

Caring·Comfortable·Civilized. WESTIN Resorts

ALEXIS
DISTINCTIVE HOTELS
Small hotels of individual charm and service.

Seattle: Alexis 1-800-426-7033, Seattle: Inn At The Market 1-800-446-4484, Denver: Oxford Alexis 1-800-228-5838, Portland: RiverPlace Alexis 1-800-227-1333

Turkey
Cultural yacht cruises, exotic Istanbul combined
Club Voyages, Box 7648, Shrewsbury
NJ 07702 / (201) 842-4946

THE
PELHAM
HOTEL
In the Tradition of Excellence
15/16 Cromwell Place, London, SW7 2LA
Telephone: 01-589 8288, Fax: 01-584 8444
Telex: 8814714 Tudor G
USA Toll Free:- 1-800-553-6671
London

Merle said, and his voice became a stentorian bass. "Satan has turned a covey—a *covey*, brothers and sisters—a covey of false preachers loose on this country. Preachers, men of the Word, but they don't even know their own sex, let alone their own God! HA HA HAAAA HA!" Returning to his normal, gravelly baritone: "Hope I can keep goin' here, boys. I got me a bad cold. Not a good one. Kristofferson was playin' with Willie one night, and he said to Willie, 'Damn, but I think I'm losin' my voice,' and Willie looks at him and says, 'Kris, how can you tell?' " After the laughter had subsided, Merle repeated himself. " 'How can you tell?' That's how I feel tonight. But sometimes you can sing right on through it."

Another run-through. Another listening session in the control room. *Another run-through.*

At one-thirty in the morning, nine hours after Merle had strolled into the studio, he snuffed a cigarette out in John Abbott's ashtray near the wide control board and walked down the steps to stand behind the microphone and run through, once again, "A Better Love Next Time," the plaintive ballad ("They say the darkest hour is just before dawn, So I'll just hold my head up and try to sing my song") he had been working on much of the night. He wanted to lay down another voice track. Weeks later, after ten or twenty or a hundred reviews of the evening's tapes, and many consultations with Mark Yeary, Merle's keyboard man and the record's co-producer, and unofficial consultations with other members of the Strangers, he would decide which of the dozen or so of that night's takes he liked best. He could also have Abbott patch parts of various tracks together before a final master tape was sent on to be pressed.

He was, at last, alone in the recording room, and nearly alone in the building—a small, short-trunked, stooped, pale, aging man in frayed denim pants, a denim jacket, a terrycloth long-sleeved shirt, cowboy boots, and a baseball cap. All that remained of the crowd that had earlier swelled to almost twenty people were Norman Hamlet, who was asleep on a long couch in front of the control console, Yeary, Leech, Abbott, and myself.

The joking and the gossip and the musician talk had ended. Merle missed his first cue and asked Abbott to begin again. Abbott gave him a hand signal, and Merle began doing what he has always done best in his sidelong journey through life: making music. He seemed—as he had each time he got behind the microphone all that long afternoon and night—rapt, oblivious. His eyes closed, and his voice began to run not just through the lyrics but over and under and around them. His voice cracked artfully, then rose and dropped and splashed and bubbled, like a high mountain stream. Then it would break and emerge to bob and swirl in a multisyllabic eddy. His voice would arch—"for" became "fooooooor"—then soar. It toppled end over end through the air, only to submerge once again in the music. It would open up on the low notes and squeeze itself on the *high notes. Merle knew the words by* now, and only rarely would he look at the handwritten lyrics sheet, which was in front of him on a small stand. His head, like that of a practiced golfer or a great baseball hitter, remained still, as the rest of him twisted and turned and jerked: he was, for a moment, a bodybuilder, with his hands clenched, fingers locked to palms, at the tip of his breastbone, while he hefted his diaphragm and lifted his shoulders. Occasionally, he would emphasize a phrase, opening his hands in front of him, pleading like a weekend singer in an empty Ramada Inn lounge. His eyes would open in surprise, as if he had been pinched, then close quickly. His mouth would twitch sidewise into a grimace that was cousin to a wry smile. He would hitch his elbows, put his fingers to his chin. Sometimes he wrung his wrists; sometimes he tucked his chin so deep that flesh oozed like batter from his neck. He bent at the waist; he dodged like a shadowboxer; he bent his knees, he clasped his hands over his breast, emoting like a heroine in a melodrama. He arched backward; he dipped first his right shoulder, then his left, in quick, almost spastic movements.

I was watching and listening from a sitting room separated by a large picture window from the recording area. I hadn't slept for nearly twenty-four hours. I hadn't eaten for nearly twelve, and the studio's harsh coffee whipsawed across my empty stomach. But for a few minutes I was neither stoned with exhaustion nor sick with hunger. I was no longer angry at Merle for the half-dozen interviews he had skipped out on. I no longer cared about his naïve, contradictory politics and his often wayward opinions on human nature and social evolution. His tortured marital history, his confused business affairs dropped away, and all that mattered was his evocations of the heart. I was back in a bar near my home, in Montana, in 1974. My ancient crate of a Ford, which almost always started, was parked in the rutted lot in a cold night rain, and I was dancing, damn drunk, with a damn-drunk girlfriend, our arms draped across each other as we shuffled around in the small space next to the pool table. The song we danced to was "If We Make It Through December." ("Everything's gonna be all right, I know. It's the coldest time of winter, and I shiver when I see the falling snow. If we make it through December, Got plans to be in a warmer town come summertime, Maybe even California. If we make it through December, we'll be fine.") The sad notes, the hopeful words filled the bar, and my partner began crying on my shoulder. I thought for a moment that she had finally fallen in love with me, but by the time the song ended I realized that she had fallen in love with Merle. Or Merle's song. Or a lost love. Or the idea of the next love. I drove her home. We hardly saw each other after that, and we never danced again, but I've been listening to Merle ever since.

I looked up, back in the little room off the studio, and Merle had finished singing. He took his earphones off, and went to stand beside John Abbott, in the control room.

"Let's save that one, just in case it's good," he said.

—Bryan Di Salvatore

•

LIFE IN NEW YORK

[*From a price sticker at Dean & DeLuca, the gourmet food store*]

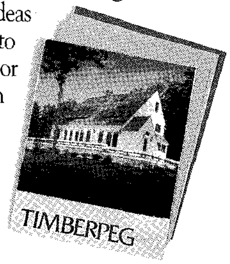
Blueberries—Unsuffered

•

MOST DISAPPOINTING CORRECTION OF THE WEEK

[*From the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*]

City/Area. In his column yesterday, Tom Hritz incorrectly stated that the Rev. Duane Darkins was dressed as a circus ringmaster when he was sworn in as a city councilman last week. Darkins was in clerical garb during the ceremony.



You can build the most beautiful Post & Beam home in America.

What kind of new home do you see yourself in? Traditional or contemporary; large or small; a rambling family place, secluded vacation getaway, or cozy retirement retreat?

Timberpeg's exclusive Post & Beam design system lets you create the perfect home for you. Warm. Roomy. Beautiful to look at. Superbly designed and crafted.

And with the help of your local Timberpeg representative, it's as easy as can be.

Here's how to begin.

For all the plans, ideas and advice you need to get started, just write or call for our $12 design portfolio (VISA® & MasterCard® accepted). We'll take care of the rest.

TIMBERPEG

The Artisans of Post & Beam.

Box 1500 K18, Claremont, NH 03743 (603) 542-7762 • Box 880 K18, Fletcher, NC 28732 (704) 684-1722
Box 8988 K18, Fort Collins, CO 80525 (303) 221-3355 • Box 70123 K18, Reno, NV 89570 (702) 826-4447 © T-Peg, Inc., 1989

YOU DON'T NEED CASTRO'S PERMISSION TO ENJOY THE UNIQUE HAVANA FLAVOR!

CUBAN-SEED-LEAF CIGARS FOR THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HE COULDN'T AFFORD THEM!

GIFT IDEA! SEND CIGARS TO A FRIEND

I'll send them to you from Tampa, the fine cigar capital of the world. Sample the cigars in my new Sterling Sampler and enjoy a wonderful new smoking sensation. I'll include a generous sampling of vintage-leaf, long-filler and cut-filler cigars, all perfectly blended for mildness and flavor.

These superb smokes are made with expertly blended Cuban-seed-leaf tobaccos grown and cured the old Cuban way in Honduras *from seed smuggled out of Cuba*. They're mild, flavorful and extremely satisfying to the cigar smoker who's looking for something new, something better, something exceptionally tasty. Experts can't tell them from Havanas. You won't be able to either, when you try them. Natural wrapper. If you're ready for a luxuriously enjoyable smoking experience, try them now.

MY OFFER TO CIGAR LOVERS

I'll send you postpaid a selection of 42 factory-fresh cigars—vintage-leaf long-filler and cut-filler smokes. If these cigars aren't all you expected, return the unsmoked ones by United Parcel or Parcel Post within 30 days and I'll refund your money. No questions asked. Your delivered cost is only $10.90 for 42 factory-fresh, Cuban-seed-leaf cigars.

THOMPSON CIGAR CO. Dept. BA76
5401 Hangar Ct., Tampa, FL 33634-5391

O.K. TOM! Ship me the Sterling Sampler under your money-back guarantee.
☐ Check for $10.90 enclosed (Fla. residents add 6% sales tax)
☐ Charge $10.90 to my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Other ______
PLEASE PRINT
Credit Card No. ______ Exp. Date ______
name ______
street ______
city ______ state ______ zip ______
OFFER GOOD IN U.S. ONLY

CREDIT CARD USERS SPEED DELIVERY BY CALLING TOLL-FREE 1-800-237-2559
IN FLORIDA, CALL: 1-800-282-0646

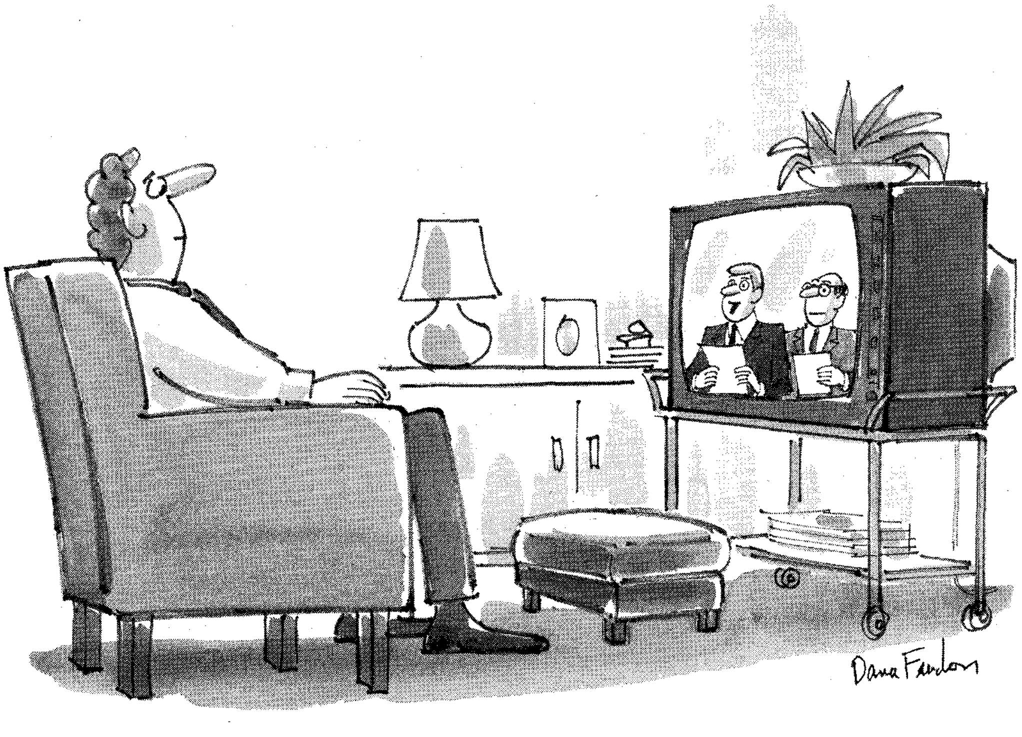
MUSICAL EVENTS

Resonances and Revivals

JOAN TOWER'S Flute Concerto, written for Carol Wincenc, was given its first performance at last week's American Composers Orchestra concert in Carnegie Hall. Miss Wincenc was a persuasive advocate, but I found the concerto disappointing: thin in substance (employing to the point of monotony the figure of a falling third) and thin—deliberately (with single woodwinds, one trumpet, one trombone) but also rather drably so—in orchestration. In the same program, Gerald Levinson's Second Symphony, "Anahata," was given its first New York performance. A rich, colorful, and substantial composition, it is scored for a large orchestra, with fourfold woodwinds and five percussionists. The title, the composer says in a program note, refers to the Tantric circle that "represents the point of entry into the inner transcendental world of the spirit, the beginning of what Dante called 'La Vita Nuova'—the state in which one begins to perceive the sound that, unlike all physical sounds, is not produced by any two things striking against one another." Levinson describes the symphony as an attempt "to touch base with the slower, underlying rhythms of life, to get a glimpse of an inner, slower, still time-sense" that he discovered in the East. He is an American composer unafraid of Messiaenic magniloquence: melismatic cries of hard, bright outline from clustered woodwinds; slow harmonic progress through deep, lush added-note chords; the crash and peal of gongs and bells, in whose shimmering aftertones, he suggests, "one can perhaps perceive or imagine those more elusive, inner 'not struck' sounds." The score includes sustained, Indian-sounding (and, indeed, raga-inspired) song for the English horn, melodies for oboes that skirl and shrill like Indian shawms, and passages for a string quartet that, high and ethereal, seems to have floated free from the rest. Do I make it sound overwrought? The symphony—a single movement that lasts about half an hour—is in fact well proportioned, admirably controlled, and beautiful. It was commissioned by the Northeastern Pennsylvania Philharmonic, which, with Hugh Wolff as conductor, played it in 1986. Mr. Wolff, making his A.C.O. début, also conducted the Carnegie performance, and the orchestra was in peak form. The two new works were set between John Adams' "Short Ride in a Fast Machine" (1986) and Walter Piston's Fourth Symphony (1951).

TWO nineteenth-century operas of interest and merit were revived in concert form last month. In Town Hall (where, long ago, Joan Sutherland and Marilyn Horne made their New York débuts, in a concert performance of Bellini's "Beatrice di Tenda"), the PALA Opera Association—the opera wing of the Provincetown Academy of the Living Arts—put on Rossini's opera semiseria "La Gazza Ladra" ("The Thieving Magpie"). The piece does get done from time to time—there have been two different productions by the English National Opera, and two at the Pesaro Rossini Festival; Philadelphia stages it in April—but it had not been heard in New York since a Town Hall performance thirty-six years ago. It is a musically ambitious opera, with a special place in the Rossini canon.

Alberto Zedda, the Rossini scholar whose critical edition was used for the PALA performance, discerns three "testament" operas in the composer's oeuvre: works that close a particular creative cycle and are marked by "inordinate length" and a near-absence of self-borrowings. (The PALA performance of the two-act "Gazza," uncut except in the recitatives—which are not by Rossini—lasted over three and a half hours.) Zedda suggests that "Semiramide" (1823), Rossini's last opera for Italy, crowned a run of opere serie that began with "Tancredi"; that in "Guillaume Tell" (1829), his last opera, the composer finally "worked the urge to research and experiment out of his system"; and that "La Gazza Ladra," in 1817, had represented the climax of his Mozartian mingling of comic and serious elements. Rossini composed "La Gazza Ladra" for La Scala. I do not understand why Zedda calls it "the last opera he would write for some years to come as 'guest composer' for an Italian theatre"—when "Adelaide di Borgogna" (1817) and "Matilde di Shabran" (1821) were composed for Rome, "Bianca e Falliero" (1819) was composed for Milan, and "Eduardo e Cristina"



"And now Professor Weyfeld, of Columbia University, with some liberal claptrap."

(1819) was concocted for Venice. But it is true that Rossini's most important and progressive work in the three years after "La Gazza Ladra"—found in "Armida," "Mosè," "Ricciardo e Zoraide," "Ermione," "La Donna del Lago," and "Maometto II"—was done with his home company, in Naples.

Ninetta's plight in "La Gazza Ladra"—like Amina's in Bellini's opera semiseria "La Sonnambula"—is serious, but the principals, unlike those of opere serie, are not patrician, and tragedy is averted. The plot derives, by way of a French play, from a real-life event: the execution of a French peasant girl for thefts that were later discovered to have been committed by a magpie. In the opera, the bird's latronage is discovered just in time to save Ninetta, but we have already had a solemn trial and a sombre March to the Scaffold. There are many characters. Ninetta (the soprano), her friend Pippo (the mezzo), her father, Fernando (the baritone), her employers (a second mezzo and a second baritone), their son Giannetto (the tenor), and the wicked Podestà (the bass) are the principals; there is also the Jewish peddler Isacco (a character tenor) and five other small roles. Instead of opera-seria hierarchy we have an animated picture of a small-town community. Everybody gets something to sing. And the music seldom drops into the conventional runs and twiddles that, when the artists are not masters of using roulades for dramatic expression, can turn other Rossini operas into tiresomely decorative vehicles for individual virtuosity.

The PALA performance was carefully prepared. Although there were no vocal virtuosi in the cast, there was evidence of thought about the work and of loving ensemble rehearsal. Kati Guerra was a fluent, winning Ninetta, even if her tones lost purity when she pressed on high notes. Donna Stephenson's Pippo touched neat, pretty arpeggios in the duet with the heroine. Abram Morales, a nimble, incisive Rossini tenorino in the Ugo Benelli and Pietro Bottazzo vein, sang Giannetto in sharp focus. Jan Opalach sang Fernando intelligently and securely. George Hogan was a confident if vocally loose Podestà. Nancy Wright's well-placed squawks in the tiny title role ("Pippo!" "Ninetta!") deserve a word. The recitatives were accompanied on an 1800 Clementi square piano.

Timothy Lindberg conducted the Manhattan Chamber Orchestra with a good feeling for pace and proportion. One caveat: On page after page, almost whenever a soloist is singing, Rossini's instrumental parts carry the instructions *pianissimo* and *sottovoce*, sometimes reinforced with a *col punto d'arco* for the strings. (There are plenty of *fortissimo* markings, too, but in places where the singers are not singing.) Mr. Lindberg used a slightly larger orchestra than the one Rossini asked for when he conducted "La Gazza Ladra" at the opening of the Pesaro opera house, in 1818; moreover, modern instruments are more powerful than those of Rossini's day, and American players are usually reluctant to play softly except as a special effect. They are not trained in their conservatories to produce thin tone; they prefer rich, full sound, in a dynamic range *mf* to *fff*. Mr. Lindberg had not drilled his band into providing *pianissimo*, *sottovoce* sound, subordinated to what the singers were doing, as a norm. John Mauceri, the American music director of Scottish Opera, is working toward theatre performances in which his orchestral players, suitably stationed in nineteenth-century fashion, take their cues as much from the onstage singers as they do from his baton, and—except during purely instrumental passages—function rather as a pianist does during a lieder recital. A conductor's main work is done, Wagner insisted, during rehearsals; during performances he should become an inspired coördinator of excellences. These remarks are made not as a particular reproach to Mr. Lindberg—as able a Rossini conductor as I have heard in years—but as a general plea: carefully prepared concert performances of opera should seek to shame, not emulate, the unbalanced, orchestra-dominated and conductor-dominated performances that we hear often in our theatres.

IN Carnegie Hall, Eve Queler's Opera Orchestra of New York performed Verdi's grand opéra "Les Vêpres Siciliennes"—but as "I Vespri Siciliani," in what Julian Budden, in "The Operas of Verdi," damns as one of the worst translations ever perpetrated, "full of slack words and phrases which in the original had been taut and striking," and "wildly false" in much of its scansion. (The translator

Plantation
Cloth
Jacket

Color makes a bold statement in this casual jacket. Oversized unlined style has patch pockets, single button closing and Velcro-attached shoulder pads. Woven cotton to machine wash, dry. USA. Golden-yellow, white, turquoise, black or bright-rose. Sm(6-8), Med(10-12), Lg(14-16). $39.95

Add $3.00 for shipping.

Send for free color catalog.

Order by mail or phone 912-924-9371

THE TOG SHOP

202 Lester Square, Americus, GA 31710

SOUTHWEST
SAMPLER

A *New* decorating magazine!

Order authentic Southwest crafts & accessories directly from crafters. Articles & room settings give you Southwest decorating tips, too.

Premier issue only $4.00

Send payment (payable to "Southwest Sampler") to:

Southwest Sampler,
PO Box 1279, Dept. NY,
St. Charles, IL 60174

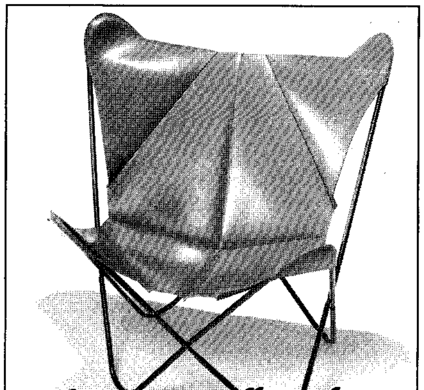
A Summer Camp for Boys

On two Maine islands, freshwater and salt. Emphasis on traditional outdoor activities, mountain and canoe trips. Tent living without electricity. Established 1902. 70 boys, ages 9-15. 6-wk. program, June 23-August 7. $2450. For brochure, write or call **PINE ISLAND CAMP**, P.O. Box 242, Brunswick, Maine 04011, (207) 729-7714.

GET AWAY

To a land of no people, of purest air and water, the largest trees on Earth, pristine beaches, gorgeous mountain scenery. Untouched, sheltered wilderness island archipelago 80 miles off the British Columbia coast. Canada's Galapagos. Unbelievable marine and bird life. Comfortable, easy-going, 12 days, **ALL** Incl. from Vancouver.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS WILDERNESS TOURS
3524A West 16 Ave, Vancouver, B.C. V6R 3C1 • (604) 736-4449



The Butterfly Chair in Latigo Leather

Dress up your existing frames or add a posh, classic, good design to your indoor living environment. Hand made for us by European craftsmen, the finest, most durable latigo leather skins are tanned and treated to perfection in a choice of Natural Tan, Russet, Brown, Red or Black *(specify)*. The expertly hand stitched sling fits all rigid *(large size)* butterfly frames including the original Hardoy design ... or order our frame (below) to complete a throne fit for an Oil Baron. It will never wear out ... and in warm weather you can transform and transport your frame from indoors to outside use: Just remove your leather throne and order several canvas slings.

Leather Cover, $400 ($10 postage)
Sample swatches of latigo leather and colors: **$5.**
Butterfly Frames only: The same classic Hardoy design, king-size, sturdier than ever in our exclusive matte black tubular steel frame **$75.** each ($7.50 ea. postage).
Canvas slings: heavy vat-dyed, welter-weight duck, triple stitched; reinforced double pockets at all stress points. Natural, Lemon Yellow, Hunter Green, Terra Cotta, Chocolate Brown, Orange, Royal or Black. **$27.95** each ($3.50 postage 1st cover; $1 each thereafter).

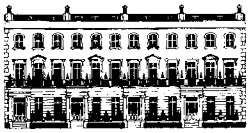
Send check, MO, Visa, M/C or Discover Card (w/exp. date) Catalog $3; free w/order

Charge Orders
Call Anytime
1-800-526-3376

THE PATIO

P.O. Box 925
Dept. NY212
San Juan Capistrano
California 92693
Cal. residents add 6% Tax

AWARDED EXCELLENCE

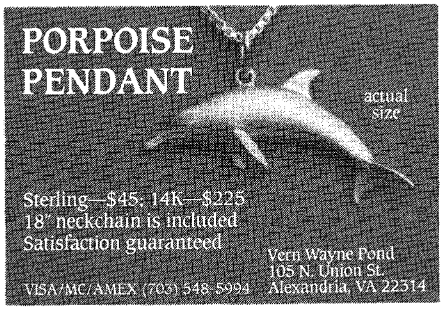


NUMBER SIXTEEN

Charming Townhouse Hotel
with Honor Bar and Breakfast.
Stretch your Dollars in
Downtown LONDON

GRANFEL HOTELS
A FIRST CLASS TRADITION

16 Sumner Place, London, SW7 3EG, England,
Tel. 01-589-5232, Telex 266638, FAX: 01-584-8615



PORPOISE PENDANT

actual size

Sterling—$45; 14K—$225
18" neckchain is included
Satisfaction guaranteed

VISA/MC/AMEX (703) 548-5994

Vern Wayne Pond
105 N. Union St.
Alexandria, VA 22314

ARCHAEOLOGICAL TOURS
1990 TOURS LED BY NOTED SCHOLARS

Egypt; Thailand/Nepal; Guatemala; Indonesia; Italy; Sicily; Tunisia; Greece/Santorini/Crete; Turkey; Malta/Sardinia/Corsica; Caves & Castles; Morocco; Anasazi Four Corners; Himalayas; India; Britain; Egypt & Israel; Yunnan & Thailand

archaeological tours
30 E. 42 St. Ste. 1202E, NY, NY 10017 • (212) 986-3054

quenched such potentially dangerous words as "liberté," and the heroine, Hélène, is, even in intimate moments, generally addressed as "O donna," since the Italian "Elena" is differently accented.) "Les Vêpres" is not exactly a rare opera: Riccardo Muti opened the current Scala season with a new production, the latest of several in Italy; a Hamburg production by John Dexter, in a staircase setting by Josef Svoboda, has been taken up in New York, Paris, and London. But it remains an opera of unsettled reputation. Berlioz was an early champion:

> The penetrating intensity of melodic expression, the sumptuous variety, the judicious sobriety of the orchestration, the amplitude, the poetic sonority of the ensembles, the warm colors glowing everywhere, and the sense of power, impassioned but slow to deploy itself, that is one of the characteristics of Verdi's genius stamp the whole work with a grandeur, a sovereign majesty more marked than in the composer's previous creations.

Budden, another champion—and one in an age when Meyerbeer is no longer the measure of successful grand opera—calls the piece "noble, thoughtful and often exciting," and "written with the greatest care and attention to detail." Verdi worked at "Les Vêpres" for an unusually long time: he received Scribe's libretto on the last day of 1853; the first performance—preceded by seven months of rehearsals, during which changes continued to be made—was in June, 1855. He was exigent with Scribe, bombarding and badgering him not only for new words and for stanzas in new metres but also for large-scale structural revisions. The intention of outdoing Meyerbeer, of employing large Meyerbeerian device for nobler ends, is evident—sometimes all too evident. If the last section of the third-act finale, with its rolling *cantabile grandioso* "O noble patrie," sung out in three octaves over ever more elaborate accompaniments, is as stirring as the best Meyerbeer, the stretta of the fourth-act finale is as trumpery as the worst Meyerbeer. The fifth-act dénouement is perfunctory to the point of absurdity. (A fuller version of the scene, which Verdi abandoned, survives in the autograph.) In several passages Verdi abrogates naturalness in favor of a Meyerbeerian striving for novelty: mannered figuration, recherché harmonies, and recklessly challenging vocal lines. Even Budden acknowledges "a slightly self-conscious quality" in some of the music. Verdi found his true path again with "Simon Boccanegra." Yet "Les Vêpres" is more than an "important" opera. Verdi was a great composer. Despite the stiffness, the straining, and the unnaturalness, "Les Vêpres" is, indeed, a noble, thoughtful, and often exciting work.

The Carnegie performance was distinguished by Susan Dunn's Hélène. The role is uncommonly taxing, emotionally and technically. It calls for patriotic fire, tenderness, and, in the bridal bolero of the last act (surely modelled on the bridal bolero of "I Puritani," but more awkwardly written), sparkling lightness. Miss Dunn—who has sung Hélène on the Bologna stage—lacked *disinvoltura* in the bolero (even Callas, the Hélène of a 1951 Florence "Vêpres," found it hard to sing the number "*avec grâce*"), but elsewhere she showed a secure vocal command of the heroine's music, through all its range, and everywhere she showed a most pleasing and intelligent grasp of the heroine's character. She did not oversing. She began the seditious "Courage! du courage!" with the charged, verbally intense pianissimo that Verdi so often—and, often, so vainly—calls for at the start of a cabaletta. Renato Bruson, the Montfort, was in full voice but was monotonously loud, and he tended to push his biggest notes off pitch. Paul Plishka, the Procida, also sacrificed sense to big sound. Robert Brubaker, the Henri, began rather promisingly, with a readiness to touch notes lightly. But an incipient frog or two suggested that he was unwell, and after Act II he retired; Allan Glassman stood in, robustly and efficiently.

Miss Queler was a spirited conductor. She offers her audience what it wants—loud, energetic singing, amply supported—and the performance was greeted with cheers. Miss Dunn revealed some intellectual understanding of the composer's delicacy and of his dramatic concerns as he composed the astonishing score. Acts I and II were almost uncut. The long ballet in Act III was, reasonably enough, dropped, but so—to the detriment of the structure—was much else in the scenes that followed. The performance, which began at eight, ended before midnight.

—ANDREW PORTER

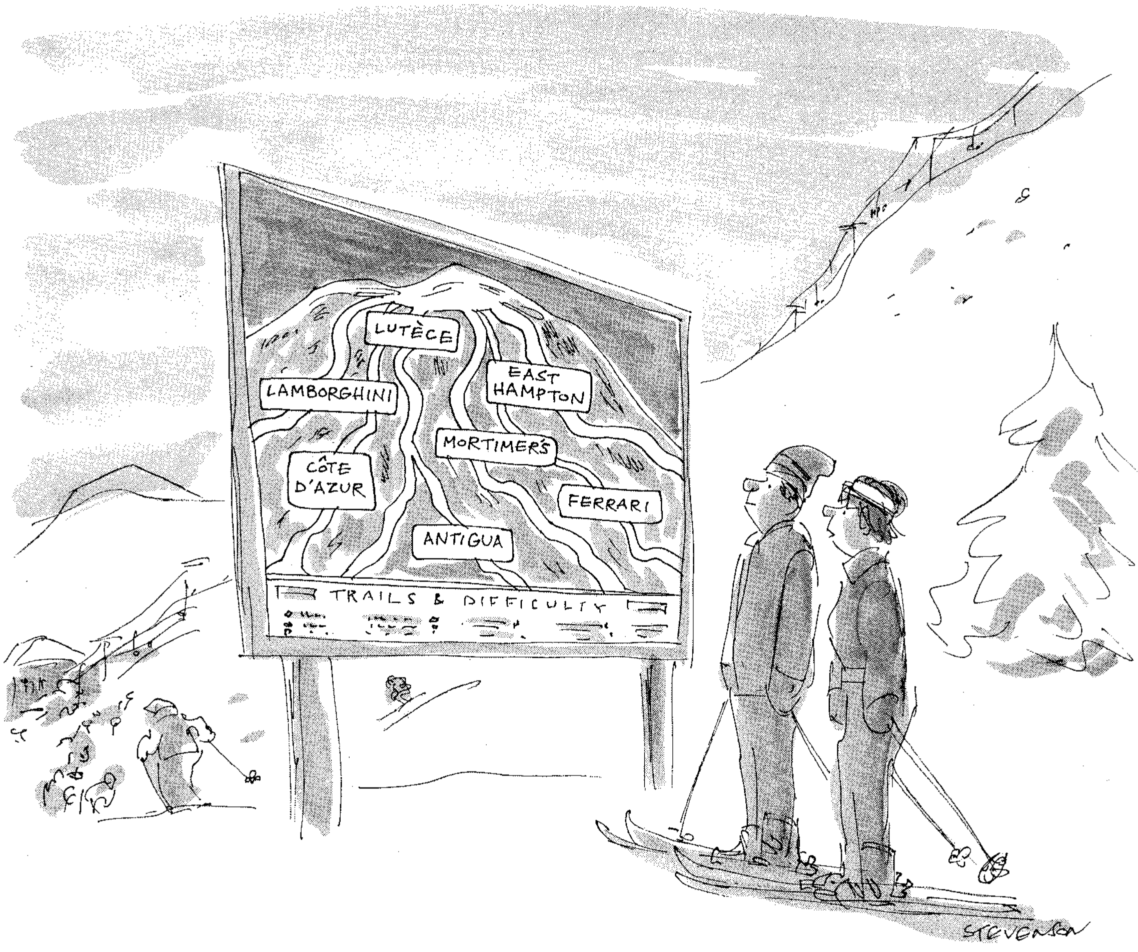
THE THEATRE

Specialists

FOR all its merits, which are considerable, the revival of Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma" at the Roundabout lets its audience down in two important ways. The actress cast as Jennifer Dubedat must be charming enough to persuade the great tuberculosis specialist Colenso Ridgeon to drop another patient in order to treat her husband, and the audience needs to believe that Louis Dubedat, though only twenty-three, is potentially a major artist. Alas, we are allowed to see his pictures—only so-so—hung all over the walls of his studio and, later, at a gallery. This breach of the rules of theatre, which I blamed at first on the Roundabout (it's so easy to blame the Roundabout, for auld lang syne, although the work there has improved beyond measure), turns out to be Shaw's. The error so enraged Max Beerbohm, who covered the original performance, in 1906, that he made it the subject of his review and claimed it was just one more indication of Shaw's artistic inadequacy. As for the role of Jennifer Dubedat, it was first played by Lillah McCarthy, one of the leading actresses and leading beauties of the day, and was later played by, among others, Lynn Fontanne and Vivien Leigh. In those productions, by the way, Dubedat was played by the actress's actual husband: Harley Granville-Barker (for whom the play was written), Alfred Lunt, and Laurence Olivier, respectively. Young Dubedat is such a crook and a scoundrel that it's just as well to cast the couple in the most glamorous fashion possible. At the Roundabout, Anne Newhall, with Graham Winton as Louis, is just about acceptable. But glamorous, no.

Still, these flaws don't matter as much as they might. In this production, under Larry Carpenter's direction, the emphasis is on the doctors who assemble in Ridgeon's reception room in the opening scene. Ridgeon has just been knighted for his successful experiments in the cure of consumption by injection, and his colleagues enter, one by one, to congratulate him; most of them represent some foolish medical fad or other, thus enabling the dramatist to display his bountiful humor and wit. The mood throughout is teasing rather than satiric; I sensed no underlying anger or outrage on the part of Mr. Bernard Shaw. From doctor's office we go to restaurant, to studio, to deathbed scene (the tuberculosis inoculation killed the patient), and to memorial exhibition of Dubedat's pictures. This exhibition so inflamed Beerbohm's indignation that he felt it necessary to end his essay with a retraction: "Why have I been carping all this while about the central figure, instead of expressing the joy that the whole brilliant play gave me, and trying to communicate something of that joy to you? I evidently haven't yet learnt my business." Amen, except that Louis Dubedat is not the central figure of the Roundabout production. Ridgeon is, as subtly and sensitively performed by Charles Keating. His colleagues are also highly creditable: Victor Raider-Wexler, in the tricky role of a Jewish doctor called Loony Schutzmacher; George Hall, as a rather grumpy old Irish physician; Ian Stuart, as a young surgeon; Jerome Kilty (who seemed to feel at times that the play was about *him*), as an eminent medico; and Gregg Almquist, as the only poor doctor in the group. Avril Gentles is a comic, bossy maid.

The elegant, beautiful settings were designed by Campbell Baird; the costumes, in keeping, were designed by John Falabella; and the lighting is by Jason Kantrowitz. —EDITH OLIVER



"As mountains go, this one is fairly yuppie."

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

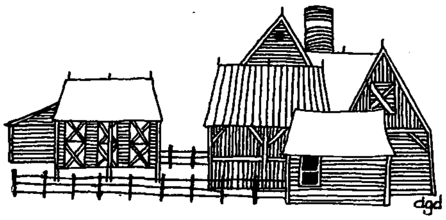
OLD-FASHIONED GIRLS

Azteca Plaza, which bills itself as the biggest formal-wear shopping center in the world, is on a skinny strip of sandy, cactus-studded Arizona real estate a few blocks east of downtown Phoenix, in a neighborhood that does not yet illustrate the vitality of the Sun Belt economy. There used to be some nice small houses in the area, but over the last few decades they became unfashionable and then funky, and finally they were abandoned. Azteca Plaza, in the meantime, did nothing but grow. When it opened, in 1962, the Plaza was just one shop, with an inventory of three wedding gowns and three bridesmaid outfits. It is now a complex occupying forty-three thousand square feet, with parking for a hundred and fifty, a florist, an accessory shop, a tuxedo annex, a bridesmaid department, and a wedding-gown center the size of a roller rink, with dozens of dress racks, and with yards of satin, peau de soie, and netting billowing all over the floor. Azteca Plaza has a corner on the Greater Metropolitan Phoenix prom-dress trade. It also does a brisk business in the fancy ball gowns that Hispanic girls wear at their *quinceañeras*. The *quinceañera*, a ceremony that takes place when a girl turns fifteen years old (*quince años*), celebrates her passage into womanhood, her commitment to Catholicism, and her début in society. In the last decade, the number of Hispanics in Phoenix has grown by sixty-five per cent, and the *quinceañera* business at Azteca Plaza has enjoyed a corresponding upswing.

Azteca Plaza happens to be half a block away from Immaculate Heart Church, a boxy stucco structure that serves as a central parish for the Hispanic community in Phoenix. Immaculate Heart was built in 1928, fourteen years after some Hispanic parishioners wrote to the bishop and complained that the priests at St. Mary's, the main Catholic church in Phoenix, had been requiring them to hold their Masses and weddings and *quinceañeras* in the basement. It used to be common for a church to serve an ethnic group rather than a geographical area, and in most large American cities there would be French, Hispanic, Polish, Irish, and German Catholic churches. The practice is rare these days, and Immaculate Heart is one of the few such ethnic parishes left in the Southwest. Hispanics in Phoenix now regularly attend the churches in their immediate neighborhoods, but, for sentimental and historical reasons, they continue to think of Immaculate Heart as the mother ship. Not coincidentally, Immaculate Heart was for years the site of most of Phoenix's *quinceañeras*—that is, the site of the Mass at which the girl is blessed and is asked to affirm her dedication to the Church. The party at which she is introduced to society and celebrates her birthday is held at a hotel or a public hall after the Mass. For a while, there were so many *quinceañeras* at Immaculate Heart that they outnumbered weddings.

Early last summer, I was invited to a large *quinceañera* in Phoenix at which sixteen girls were to be presented. The event was sponsored by the girls' parents and the Vesta Club, a social organization of Hispanic college graduates. In the Southwest, members of this subset are sometimes referred to as Chubbies—Chicano urban professionals. Chubbies give Azteca Plaza a lot of business. The girls' fathers and the sixteen young men who were going to be escorts at the *quinceañera* had rented tuxedos from Azteca Plaza and would be picking them up the morning before. The girls had got their gowns months ahead of time.

The traditional Mexican *quinceañera* gown is white or pink, floor-length but trainless, snug on top and wide at the bottom, with a skirt shaped like a bell. Like most traditions that migrate a few hundred miles from their point of origin and make it through a couple of generations in this country, *quinceañeras* have yielded somewhat to modification, and the gowns that the sixteen girls sponsored by the Vesta Club were going to wear demonstrated both the effects of Americanization on taste and a certain American-style expansiveness about price. All the gowns were white and full-length, but otherwise they were freestyle—an array of high necks, fluted necklines, sweetheart necklines, leg-of-mutton sleeves, cap sleeves, cascade collars, fitted bodices, beaded bodices, bustles, sequins. In Mexico, a *quinceañera* traditionally takes place on the day a girl actually turns fifteen, but this, too, has been Americanized. In the United States, most *quinceañeras*—like many important ceremonies in American life—take place on Saturday night.



When I first mentioned to a woman I know in Phoenix that I wanted to attend a *quinceañera*, she clucked sympathetically and said that she was very sentimental about her own *quinceañera* but had become convinced that *quinceañeras* were now going the way of many other ethnic ceremonies in this country—that they had been changed beyond recognition, were marketed like theme parks, and were, at the very least, irrelevant to assimilated youngsters who would rather spend Saturday nights at keg parties than reënacting an Old World tradition. An inevitable pattern transforms such things, she added: immigrants gather together in their leisure time so that they can bolster one another and share their traditional ceremonies; their children tolerate the gatherings occasionally, because they have a likable, familiar ring; the children of *those* children deplore them, because they seem corny and pointless; and, finally, there is a lot of discussion about how sad it is that the members of the community don't get together anymore.

Some of that has happened to the Hispanic community in Phoenix, but, ironically, the real problem with the *quinceañeras* is that they have become too popular for their own good. A few years ago, the bishop of Phoenix, Thomas O'Brien, started hearing complaints from priests that *quinceañera* Masses were beginning to dominate church schedules. Some girls came to their *quinceañera* Mass without the faintest idea of its religious significance, the complaints went on,

LOVE TAKES A HOLIDAY

• •

and never came to church otherwise, while other girls demanded a Mass even if they were pregnant or were using drugs, and many badgered their families—some of whom were Chubbies, but not all—into giving them opulent parties. Some *quinceañera* parties in Phoenix were running into the high four figures and beyond. The bishop's vicar for Hispanic affairs, Father Antonio Sotelo, took a survey of the diocese's priests and wrote a guidebook for *quinceañeras*, advising that girls take classes in Bible study, Hispanic history, *quinceañera* history, and modern morals and then go on a church-sponsored retreat with their parents. He also recommended that *quinceañeras* be held for groups of girls rather than for individuals, in order to offset the Queen for a Day atmosphere that many of them had taken on, and so that the cost could be spread around.

One morning before the Vesta Club *quinceañera*, I stopped by Father Sotelo's office, at Immaculate Heart. (Besides being vicar for Hispanic affairs, he is Immaculate Heart's pastor.) Father Sotelo is short and wiry, and has rumpled graying hair, an impish face, and a melodious voice. His manner of address is direct. He is known for holding and broadcasting the opinion that anyone who wears shorts and a T-shirt to church should go home, and that the men in his congregation who walk with a sloppy, swinging gait look like gorillas. Father Sotelo grew up in San Diego; his heritage is Mexican-American. He told me that he considered the *quinceañera* issue a simple matter of facing reality, and that he didn't mind that the requirements had discouraged some girls from having *quinceañeras*. "We knew perfectly well that most girls were only thinking about the party," he said. "It was a big dream for them. Everyone wants a fancy *quinceañera* party. Unlike an American débutante ball, *quinceañeras* are not limited to the upper class. Any girl can have one. But there are spoiled brats in every class. Many of the girls were demanding that their parents spend thousands of dollars on them whether they could afford it or not. People at the lower end of the economic scale tend to cling to tradition most fervently, so those were the ones most determined to have a traditional *quinceañera*, and to give their daughters the most expensive dresses and parties. And when those girls would walk down the aisle with their parents at the Mass you could tell that quite often the girls and their parents couldn't stand each other. It was an empty ceremony. For all they were getting out of the church part of the *quinceañera*, they could have gone out and done the whole thing in the desert and had someone sprinkle magic pollen on their heads."

After the new guidelines were circulated through the diocese, a few churches, including Immaculate Heart, set up the *quinceañera* classes and retreats. But, to the enormous displeasure of parishioners who enjoyed attending their friends' daughters' *quinceañeras*, and who imagined that in the future their own daughters would be honored at a Mass and a nice reception, many priests in Phoenix announced that they agreed with Father Sotelo but that they lacked the time and the facilities to run classes and retreats, and so would no longer perform *quinceañera* Masses at all.

One priest who took exception to the guidelines was Frank Peacock, the pastor of Our Lady of Fatima, a church in a poor South Phoenix neighborhood. Father Peacock made it known that he thought that the guidelines were too strict, and inhibited the exercise of a tradition that rightfully belonged to the people, and that as far as he was concerned anyone who wanted a *quinceañera* could come to him. "We get calls here all the time from people asking very meekly for Father Peacock's number," Father Sotelo told me, looking exasperated. "They're not fooling anyone. I know exactly what they want."

A FEW weeks before I got to Phoenix, a small yucca plant on the corner of Twelfth and Van Buren Streets, about half a mile northeast of Immaculate Heart, sprouted a stem that shrivelled up into a peculiar shape

Try our

Gourmet Coffee Sampler

and get an After Dinner Coffee FREE...

If you love a good cup of coffee, we want to be your source of truly **great** coffees—40 delicious coffees, fresh-roasted daily! Let us send you our Introductory Sampler at **special savings.** 12 oz. each of:
Colombia Supremo. A rich, full-flavored coffee from Colombia's most highly-prized beans.
Mocha Java. Genuine Ethiopian Mocha and Indonesian Java, skillfully blended for a smooth, creamy-rich taste.
Brown & Jenkins Special Blend. A delightful combination of medium & dark roasts. At breakfast, it'll make your day.

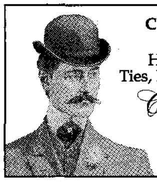
FREE if we hear from you now: 1/4 lb. of Vanilla Hazelnut Coffee.

BROWN & JENKINS Trading Co.
431 Pine St., Dept. 511, P.O.Box 1570, Burlington, VT 05402
—For new customers only—
YES, send me the FREE After Dinner Coffee along with:
☐ **Gourmet Coffee Sampler $10.95 plus $2 p/h.**
☐ **Decaf Coffee Sampler $12.95 plus $2 p/h.**
I've enclosed check or Visa/MC No. & exp. date.
I prefer: ☐ **Whole Bean** ☐ **Filter Grind**
Phone Orders: 1 800 456-JAVA
Name ____
Address ____
____ Zip ____
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR FULL REFUND.

SHHHHHH HHHHHH.
(An un-convention-ally quiet hotel.)

CHICAGO
CLARIDGE HOTEL
ON DEARBORN PARKWAY
CH

1244 N. Dearborn Parkway Chicago IL 60610
Call 1-800-245-1258



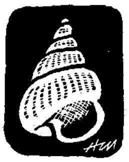
CUSTOM-MADE NECKWEAR
ALL SILK,
Hand-fashioned, Made-to-order
Ties, Bow- ties, Ascots & Cummerbunds
Classic Neckcloths Ltd.
P.O. Box 1686, Dept. 725
New York, New York 10185
Catalogue of Fabric Samples: $2.50

17th CEN. MILL IN FRANCE

We have a charming stone millhouse 75 miles south east of Paris in the province of Burgundy. 3 miles from historic town on 6 acres of privacy. Reasonable weekly or monthly rates.
Contact: L. Caron, 6 rue de Bellechasse,
75007 PARIS Tel 47.05.00.22.

and then was noticed by a passerby, who thought it bore a striking resemblance to Our Lady of Guadalupe. The shrivelled stem was never certified as a miracle by the Church, but for over a month—until someone shot at it with a small-calibre handgun and then two artists took it upon themselves to cut it down with a chain saw as the climax of a performance piece—large crowds of people came to marvel at it and to pray.

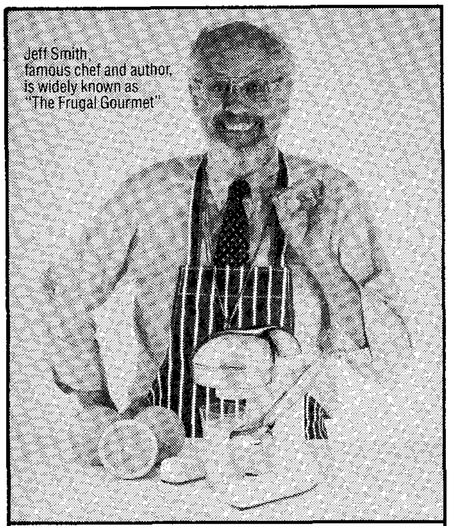
The image of Our Lady of Guadalupe, who appeared to the Mexican Indian Juan Diego on December 9, 1531, has turned up in other places as unlikely as the corner of Twelfth and Van Buren. For instance, Our Lady of Guadalupe was painted on the trunk of a souped-up lowrider car I noticed bouncing down the street one afternoon when I was in town. Father Peacock has seen this car, and says he finds it remarkable. The day before the Vesta Club Ball, he and I had got together so that he could show me videotapes of some of the outlaw *quinceañera* Masses he had presided over. Before the tapes started, I mentioned that Father Sotelo had pointed out that people were perfectly entitled to have *quinceañeras* costing ten thousand dollars and honoring fifteen-year-olds with heavy marijuana habits, but that the Church shouldn't necessarily endorse them or celebrate Masses for them. "People have a right to enjoy things that the Church doesn't endorse," Father Peacock said. "We don't endorse lowriders, do we?" He interrupted himself. "Actually, I endorse lowriders. I love them. Have you ever seen one? Oh, they can be gorgeous, really beautiful. Did you ever see the one painted with Our Lady of Guadalupe?"



Although there is a gulf between their positions on *quinceañera* Masses, there is genuine good will between Father Sotelo and Father Peacock. Each of them told me that the other is the only other priest he ever sees at political rallies and at marches for the United Farm Workers or for nuclear disarmament. Father Peacock, who is in his mid-sixties and is tall and partly bald, and has a jittery way of walking, sitting, and talking, did remark, however, that he thought Father Sotelo was under the impression that *quinceañera* Masses were followed by wild beer parties and worse. "There definitely is *beer*," Father Peacock said. "Things are pretty lively. They are good parties—that's part of the tradition. Sometimes there are fistfights, and so forth, but that's the way good parties are, isn't it? But I honestly think Father Sotelo thinks that these *quinceañeras* are orgies, or some such thing." He chuckled, and said, "We have a good time at Our Lady of Fatima. We're just a little more savage than at the other churches. We're . . . noisier. We're more natural."

Some of the people who come to Father Peacock for a *quinceañera* are poor, or are recent immigrants who are still attached to the traditional Mexican style of the ceremony and resist what they consider pointless, time-consuming requirements or irritating Americanizations. But quite often Father Peacock is approached by affluent Hispanics, who tell him that they want their daughters to have their own celebrations, not *quinceañeras* with a group of other girls, and that they want to go all out, with the six-tiered *quinceañera* cake and the rhinestone crown and the catered sit-down dinner for three hundred and the mariachi band and the lavish gifts from the godparents and the fifteen girl attendants and fifteen boy escorts in matching outfits. Father Peacock says he has celebrated Mass for the daughter of a state senator as well as for girls whose parents are illiterate.

Most of the time, he begins his homily at a *quinceañera* Mass by asking for forgiveness for the failures of the Church and then saying, "You have asked us to take care of a fifteenth-birthday celebration and we say no—this is one of our failures." Sometimes the young people kneeling before the altar look bored or are wearing dark sunglasses and conspicuous amounts of jewelry and can't remember the words of the Lord's Prayer when Father Peacock asks them to recite it. "That is one of my motivations," he says. "This might be the only chance I have to get that sort of person into church and try to reach her." Some of the families have experienced child abuse, sexual abuse, separation, divorce, or all four, and Father Peacock says he loves seeing such families together at the occasional happy affair, like a *quinceañera*. He usually urges the poorer families to hold their parties at South Mountain



Jeff Smith,
famous chef and author,
is widely known as
"The Frugal Gourmet"

POWER BREAKFAST

Fresh-squeeze your daily Vitamin C
the way The Frugal Gourmet does.
With the powerful Mighty OJ.

Rack-and-pinion gear system lets you squeeze with ease.

Easier to use, easier to clean than electric juicers.

Lifetime Warranty on moving parts.

Winner of International Design Awards.

The juicer selected by The Frugal Gourmet

Mighty OJ
by Metrokane

For store nearest you,
call (212) 879-9616

The Ultimate Chair
for back relief in the workplace!

Enjoy stressless seating with our swivel-base desk chair/recliner. Adjusts to many positions with a single knob.

BackSaver's Leather Office Chair/Recliner

BackSaver FREE 14 page catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write
53 Jeffrey Ave., Dept. NYP, Holliston, MA 01746 In MA 508-429-5940

High Hampton Vacation Home Rentals

2 & 3 BR homes. Daily Maid Service.
Golf. Tennis. Sail. Fish. Blue Ridge Mtns.
143 Hampton Rd., Cashiers, NC 28717
1-800-334-2551 Ext. 143

PAUL REST ◆ FINE ART
ART DEALER—BUY DIRECT
F. Remington • C. W. Russell • E. Borein
& All Nationally Known Artists
This is a personalized art brokerage service for the discriminating collector and connoisseur. Search services are available for hard-to-find Objets D'Art.
FOR INFORMATION CALL:
800-333-9ART or FAX: 707-823-9338
8463 Peachland Avenue • Sebastopol, California 95472

Park, a city facility with a hall that can be used for free, but he says he can understand if they prefer a fancier place. On this point he always puts something in the homily like "Through self-sacrifice we get our pleasure," and he has said many times that he would rather see people go into hock for a traditional, ethnic occasion—no matter how marginally religious it might turn out to be—than for something like a car or a boat. "A *quinceañera* costs a lot of money," he says. "But it's worth a lot of money. Anyway, I don't try to change people. I like to meet them in their own way."

In 1987, Father Peacock performed ten per cent of all the baptisms in the Phoenix diocese, which has some three hundred and twenty-five thousand parishioners. Unlike most other priests, he will baptize the babies of unwed mothers or nonreligious mothers—essentially, of anyone who asks—and so he is in high demand. His explanation is that he wants people in the Church, and sometimes baptizing a baby with muddled origins is the only way to get them. His *quinceañera* schedule is also busy: usually at least two every Saturday in the year. Once, he officiated at seven *quinceañera* Masses on a single night.

"FATHER PEACOCK will do anything," a young woman named Alice Coronado-Hernandez, this year's chairman of the Vesta Club Quinceañera Ball, told me one afternoon a few days before the ball took place. "Everyone knows that about Father Peacock, so everyone calls him." At the time, I was having lunch at a Mexican restaurant in a fashionable part of Phoenix with Alice; her mother, Caroline Coronado; and Mary Jo Franco-French, a physician who helped found the Vesta *quinceañera*, fifteen years ago. At that time, Mary Jo was four years out of medical school and was pregnant with her daughter, Laura. This year, Laura was going to be one of the girls up on the stage.

"We're really happy with doing our *quinceañera* the way Father Sotelo has suggested," Caroline said. "We felt that the classes and the retreat were really good for the girls. We saw what was going on with the *quinceañeras*—we saw the problem out there. Even if we could afford it, we knew it wasn't good to continue the old way."

Alice said, "It was crazy what peo-

Can
a bat
really
help save
the
world?

Believe it or not, yes.

Because in addition to controlling vast numbers of insect pests and pollinating many of the world's most valuable plants, bats are responsible for up to 95% of the seed dispersal essential to regeneration of tropical rain forests.

And without rain forests, the world's entire ecological balance would be destroyed.

However, due to people's fears and misconceptions, bats are being randomly and brutally exterminated. Many valuable species are endangered or already extinct.

Bat Conservation International (BCI) was founded to educate people worldwide about these intelligent, useful mammals. As a result, many important bat populations have been protected. But much more needs to be done. And BCI needs additional funding to implement many of its conservation projects.

Please help BCI by becoming a member and making a donation.

The bats' survival—and possibly your grandchildren's—depends on it.

Yes, I wish to become a member.
☐ Regular—$25
☐ Family—$35
☐ Supporting—$50-$1000

As a member of BCI, you will receive our quarterly publication, "Bats," and a discount on all items in our catalogue.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________ State ______ Zip ________

Mail this coupon with your check to:
Bat Conservation International
P.O. Box 162603, Austin, TX 78716

ple were spending. When I was that age, the girls were really competitive about their *quinceañeras* and about how nice they would be." Her mother nodded. "My *quinceañera* was at the first Vesta Club Ball," Alice went on. "That year, I must have been invited to a *quinceañera* for a friend of mine just about every weekend. Even then, I could see how some people got very extravagant about it."

"They were hocking their souls for the fancy private *quinceañera*," Caroline added. "The diocese could see that it was becoming detrimental to the economy of their parishioners."

The three women then began discussing last-minute details of the Vesta *quinceañera*. After a Mass at Immaculate Heart, there was going to be dinner for five hundred guests in the ballroom of the Camelback Inn, an elegant resort and country club north of the city, and, before that, a short ceremony in which each girl would be presented to the assembled company by her father. Then the girls and their escorts would perform a *quinceañera* waltz—a complicated dance to the "Blue Danube," which they had practiced once a week for the last three months. "The waltz is such a beautiful tradition," Mary Jo said. "It's what we have that makes the event really special. That, and having them learn about their Hispanic heritage. The kids have worked so hard at that waltz. They've really practiced, and they've really got good at it."

"They *have* got good at it, haven't they?" Caroline said, nodding. "It's hard to believe that some of them had never danced a step before they started to learn."

THE Fifteenth Annual Vesta Club Quinceañera Mass began at five o'clock, with a procession of the sixteen girls up the center aisle of Immaculate Heart. I sat on the left side of the church, behind Mary Jo Franco-French and her husband, Alfred, who is an eye surgeon with a large practice in Phoenix. Beside me were four relatives of Mary Jo's who had flown in from Juárez, Mexico, for the event. The day had been roasting hot, and the long Southwestern dusk was just beginning, with the light hitting the city at a low angle and giving everything a yellow glow. The *quinceañera* girls, in their white dresses, had been standing on the sidewalk outside the church when I arrived, and each time a car drove down the street in front of the church, the breeze would blow their big skirts around. Immaculate Heart has dark wooden pews, a vaulted ceiling, some stained glass, and a wide altar with simple lines; just outside the side door hangs a pail in which parishioners are advised to deposit their chewing gum. After I sat down, I saw that Father Sotelo and Bishop O'Brien were seated together behind the altar. The Vesta Club *quinceañera* is the only one in Phoenix at which the bishop celebrates the Mass. He had explained to me that he does so because he likes the seriousness with which the club approaches the spiritual content of the ceremony, and also because no one else having a *quinceañera* has ever invited him.

Father Peacock had mentioned that he was going to try to make it to Immaculate Heart for the Vesta Club *quinceañera*, because he likes to go to as many *quinceañeras* as he can, but that he might be celebrating a *quinceañera* Mass at his own church that night. The family involved didn't have a phone, though, and as of Friday he hadn't heard from anyone, so he wasn't sure if they were still planning to come. Glancing around the church, I saw about two hundred people, most of them in tuxedos or formal gowns, but I didn't see Father Peacock, and I believe that even in such a big crowd he would have stood out. Whenever I saw him, he had been wearing a priest's black shirt and white collar with baggy, faded black jeans and scuffed-up Birkenstock sandals. In all the photographs he showed me in which he was standing with girls he had just blessed at a *quinceañera* Mass, he was wearing a rough version of a chasuble that he had made by cutting up a Mexican blanket. "Some of the people at my church don't like me to wear it, because they think it's too ratty-looking, but oh, gosh, it was such a beautiful blanket," he had said. Then he had stroked his chin and looked contemplative. "Actually," he said, "maybe it was a tablecloth."

KEYS
KEYS MADE
Judith Shahn

After a few minutes, the organist struck a chord and the procession began. The Vesta Club girls walked in, trailing satin and netting. The gowns were a spectacle: each one was bright white, with different architectural embellishments and complicated effects. I noticed that one dress had a little train and another a narrow skirt that dropped straight from the hips to the ground. "Wow!" whispered Carmen Gonzalez, one of Mary Jo's cousins, who had celebrated her own *quinceañera* a few years earlier, at a country club in Juárez. "Pretty nice dresses. These girls look so *grownup*."

"The third one down is my niece Maria," a woman behind us said. "Fifteen already, but I still think of her as a baby. I think her mother's praying that Maria keeps her figure, so she can wear the dress again when she gets married."

The procession took several minutes. The girls mounted the steps leading to the sanctuary and sat down in two rows of chairs on either side of the altar. The bishop greeted the congregation and began the Mass. After a few prayers, he announced that it was time for the parents to bless their daughters individually. He turned and nodded at a dark-haired girl at the end of a row. She stood up cautiously, walked down to the communion rail, turned around, and knelt, partly disappearing into the folds of her dress. Her parents stood in their pew and walked up to her, leaned down and made the sign of the cross on her forehead, kissed her, whispered something in her ear, and then returned to their seats. The girl rose and walked back up the steps to her seat. Someone in a pew behind me sobbed lightly. A faulty key in the church organ stuck and started to squeal. The next girl stood up, smoothed her huge skirt, stepped down, knelt, was blessed by her parents, and returned to her seat. Laura Josefina Franco-French, a tall and elegant-looking girl with long dark hair and a serene expression, came down in her turn and was blessed by Alfred and Mary Jo. Then the girl who was wearing the tight skirt stood up. We all sat forward. She walked in tiny steps, eased herself down the stairs, turned around, and then, with the agility of a high-school cheerleader, folded her legs beneath her and knelt without straining a seam.

THERE were still some golfers on the fairways at the Camelback Inn when the Vesta Club partygoers arrived. The ballroom wasn't ready, so everyone milled around the patio and the pool having drinks and talking. I wondered if the golfers were curious about what was going on—five hundred well-dressed people, mostly adult, and sixteen girls in white gowns. It might have looked a little like a wedding, except that there were too many young women in white, and it might have looked a little like a prom, except that no one has parents at her prom.

"It's a big group, but it's a small world," said a woman in a beaded lilac gown who was standing beside me at the bar.

"Relatives or friends?" I asked.

"Both," she said. "About half these people were at my daughter's *quinceañera* last year. Some of these families even knew each other in Mexico. You could say that we're just keeping the chain or the circle, or what have you, intact. I had my *quinceañera* longer ago than I'm happy to say. It's an old-fashioned event, but I love it." She took her drink and joined a group of people nearby who were talking about an expensive shopping center just opening in Scottsdale. One of the men in the group kept sweeping his hands out and saying "Boom!," and the woman beside him would slap his shoulder playfully each time and say, "For God's sakes, come on, Adolfo!" Alfred R. Franco-French III, who was escorting his sister Laura, walked past the bar, and I heard him say to her that he hoped he would remember the waltz when it came time. The patio got noisier and noisier. No one was speaking Spanish. One of the girls' fathers started a conversation with me by saying, "There are plenty of bums in the world out there, sad to say," but then he got distracted by someone he hadn't seen in a while and walked away. I had driven out to Camelback with one of Laura Franco-French's school friends, and after a few minutes we ran into each other. This girl was not Hispanic and had never attended a *quinceañera* before. She looked across the pool to where the girls were standing in a cluster and said, "I never thought about it one way or the other, but now that I'm at one of these *quinceañeras* I'm thinking that being Hispanic might be really cool." I walked to the far side of the pool, and from there I had a good view of all the people at the party: people in fresh tuxes and filmy formals, with good haircuts and the handsome, relaxed posture of people whose businesses are doing well and to whom life has been generous. They were standing around the glimmery pool and against the dark, lumpy outline of Camelback Mountain, and holding up light-colored drinks in little crystal glasses so that they happened to catch the last bit of daylight.

Finally, Alice Coronado-Hernandez and Caroline Coronado sent word that the ballroom was ready. The doors of the Saguaro Room were propped open, and the patio emptied. At one end of the ballroom, a mariachi band was ready to play. Around the dance floor were fifty tables set with fancy flower arrangements and good china. I had been seated with Alice Coronado-Hernandez and her family. At each place was a program, printed on stiff, creamy paper, that listed the Vesta Club officers, last year's *quinceañera* girls and escorts, and this year's girls and escorts, and included a formal portrait of each of this year's girls. The program was similar in style to the program for the St. Luke's Ball, Phoenix's première society event, at which the girls being presented are more apt to have names like Bentley and Lockwood than Esparza and Álvarez. I had seen the 1988 St. Luke's program when I had dinner one night with the Franco-Frenches. In the time since Mexicans in Phoenix were forced to hold their Masses in the basement of St. Mary's, a certain amount of social amalgamation has taken place: Laura Franco-French, who is half Mexican by heritage, hopes to be presented at one of the annual citywide cotillions in a few years. Similarly, there was a Whitman and a Thornton among the sixteen Vesta girls.

While I was reading the Vesta program, Father Sotelo came over to the table. "It's a wonderful event, isn't it?" he said, breaking into a huge smile. He gave Alice a warm look. She gave him one back and then got up and hustled off in the direction of the kitchen. The tables around us were soon filled, and conversations were bubbling. "It's such a happy occasion for all the fami-

DISTINCTIVELY ENGLISH, DECIDEDLY FASHIONABLE

The Chesterfield
Hotel Deluxe
LONDON • BEVERLY HILLS
PALM BEACH

- Afternoon English tea served daily
- 24-hour room service • Concierge
- Graciously appointed guest rooms
- Complimentary bottled mineral water in every room
- Twice daily maid service
- Fine restaurants and cocktail lounges
- Exclusive frequent business traveler program available

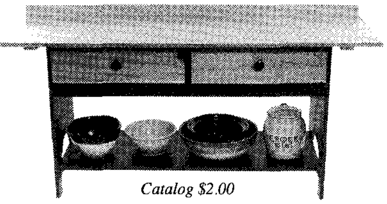
LONDON • 35 Charles St., Mayfair
London W1X 8LX, England
Telephone: 01-491 2622
FAX 01-491 4793

BEVERLY HILLS • 10320 W. Olympic Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90064
Telephone: (213) 556-2777
FAX (213) 203-0563

PALM BEACH • 363 Cocoanut Row
Palm Beach, FL 33480
Telephone: (407) 659-5800
FAX (407) 659-6707

For Reservations:
1-800-CHESTR-1
Tollman-Hundley Hotels

SHAKER

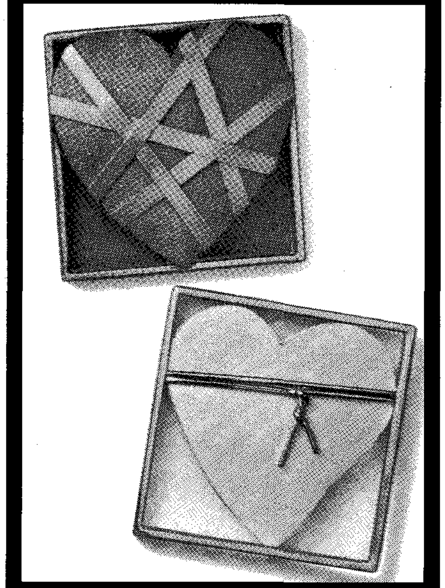


Catalog $2.00
Handcrafted furniture
in the Shaker tradition.
by
Gene Cosloy
Great Meadows Joinery
P.O. Box 392NY Wayland, MA 01778

For the discriminating
vacationer
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
803-768-0273 800-845-6966

BOSTON BOUND?
Our short-term furnished apartments cater to those not wanting a full year lease but wanting accommodations at attractive rates. We have pleasant, clean, fully equipped apartments, complete with linen, china and kitchenware in the nicer parts of Back Bay and Beacon Hill.
Home Away, (617) 523-1432
66 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108

HEART WEAR



FROM PAT FLYNN'S
WITTY COLLECTION OF HEART PINS TO WEAR
WRAPPED $325. & TIED $250. IN STERLING AND 18K GOLD

AARON FABER
GALLERY

666 FIFTH AVENUE (ENT. ON 53RD STREET)
NEW YORK, NY 10019 212-586-8411
JEWELRY CATALOG AVAILABLE ON REQUEST.

Unblinking, yet friendly. Immobile, yet movable. Nearly life-sized (47″h), yet eats virtually nothing. Achieve the pride and obvious stature of livestock ownership with none of the smell, clean-up and pre-dawn chores. No, you cannot milk the Yard Cow, but you'll admire it for many years—she's made of ½″ outdoor signboard, hand-stenciled on enamel. Indoor and outdoor supports incl. Begin with 1 at $59, or start your own herd of 3 for just $159, ship. incl.

1-800-343-8429 • MC/VISA
9am–5pm DST/PA Res. add 6% S.T.
©K.L. Mullen Millwork, Carlisle, PA

THE YARD COW

Come to Scotland... Come to Ardsheal House

Historic manor house on Loch Linnhe in the Western Highlands, now a small country hotel with superb food and fine wines. Write the Taylors for a brochure. Kentallen by Appin, Argyll PA38 4BX, Scotland, Tel. Duror (063174) 227.

COFFEE OF THE MONTH

I've searched 31 countries to find my favorite coffees. Now you can find them in your mailbox. Whole bean only. Free grinder with 6 and 12 month subscriptions.

Free brochure. Call 1-800-222-2726.

MY FAVORITE COFFEE
P.O. Box 416 Cornwall-on-Hudson, NY 12520

lies," Father Sotelo said. He ran a finger around his collar. "This is a wonderful, wonderful thing. It's one of my favorite events. These girls are going to remember this forever. If you just do it the old way, with no effort to have it mean anything, it's like giving candy to a baby. You're just trying to please people. This way, it's something that has significance." Laura Franco-French drifted past our table. Father Sotelo stopped her and told her she looked wonderful. She gave him a dreamy smile and moved on toward her family's table. Father Sotelo nodded after her and then started across the room. A moment later, Alice came back and dropped into her seat.

"They don't have enough prime rib, so some people will have to have steak," she said.

Her husband, Joe, shrugged, sighed, and picked up the program. "Anything but rubber chicken," he said. "You get a big group of people together like this and it starts to look *political*, you know?"

"When do they announce débutante of the year?" Alice's stepdaughter asked her.

Alice drummed her fingers impatiently and said, "Later."

Just then, the master of ceremonies coughed into the microphone, and the room grew quiet. The girls lined up around the edge of the dance floor with their fathers. The mothers were stationed in chairs near them, so that they would be ready for the father-mother waltz, which would come after the father-daughter waltz and before the special *quinceañera* waltz—a complex piece of choreography, in which the girls would spin around their escorts and then weave through their arms, and the couples would form little circles and then big circles, and finally waltz around the dance floor. After all these waltzes, the mariachi band was going to play, but I had heard that, for the sake of the teen-agers—who appreciated their heritage but were, after all, American kids with tastes of their own—the Mexican music would alternate throughout the evening with rock and roll.

The announcer cleared his throat again, and said, "*Buenas noches, damas y caballeros.*" He had a sonorous, rumbling voice, which thundered through the ballroom. "*Buenas noches.* We present to you this year's Vesta Club débutantes." —SUSAN ORLEAN

Go somewhere warm this winter.

Spend a weekend at the Publick House and enjoy the warmth of our 200-year-old hospitality. Open hearth dining, sleigh rides and candlelight buffets. Available January 5 to April 1. Send for our free brochure and see how much fun winter can be.

Yankee Winter Weekend®
at the Publick House

Historic Inn & Country Motor Lodge
On the Common, Box 1871, Sturbridge, MA 01566
(508)347-3313

Design at Harvard

Architecture
Landscape Architecture
Urban Planning and Design
June 25–August 3, 1990

For people of all ages considering career choices or changes

Harvard University
Graduate School of Design
Career Discovery Box N
48 Quincy Street
Cambridge, MA 02138
617-495-9340

CAREER DISCOVERY

HARVARD UNIVERSITY GRADUATE SCHOOL OF DESIGN

If a family member should require extended care for a psychiatric illness, you may want to consider the Greystone Program as an alternative to hospitalization. Since 1980, we have been providing services for a small group of residents in a warm, distinctive setting within our arboretum-like campus. The Greystone Program emphasizes personalized care in the Quaker tradition of respect for the individual. For more information, call (215) 831-4779 or write Barbara Hines, R.N.,M.S.N., The Greystone Program at Friends Hospital, 4809 Roosevelt Boulevard, Philadelphia, PA 19124.

VACATIONLANDS-FARMLAND
EXCEPTIONAL WINTERTIME VALUES

FARMLAND STILL UNDER $1000/ACRE
FRONTAGE ON LAKES ERIE, CHAUTAUQUA, ONTARIO
PROPERTY FOR INVESTMENT, DEVELOPMENT, OR HOLIDAY
FEATURING CHAUTAUQUA INSTITUTION
4000 Ft. of continuous frontage with 50+ acres L. Ontario $1.1 million
3769 Ft. on L. Ontario with 740 acres $1.9 million
1-800-444-2659

First class family guest ranch in Wyoming mountains. New and renovated log cabins, homecooked family-style meals, personal horse, fish, swim, hot tub, chuckwagon BBQ, bonfire sing-a-long, evening programs, kids' programs. Featured in *Good Housekeeping, Family Circle.* "*One Paradise that can claim the name...*" *Denver Post.*

Write to Jim and Leah Anderson

PARADISE GUEST RANCH
PO Box 790, Dept. NY
Buffalo, WY 82834
or phone: (307) 684-7876

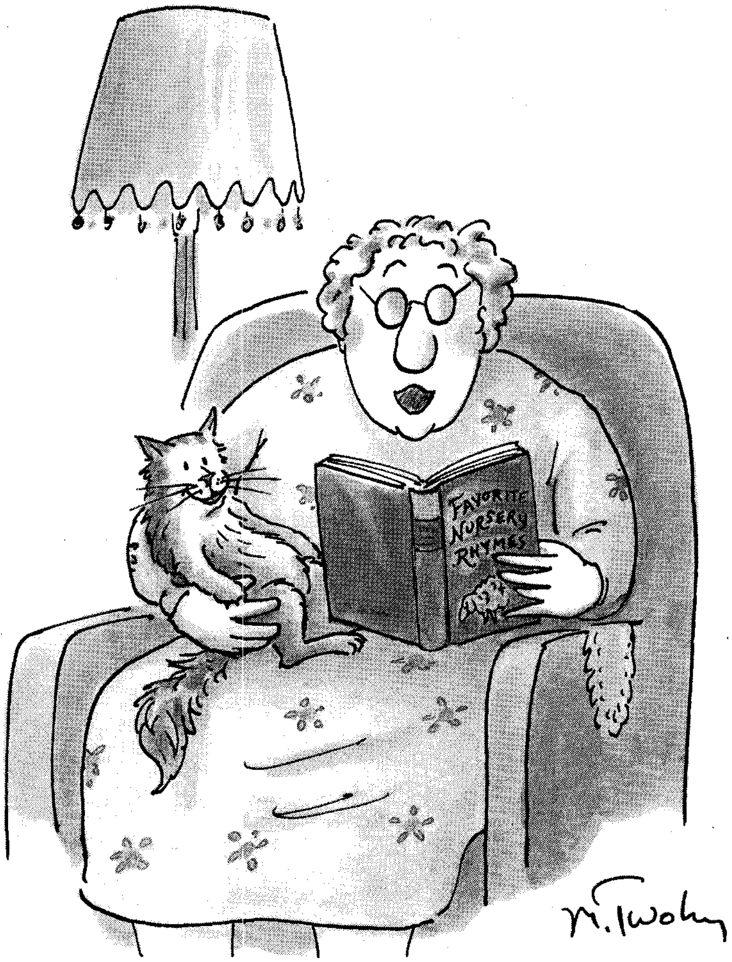
AROUND CITY HALL

New Look

THREE and a half weeks after his January 1st inauguration, at New York's City Hall, David Dinkins made his first appearance at a meeting of the United States Conference of Mayors, which was held in Washington. Although his election represented a historic racial breakthrough here, New York is, after all, only among the most recent in a long list of major American cities that have chosen African-American politicians to run their governments. At a United States Conference of Mayors gathering nine years ago, in the White House, blacks were already well represented among the delegates; perhaps that accounts for President Reagan's celebrated mistake of greeting Samuel Pierce, his Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, who is black, with the genial questions "How are you, Mr. Mayor? How are things in your city?" Dinkins' trip to Washington was his third since the September Democratic primary, in which, to general astonishment, he defeated the three-term incumbent, Edward Koch. In the weeks before Dinkins took office, there were frequent public discussions here of the need for a new national urban agenda. In the nineteen-sixties and seventies, the word "urban" seemed to act almost as a turn-on for many national politicians, of both parties. In the Reagan years, public figures who dwelled at any length on the problems of the cities ran the risk of being treated as party poopers—even though it was then, as it still is, the cities that bear most of the burden of coping with the homeless, AIDS, and crack, which were not crises in the seventies but are now routinely described in Washington as national scourges. Shortly before Dinkins was sworn in, John V. Lindsay, who served as mayor for eight years, ending in 1973—and who endorsed Dinkins over Koch in the Democratic primary—pointed out that although the federal government claimed to be short of funds, "Bush found a lot of money to invade a tiny state," and that the cities were still as much a federal responsibility as other areas "last time I checked."

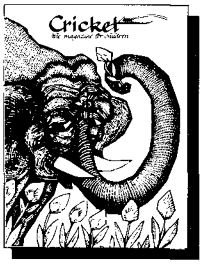
When Dinkins arrived in Washington, the mayors from around the country gave him a warm welcome and immediately named him co-chairman, with Kansas City's mayor, Richard Berkley, of their task force on the census, in which this city has a more than academic interest. The failure of the 1980 census to make an accurate count of blacks, Hispanics, and members of other minority groups is a sore point in many census districts whose residents include large numbers of poor people and recent immigrants. Since many federal grants are parcelled out on the basis of population, an undercount this year would mean that once again an undue share of financial, and political, benefits would go to residents of suburbs and small towns—areas that are often more orderly (and often more Republican)—in which census-takers may have no trouble counting just about everybody.

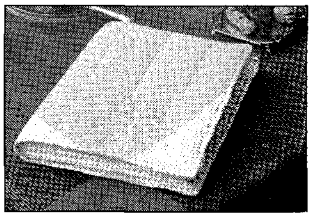
Dinkins also addressed the Democratic members of the mayors' organization, backing a proposal that part of the "peace dividend"—the cut in the defense budget which will presumably follow the relaxation of international tensions—be earmarked to help the nation's cities, and calculating that just a five-per-cent cut would provide fifteen billion dollars. However, he did not dwell entirely on matters of state. He told his listeners that he was lucky to be among them, mentioning a recent report in *The New England Journal of Medicine* that the life expectancy of black males in Harlem, his home territory, was shorter than the life expectancy in Bangladesh. He urged the mayors, when they came here, to visit Sylvia's, his favorite restaurant, on Lenox Avenue, and the Apollo Theatre, nearby on 125th Street, Harlem's main drag—surely the first time a New York mayor had steered his colleagues to those establishments. He also reminded them that what he called "the village of Harlem" was "one of the neighborhoods that the Republicans tend to overlook as they whiz by on the highways and commuter trains that take them to their kind and gentle lives beyond the city lines."



"But when she got there, the cupboard was bare, and so the poor dog had none."

IN the concluding chapter of Barbara Tuchman's final book, "The First Salute," which is an account of the pivotal events of the American Revolution, the last footnote is de-





Cricket
The magazine for children
. . . is for very special children who are curious about their world, who love to read, who have adventurous minds and active imaginations . . .
children just like yours!
"A fine literary magazine for children, this monthly has no living peers. . . . Unfortunate, indeed, are those who pass through the years of 6 to 12 unacquainted with CRICKET."
-BOOKLIST
$14.95 for an EIGHT-ISSUE TRIAL subscription. Send no money. We will bill you later. *Save over $15.00 off the regular twelve-issue price!* Order now by calling toll free or by sending us the coupon below.
Name
Address
City, State, Zip
1-800-BUG PALS (1-800-284-7257)
CRICKET, Box 52933, Boulder, CO 80322
5N2B8

INGI's beautiful Memory Album — for Baby's first year. Wrapped in a romantic quilted cover. Handmade in Belgium with English text. Satisfaction guaranteed. In pink or blue. $45.00
INGI
THE EUROPEAN NURSERY COLLECTION™
P.O. Box 6111 Westerville, OH 43081-6111
or 1-800-344-6908 — Catalogue on request.

HAND MADE IN EGYPT
Cartouche®
18 K Solid Gold from $140.00
Sterling Silver from $ 35.00
A talisman with your name in Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics.
Free info. 1-800-237-3759 Visa • MC • Am-Ex • Disc
Or write: Nationwide, Box 8474-1, Pgh., PA. 15220

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA
Retire to the Village of Fearrington
Be neighbors with bluebirds, hollyhocks, shops, a country inn, and fascinating people of all ages. For complete information – 1-800-334-5475 or Box 111-N, Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

voted to exposing as erroneous the report, a fixture in many history books, that at the Yorktown ceremony at which General Charles Cornwallis surrendered to George Washington the tune the disconsolate redcoats marched to was "The World Turned Upside Down." It could not have happened, she said, because no song by that name then existed. It was true, she wrote, that several contemporary ballads, sung to the old British tune "Derry Down," contained lines about a world being turned upside down, but they would all have been highly inappropriate for the Yorktown event; for instance, one of them, "The King Enjoys His Own Again," referred to the restoration of the Stuart monarchy after the interval of Cromwellian democracy. If a song called "The World Turned Upside Down" had been available for the swearing in of Dinkins as mayor, there are New Yorkers, including some diehard Koch supporters, who would doubtless have considered it suitable for the occasion. Instead, the inaugural recessional was a brisk medley by the salsa musician Willie Colón. And frequently played during the two-day inaugural celebration was what is often described as the black national anthem, "Lift Every Voice and Sing."

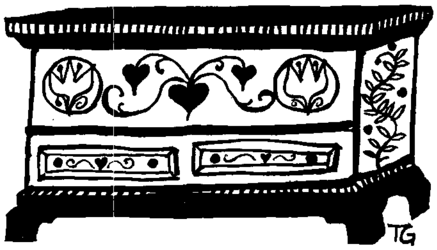
The music at City Hall on December 29th, which was Koch's final day there, was of a different sort. He was treated to a recessional salute by some thirty members of the kilt-wearing, bagpipes-and-drum-playing contingent of the Police Department's Emerald Society, an Irish-American fraternity. Among the numbers they played that day were some non-Irish-American standards, including "New York, New York"; several people at the farewell party were quite sure that they had never before heard rendered on the bagpipes the song about the little-town blues melting away. Although the Mayor had said many times about his leaving City Hall, "I have no regrets. I have no sense of sadness," Police Commissioner Richard Condon had ordered the serenade just in case anybody's spirits needed punching up.

Condon had expressed deep disappointment ten days earlier at the news that he would not be invited to stay on as Dinkins' police commissioner. Whenever Koch was accused of being insensitive to the needs and feelings of local blacks—which was often, especially during last year's primary campaign—he could proudly point out that he had named the city's first black police commissioner, Benjamin Ward. The appointment was made just after a widely publicized congressional hearing on police brutality here, which stressed the often harsh treatment of blacks and Hispanics by white cops. (Despite Ward's nearly six-year tenure, the department is still about eleven per cent black, in a city that is twenty-five per cent black.) Although Koch frequently described Ward as one of the city's greatest police commissioners, he was not a popular figure with many of the department's rank and file. Two and a half years ago, at an unruly convention of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, the police officers' union, whose executive committee is entirely white, some of the delegates chanted "Bubba! Bubba! Bubba!" when Ward's name was mentioned, even though he was in the room at the time. A couple of weeks after Koch was defeated in the primary, Ward resigned. Koch replaced him with Condon, who is an Irish-American, as most commissioners in this century have been. Condon had the support of Governor Mario Cuomo, Koch, and John Cardinal O'Connor—and the Governor, the Mayor, and the highly articulate head of the New York Archdiocese have generally been looked upon as the city's most powerful politicians. Nevertheless, Dinkins rejected Condon in favor of Lee Brown, the black police chief of Houston, who had previously been the commissioner in Atlanta. When Brown was sworn in, on January 22nd, at City Hall, the head of the P.B.A. was conspicuously absent. It is considered less likely that any P.B.A. members will chant "Bubba! Bubba!" at the sound of a black police commissioner's name now that a black mayor has much of the say about the size and the uses of the Police Department budget. When Brown was asked about any hostile feelings toward him on the part of the P.B.A., he said he was quite sure that any disagreements could be worked out. If a small civil war should lie ahead, the spot he chose for greeting many of his well-wishers after he was sworn in could be considered appropriate. In a building that dates back to 1811, as City Hall does, historic areas are not hard to come by. The area where Brown, a tall, imposing man, stood shaking hands for some time was at the top of the grand double staircase in the rotunda—the place where Abraham Lincoln's body lay in state for two days in April, 1865. The press of the crowds was then so great that the city fathers feared that the staircase would collapse, but, mercifully, it held.

THE picture of Koch leaving City Hall for the last time as mayor would surely have made the front pages on a slower news day. However, that afternoon there was a huge explosion in Con Edison's Hellgate plant, in the Bronx. The word "CHAOS!" occupied much of the front page of the *News* the next morning. And there was another local farewell that took precedence: the funeral of the former (and frequent) Yankee manager Billy Martin, at which Richard Nixon was a prominent mourner. The front-page *Newsday* headline on December 29th, "AH, THOSE WERE THE DAYS," referred to sentimental memories not of the Koch City Hall but of Billyball. The formal swearing in of Dinkins as mayor did get the big treatment. "A GIANT STEP," said the *Post* front page. *Newsday* made it "A DAY FOR THE AGES." Cuomo was quoted that morning as saying that "an African-American taking over New York" was "a sign of great hope." It should be seen, he said, in the context of the changes sweeping Eastern Europe: "A magnificent picture of rising toward freedom . . . a victory of intelligence. Sweetness is winning, lifting the spirit." The new mayor was sworn in by Judge Fritz Alexander, who in 1985 had become the first black to be appointed to the state's highest court, the Court of Appeals. Archbishop Desmond Tutu addressed the crowd, and Jesse Jackson was on hand (but was not invited to speak). Marilyn Horne sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." Harry Belafonte was master of ceremonies, and kept a promise made by Betsy Gotbaum, the city's new parks commissioner, who ran the inaugural event: "He will *not* sing 'Day-O.' "

Among the many blacks who had come as invited guests and sat in reserved seats near the center of power were quite a few who during most of the Koch years had come to City Hall only as yelling, sign-waving demonstrators. They included Herbert Daughtry, the pastor of Brooklyn's House of the Lord Pentecostal Church. On January 1, 1978, when Koch was sworn in for the first time, Daughtry was at the head of a band of black ministers who tried to disrupt the new mayor's visit that day to Brooklyn. During the next decade or so, he and members of his organization, the Black United Front, marched over the Brooklyn Bridge to City Hall at regular intervals, shouting the slogan "All fired up—can't take no more!" to protest one or another alleged mayoral atrocity. Although Dinkins has never been much of a marcher or, certainly, a yeller, when Daughtry encounters the new mayor nowadays they embrace. Lately, Daughtry has been coming to City Hall as a member of Dinkins' search committee to help choose a new head of the Human Resources Administration. On being told recently that some people who used to call him a rabble-rouser now regard him as a statesman, Daughtry said, "That is gratifying news."

MOST officeholders are bound to feel that their first weeks in their posts are educational. Dinkins' early days as mayor have also been a learning experience for some of his constituents, to many of whom he was simply that mild-mannered black man who wasn't Koch and wasn't former United States Attorney Rudolph Giuliani, his Republican opponent in the general election. New Yorkers who had a notion that most blacks were Baptists or, maybe, Methodists learned that Dinkins—like George Bush—is an Episcopalian; late last month, he delivered a sermon at the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine. After twelve years of Koch's shirtsleeves and shirt-out-over-the-belly sartorial style, City Hall regulars are just getting used to Dinkins' meticulous—even elegant—preferences in clothes. Last month, the Fashion Foundation of America named him to its annual best-dressed list in a citation saying that Dinkins' "message of togetherness is echoed in his appearance, carefully stylish and proper, be it on the tennis court or at public functions." "DAPPER DAVE," as the *Post* headline over the story called him, has taken over a room in City Hall's basement formerly used by Koch's chief of staff, where he can shower and change his clothes. Again unlike Koch, he is often twenty or thirty minutes late for scheduled press conferences. A now routine City Hall question is: "What's holding him up—showering *again*?"

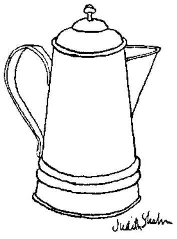


TG

Local mayor-watchers are also learning to adapt to the prospect that New York under Dinkins will not be "the only American city to have its own foreign policy," as it was often described in the era of Koch, who made a habit of weighing in on some international issue several times a week. Although he is out of office, he is still at it. Last month, in one of the five-days-a-week radio commentaries he gives these days, the former mayor denounced Manhattan Representative Charles Rangel, Dinkins' longtime Harlem political ally, as "a horse's ass" for having criticized the invasion of Panama. "I would have sent in a hit team to capture or *kill* Noriega," he said. When a reporter asked Dinkins for his opinion of the invasion, he said, "Let's not confuse things. The fact that the President sent troops to Panama doesn't have anything whatever to do with how I would govern the city of New York."

There had been a theory that Dinkins, in view of his formal manner and the strong impression that he had little use for reporters, would not be any good at the give-and-take that has characterized mayoral news conferences for so many years. In fact, he has held his own nicely, although one or two conferences a day clearly seem to him sufficient, as opposed to the seven or eight sometimes held by Koch. Those every-hour-or-so meetings, each offering its own possible news flash, meant that it was hard for reporters assigned to City Hall to find the time to give the former mayor's regime the long-range, in-depth scrutiny that, as the municipal scandals eventually made only too clear, it sorely needed. Dinkins has now even come around to the point where the cry of "Radiator!" is once again heard in the City Hall pressroom.

"Radiator!" signals an unscheduled mayoral meeting with reporters beside one of the huge, round radiators near the front door of the rotunda. (There was, of course, no central heating when City Hall was built, and there is speculation that these radiators, which are about a century old, were among the first ever made. In any event, their broad surfaces make fine parking places for another century's invention—tape recorders—while a mayor is holding forth.) The "Radiator!" ritual evolved a few years back, when the press, suddenly wanting to ask Koch some question, ambushed him as he was on his way from his office to the front door, a route that took him past one of the radiators. For a time, the cry was "Ambush!" The exercise became so well established that Koch's press office once sent out the message "The Mayor's ambush has been changed from the radiator to the corridor outside his office." Dinkins called his first "Radiator!" on January 26th. There is some evidence that he is beginning to view his meetings with the press as serious engagements, also worthy of breaking his politesse rule for. So far, however, unlike his predecessor, he doesn't call a reporter bad names when a question displeases him. He simply asks the offending reporter, in a steely voice, to reconsider the question. "I'm a follower of Martin Luther King and I'm an admirer of Gandhi," he said last winter, just before he entered the mayoral race, "but I'm also a marine, and I don't intend to be shoved around."



Before Dinkins took office, there was a popular theory among true Koch believers that Dinkins, as Mayor Dinkins, would prove to be such a disaster that in the next election—or even earlier—the former mayor would be triumphantly brought back to City Hall: the king enjoying his own again. That kind of talk has subsided. A pesky problem predicted for the new regime was that, after twelve years of referring to "Mayor Koch," New Yorkers would for months be calling the new mayor by his predecessor's name, causing awkwardness on all sides. Instead, the transition seemed to take place overnight—on New Year's Eve, in fact. From January 1st on, for the most part, it was "Mayor Dinkins" all the way. No one was surprised at the ease with which Dinkins and his wife, Joyce, adjusted to the move from their (actually quite comfortable) West Harlem apartment to Gracie Mansion. As Mrs. August Belmont, who had been a young actress when she married one of the country's richest men, wrote some years ago, "a private railroad car is not an acquired taste. One takes to it immediately."

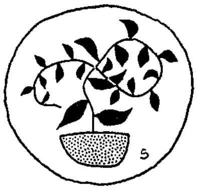
One of the major problems that confronted Dinkins as he took office was the impression, systematically spread by his major opponents during the mayoral campaign, that he wasn't up to the job. Though both Koch and Giuliani had insisted that their conviction of his inadequacies had nothing to do with race, some voters thought that was exactly what was meant, particularly those who privately admit to a belief that blacks are often lacking in "the necessities." The *Times* endorsed Koch in the primary, saying that Dinkins had shown few of the abilities and the qualities of leadership needed in the mayor of a great city. On December 5th, Koch, who in the general election had gamely campaigned for the man who had beaten him in the primary, delivered his final state-of-the-city speech. The reasons, often cited by his political opponents, that Dinkins could not be an effective mayor were his alleged indecisiveness and the probability that, no matter what the fiscal realities, he would be a bleeding heart where poor people and children were concerned and would give away the store to the civil-service unions that heavily supported him. In his state-of-the-city speech, at which Dinkins was present, Koch assured the incoming mayor that it was only natural to "have a certain fear" about whether he was up to the challenge of running the city. Then, turning away from the podium and directly addressing the unfearful-looking Dinkins, Koch told him, as if Dinkins would not otherwise have realized it, that, in view of the city's projected half-billion-dollar budget deficit for the current fiscal year, "it will be necessary to say 'no,' over and over again." Before the end of December, members of the Inner Circle, the fraternity of local political reporters, were already hard at work on this year's spoof of City Hall events, to be held in March. A major story line concerned Dinkins' alleged inability to make up his mind about anything. Some of the skits were said to have been recarpentered from those in past productions which had made fun of the Hamlet-like qualities of Mario Cuomo (another satirized politician whose career went nowhere). There was strong support for calling this year's show "Blazing Straddles."

In mid-January, an editorial note in the *Times* began, "Remember David Dinkins, candidate? He was the indecisive one, so bad at making decisions that even some supporters predicted he'd be merely a ceremonial mayor while those around him did the heavy lifting. Now look." The note then praised him for having boldly announced, two days after he moved into City Hall, that budgetary problems would require him to delay the hiring of eighteen hundred police officers. In the next few days, he ordered city agencies to cut their spending, and predicted a property-tax increase. Already, said the *Times*, the candidate who had "seemed tentative and ambiguous" in the campaign was "making difficult decisions that could make enemies out of friends." A week later, the police evacuated an abandoned building near Tompkins Square Park, on the Lower East Side, where homeless people, most of them black, had been living for three months, making the park essentially unusable for anyone in the surrounding community, and Dinkins said that the cops had done the right thing—that the people removed had been trespassers, and that no one could be allowed simply to seize property and declare it his own. His former constant critics at the *Post* printed his comments admiringly in their editorial columns. That same week, Harvey Robins, his new director of operations, ordered that the fleet of over eleven thousand cars assigned to city employees be cut by more than a thousand—a move that he said would save the city ten million dollars. Robins' comment was not at all respectful of the reputation for fiscal prudence enjoyed by Dinkins' predecessor. "The public is looking to the mayor for assurances that we are going to squeeze the bloat out of city government," he said. By this time, the story line of the Inner Circle show had been changed. "Blazing Straddles" was gone. The chosen title of the show was "Have a Nice Dave."

FEW questions have been more likely to bring a testy note to the new mayor's voice than those suggesting that the pace of the appointments made to the new administration has been unduly laggard. Four weeks after he was sworn in, which is to say more than two and a half months after his election, and almost five months since his Democratic-primary victory in a heavily Democratic city gave him every reason to start making lists of people who would be just right for a possible Dinkins administration, he still had not settled on the heads of several agencies, among them the Human Resources Administration, the Public Development Corporation, the Planning Commission, the Health and Hospitals Corporation, the General Services Department, and the Department of Housing Preservation and Development, or on the heads of the Sanitation and Correction Departments—officials who, together, will be responsible for overseeing the dispensing of perhaps twelve billion dollars in the coming fiscal year. Moreover, even some of those whose appointments Dinkins had formally announced, including the heads of the Health, Mental Health, Parks, and Consumer Affairs Departments, would not be coming aboard until February, March, or even April. In many of the city departments whose new heads had not yet taken over, or for which Dinkins had not named commissioners, Koch holdovers, some of them hoping to be kept on, were carefully following a policy of not doing anything that would make anybody mad. Thus, in quite a few areas city government was, if not immobilized, twisting in the bureaucratic wind. The Dinkins team was able to point out, however, that although the pace of Koch's appointments when he took office for the first time, in January, 1978, had been speedier—he already had seven deputy mayors in place—speed had not always worked out well. Several of Koch's early appointees were among the officials who were eventually convicted of corruption in the municipal scandals. By May of 1978, two of his important early choices, including a deputy mayor, had already resigned under mayoral pressure. By the end of the summer of 1979, all seven of the original deputy mayors were gone—several of them, along with a number of other major appointees, having been dismissed on a single day in August when reporters out in the field got calls to hie themselves down to City Hall: "There's blood all over the rotunda."

Another problem for Dinkins had been that many non-white New Yorkers were counting on the city's first black mayor to make appointments of the rainbow-coalition kind, which would reflect the city's diversity as it had not been reflected in previous administrations. Every day, it seemed, he had to fend off questions on why he hadn't appointed more Hispanics. To help calm the clamor from Hispanics, seventy per cent of whom voted for him in November (among blacks his total was ninety per cent), Dinkins established an entire new agency, the Department of Constituent Involvement, and named a Hispanic to head it—not the prescribed action for a mayor who, facing a huge budget deficit, was urging on New Yorkers the need for a leaner, meaner government. The demand for a rainbow coalition had not gone unresponded to, however. At the end of last month, Todd Purdom, of the *Times*, noted that, in a chart identifying Koch appointees who were departing or would probably be leaving, all twenty-four were men; of these, one was black and two were Hispanic. In a similar chart, showing eighteen new members of the Dinkins administration, six were women, six were black, and three were Hispanic.

The most controversial of Dinkins' appointments so far has been his naming of a city health commissioner. A few years back, only a handful of New Yorkers could have come up with the name of the city official who held that post. The Health Department's responsibilities include maintaining the city's vital statistics, inspecting restaurants for vermin, seeing that schoolchildren get inoculations, and being in charge of "surveillance and control of infectious diseases." It was after the onslaught of the infectious disease AIDS that the name of the health commissioner began to appear regularly in local headlines. There have been almost twenty-five thousand AIDS cases here, and over half of that number have died. There is general agreement that Dinkins went about choosing a health commissioner in a highly responsible way. The committee empowered to recommend a candidate included representatives of the medical community, black and white; members of the gay community; and Dr. Mathilde Krim, who has been described as the Mother Teresa of the AIDS world. The committee's recommendation was Woodrow Myers, a thirty-five-year-old black native of Indiana and a graduate of Harvard Medical School, who for the last five years has been the state health commissioner of Indiana (which has had seven hundred and thirty-one AIDS cases in all). Soon after the recommendation was made, an investigation by local gay groups, led by the AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power, or ACT-UP, showed that Myers had offered little objection to accommodating himself to such Indiana state laws as those requiring doctors to report to the state the names of patients who test positive for the AIDS virus, and which permit the quarantining of AIDS carriers who knowingly spread the disease. On January 12th, the committee reaffirmed its support of the appointment, but then had some second thoughts. During the next few days, ACT-UP led marches on Gracie Mansion (only a bewildered Mrs. Dinkins was home) and on City Hall, chanting such messages to the Mayor as "No more liars, no barbed wires; just say no to Woodrow Myers." After a meeting with Dinkins and the committee, Myers pledged not to try to impose Indiana laws in this city, and Dinkins went ahead and named him to the hundred-and-ten-thousand-dollar-a-year post. On the morning of the appointment, the *Times* had urged Dinkins to take that step rather than to give in to "the hypothetical fears of a vocal minority." After he did, the *Times* commented approvingly that he had shown that "any suggestions of softness in the new Mayor's spine are greatly exaggerated." Having taken some heavily controversial action, an elected officeholder, while inspecting his bruises, inevitably counts political points won and lost. Without doubt, many in the gay community, which supported Dinkins in the election, considered themselves gravely betrayed. Many of his black supporters, on the other hand, were pleased that he had resolved the crisis in favor of a black candidate. Although it was surely not his intention, Dinkins had caused the city's very substantial number of anti-gay voters to have a higher opinion of him. And, in the end, he had proved that



NEW!
CHALK WHITE

YOU WANT SUN PROTECTION AND A GOOD LOOKING HAT?

The Duckster Sun Crusher™ offers many advantages:

- Wider brim **All** around. 2 3/4" min. vs 1" on most bucket hats.
- **No Exposure At the Temple**, plenty of shade for side of face and back of neck.
- 4" visor-like reinforced front brim with green underside to **Fight Glare**.
- Poly/cotton fabric is **Cool** and absorbent.
- Stitched eyelets for **Ventilation**.
- **Lightweight**.
- **Great Looking**. Traditional look with enough flare to provide **Excellent Protection**.
- Made by **Duckster**,™ the **quality hat maker**, with Duckster's logo embroidered on back of hat.

Color: Traditional Light Khaki with traditional Maroon Club band. Chalk White with traditional Navy Club band.
Sizes: S(6-3/4 – 7/8); M(7–7-1/8); L(7-1/4 – 3/8); XL(7-1/2 – 5/8); XXL(7-3/4 – 7/8)
Price: $20 + $2.50 postage & handling per order.

For faster service call (615) 886-5189 with Visa or MC.
To Order send check or MO to:

ANDREW THOMPSON CO.
843 Arden Way, Dept. N16
Signal Mountain, TN 37377

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed
Or Your Money Back.

FINE GOODS
Andrew Thompson Co.
of Chattanooga

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) 838-4565
or Ottawa
(613) 236-7181
Karsh

Want to locate a MISSING SPOUSE, PARENT, FRIEND, or DEBTOR? The "HOW TO FIND MISSING PERSONS MANUAL" will let you do it FAST, from within the privacy of your home. Earn money locating for others. Free consultation for one (1) year. Send $79.95 to:

FINANCIAL TRAINING INSTITUTE, INC.
5100 WEST 164th STREET SUITE 21
CLEVELAND, OH 44142

STUDIO^MS^ GIFT BASKETS

Gift for all occasions!

* Exact-day ROSES & arranged SILK FLOWERS
* Designer PERFUME BASKETS
* World famous CHOCOLATE & CANDY BASKETS
* Personalized SHOPPING SERVICE

Order today for EXACT-DAY delivery
212-447-1554 or 212-532-9742

he could be decisive after all. Half forgotten in the midst of the protest marches and the large headlines was the fact that the Health Department remains a relatively small and not very powerful city agency. Much of the medical care of AIDS patients, for example, is the responsibility of the huge Health and Hospitals Corporation. Many of the other problems confronting them are handled by the Human Resources Administration. And, over a month after he took office, Dinkins still had not named anyone to head either of these multibillion-dollar agencies.

DURING the recent meeting of the Conference of Mayors, in Washington, a subject constantly discussed was the arrest, a week earlier, of that city's mayor, Marion Barry, after an F.B.I. sting operation caught him using cocaine. The question of whether racism had anything to do with the F.B.I.'s seven-year effort to catch Barry—who had been a guest at Dinkins' inauguration—in an indictable offense was inevitably part of the discussion. Although schadenfreude is not a creditable exercise, New Yorkers could perhaps be forgiven if they gratefully noted that, for once, it was not their city that was the center of national and international attention because of violence, real or alleged, between blacks and whites. In the recent past, the ugly headlines had been about the rape of a jogger in Central Park; Tawana Brawley; Howard Beach; and, last August, the shooting down of a black teen-ager in a white neighborhood, Brooklyn's Bensonhurst. It was this last case, revealing, as it did, just how bad race relations were in this city under the Koch administration, that Koch blamed for his defeat in the mayoral race. In the last few weeks, the most sensational headlines about racism and crime have borne the datelines of other cities—Washington in the Barry matter, for instance, and Boston in the Charles Stuart case. Nevertheless, New York was often cited in the recent stories of racial violence: in the Boston papers the alleged attack by blacks on a white woman was called "our Central Park case," and after Stuart's deception was revealed the name of Tawana Brawley was invoked, usually by blacks, as an example of how when a black person tells a story that implicates alleged white criminals doubts are expressed about it almost from the beginning. In Boston, of course, the press (mostly white) and the mostly white authorities, including the Mayor, the District Attorney's Office, and, especially, the Police Department and its white commissioner, Francis (Mickey) Roache, were fixated for over two months on the belief that if a white woman from the suburbs was killed in a black city neighborhood it could only have been—as her white husband told them—the work of a black man. After Stuart's suicide, Martin Linsky, a white lecturer at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, commenting on the long-term effect of the case on the Boston community, suggested that the police, the prosecutors, and the press should ask themselves whether Stuart would have been as likely to get away with his grotesque hoax for so long if more blacks and women were in their upper ranks. Last month, after addressing the United States Conference of Mayors meeting, President Bush sought out Boston Mayor Raymond Flynn. As Flynn told it, "he came up to me and said, 'You tell Mickey Roache he's doing a wonderful job in that Stuart case and we're with him all the way!' "

Unlike Marion Barry, who has often blamed his political or legal troubles on an anti-black conspiracy, New York's new mayor avoids the word "racist," and got through last year's long, sometimes vicious mayoral campaign without, as far as anyone can remember, once charging his Democratic or Republican opponents—all of them white—with having attacked him for racist reasons. A week or so ago, he did take note of the charge by the N.A.A.C.P.'s executive director, Benjamin Hooks, which was made after Barry's arrest, that in the black community there was "a pattern of harassment of black elected officials by law-enforcement officials." Hooks mentioned, besides the Barry case, the inquiry into the finances of Mayor Thomas Bradley, of Los Angeles, and that of Dinkins' 1986 sale of some cable-television stocks to his son—an investigation still unresolved after five months. On being asked at a press conference about Hooks' view, Dinkins said, "I can understand how many in the African-American community feel that perhaps the rules have been changed now since some of us have arrived."

—ANDY LOGAN

BOOKS

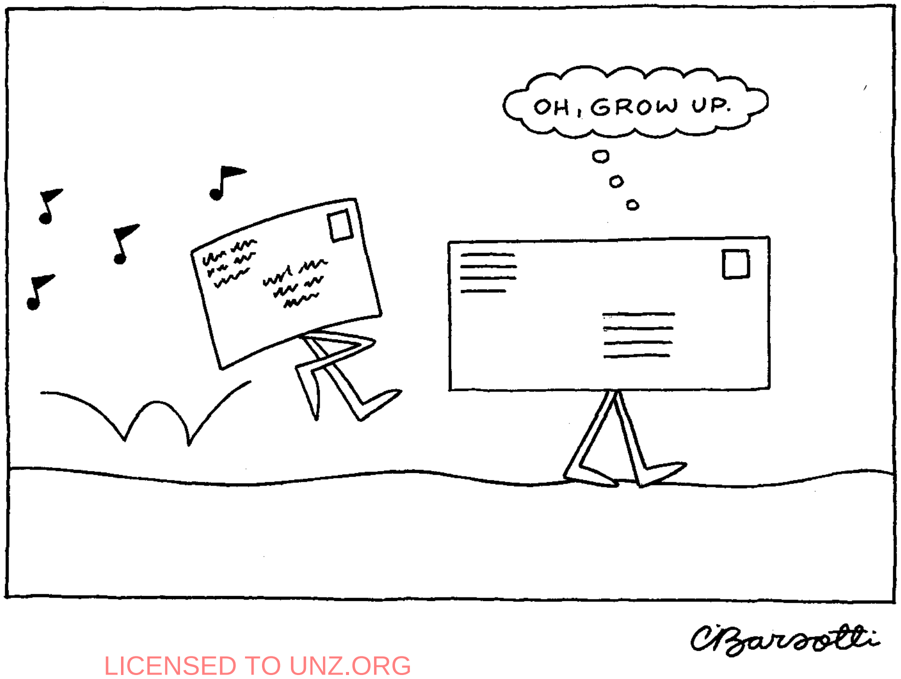
Born to Be a Politician

SINCE Margaret Thatcher still holds sway in Britain, if shakily, and may do so for a couple of years more, this might not seem to be the time for an omnibus account of her life and leadership to turn up. Hugo Young's "The Iron Lady" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $25) does nonetheless fall within the long tradition of magisterial British political biography. In its architecture, content, and style, the book is an elegant ensemble, enlivened throughout by Young's gift for political metaphor. It invites comparison with such outstanding works as Robert Blake's "Disraeli," Alan Bullock's "The Life and Times of Ernest Bevin," and Alistair Horne's "Harold Macmillan"; indeed, aside from Martin Gilbert's exhaustive treatment of Winston Churchill, no recent example of the genre that I recall combines and sustains as many excellent qualities as Young's book. It should endure well into the next millennium as the most revealing, the most tonally correct, and the best-written treatment of the Thatcher experience. (In any case, most of the archival material of the past decade won't start to become available until January 1, 2010.) In Britain, where Young is a widely respected columnist for the Manchester *Guardian*, the book was a long-awaited publishing event, appearing there with the far more suitable title "One of Us"—a phrase that is often used by Mrs. Thatcher and "fellow-revolutionaries" (also her term) to distinguish themselves from mainstream members of their party, who, together with mandarins of the Whitehall bureaucracy, they believe, did a lot to cause Britain's decline. It was the Moscow news agency, Tass, that hung the tiresome Iron Lady sobriquet on Mrs. T.—a response to an anti-Soviet philippic that she delivered in January of 1976, while she was still the leader of the opposition. Politically, Young says, Tass thereby did her a great favor; she was then a fairly anonymous figure outside Britain, and the label conferred on her an instant and lasting identity.

Young's high standing assured him abundant access to his subject over the years, and to myriad sources, including ministers of her various governments, the mandarinate, and members of what has passed for political opposition during the Thatcher decade. Young is a natural centrist and moderate, whose twice-weekly comments, although not without a hard edge, are built on meticulous assays of the evidence. The same and more can be said of his book, which has the advantage of having been researched in "real time"—while Young was preparing his columns. It presents a rounded, sharply focussed portrait of an improbable, complex, and paradoxical figure: the grocer's daughter who got to the top of the tree with an accent not entirely her own; the outsider who seized control of a party that had always belonged to insiders; the high-stakes gambler who on her own account sent an armada halfway around the world to recapture a few all but worthless islands; the woman radical who came to dominate the House of Commons, a notorious men's club, and also a people grown accustomed to having a quiet time and a political system dedicated to the task of giving them just that.

Mrs. Thatcher and other notables of Westminster often hover on the brink of self-caricature, she perhaps more than most. And Young, without pointing up the zaniness, doctrinal and otherwise, that can be found in the upper reaches of British politics, boldly sketches the main actors in their various guises and roles, occasionally maneuvering the lot of them before us at the same time. Not that the cast has been a large one, however; with the leaderene, as some call her, completely in command of center stage, Britain's other large political figures have virtually dropped out of sight. An example is Labour's Denis Healey, who many would say is the most gifted figure produced by any of Britain's parties over the past quarter century or so—if, that is, the criteria are ability, mental equipment, and parliamentary style. Young's book contains only a few brief references to Healey, because he, like his party, has become all but irrelevant. It has been a Tory show, the drama turning mainly on a struggle for control between the Party's so-called Wets and its Drys. The typical Wet (a derisive public-school term that Mrs. T. made her own) belonged to that wing of the Tory Party which favored more of the same—cautious, moderate policies—and opposed major cuts in public spending and other drastic remedies demanded by the Drys; anyone who could be judged "one of us" was ipso facto a Dry. The struggle was one that Mrs. Thatcher was supposed to lose. Instead, she won it, although her victory may be rather less far-reaching and more impermanent

THE GREETING CARD AND THE BUSINESS LETTER



than she and her fellow-revolutionaries have reckoned it to be.

ALL the major influences in the development of Margaret Roberts Thatcher were men; British politics is, or was, a man's world, and she "was born to be a politician," Young says. "Her lineage and formation allowed of few other possibilities." Like other chroniclers, he cites as the primal influence on Mrs. Thatcher's life the example and the Victorian precepts of her father, Alf Roberts, a grocer in the middle England town of Grantham, which he served as alderman and mayor. When Oxford accepted her, she left Grantham, and has returned to it as infrequently as possible, but the exceptional bond with her father could be altered only by his death, which occurred in 1969 and was a devastating loss. Denis Thatcher, an engaging bourgeois who ran a prosperous family business in Kent, was another kind of influence. Young notes that when, in 1951, as a budding politician, Margaret Roberts married him, "she broke with her town, her class and her religion." (She was Methodist, he Church of England.) Although Denis later became rather a figure of fun in London, he has been a major source of his wife's strength. In a few words Young etches a marriage that has been successful on every count: "He has always been a prop, never a rival . . . 'always half a step behind,' as he would wryly say. . . . He agreed with the collection of ideas to which he gave his name." Their mutual devotion and loyalty have remained wholly unaffected by the dynamics of her career.

Next came Keith Joseph, who in the late nineteen-fifties was a high-flying Tory Member of Parliament and was soon to be the spiritual consort of the new Conservative M.P. from Finchley, who was elected in 1959. "The Thatcher-Joseph connection became one of the most formative political relationships of modern times," Young writes. Joseph was gifted and intellectual, and more mercurial than ambitious. "He was intensely interested in ideas, but unable to sustain over a long enough time the belief that any one set of them was correct," Young says. "For short periods such certainties could sometimes be assembled, often with disastrously permanent results." Joseph eventually found his creed: it rejected most of the postwar British experience; it extolled market forces and anathematized government's role in trying to manage employment and incomes. Margaret Thatcher's untutored instincts responded to Joseph. Early in her career, she had likened the welfare state to a caged bird: "It has social security. It has food and it has warmth, and so on. But what is the good of all that if it has not the freedom to fly out and live its own life?"

A more complicated influence was Edward Heath, a working-class product who, like Mrs. Thatcher, went to Oxford and then moved up in class and into the world of the Tory favored. In 1965, Heath became the first Tory leader to be elected to the job by the Party's parliamentary membership rather than anointed by its insiders—knights of the shires, as they were known. The Heath-Thatcher tie was never close—he didn't like her—but he did give her a number of jobs during his years as Tory leader. Her being a woman helped, Young says. "It set her early on a career which gave her a front-bench seat for the rest of her political life." But, as Young makes equally clear, Mrs. Thatcher also swiftly overcame the skepticism with which senior civil servants at the Ministry of Pensions reacted to their new Parliamentary Secretary. "I couldn't have been more wrong," one of them told Young, "because once she got there she very quickly showed a grip on the highly technical matters of social security . . . and a capacity for hard work which she's shown ever since, and which quite startled the civil servants and certainly startled me." That kind of comment followed Mrs. Thatcher in every office she held, including the present one.

Young is surely right to emphasize Heath's importance to the Thatcher experience. "It would have been more difficult for the Tory Party to contemplate electing the daughter of a Grantham grocer to the leadership in 1975 if it had not elected the eldest son of a Broadstairs carpenter ten years earlier," he notes. Young also shows the pair to have been far more different than alike. Mrs. T. ran for the leadership as an outsider and took pride in her origins, whereas Heath "spent a lifetime escaping from his own," Young says, and "had got to the top by becoming the perfect mimic of his elders." More important, Heath was a worldly figure, knowledgeable about the big subjects; well before Mrs. Thatcher arrived in Parliament—a virtual tabula rasa—Heath was the Party's foremost authority on Britain's external affairs. Ironically, it was the provincial outsider who became the world's elder statesperson.

Energy and ability are usually present in any politician who gets to the peak. But good timing and good luck are *always* there. When Mrs. Thatcher, who during the Heath years had considered the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer her highest but probably unattainable goal, jumped into the competition for her party's leadership, its parliamentary members were readier for sharp departures and breaks with tradition than ever before. Actually, Heath had tried but failed to put market forces and welfare-state priorities into better balance. And by the early nineteen-seventies Britain saw little difference between him and the leadership of the Labour Party. Conservatives were uneasily starting to feel the same way, and were becoming more responsive to people like Joseph. In 1975, Joseph himself wrote, "I had thought that I was a Conservative, but I now see I was not really one at all." Around this time, he also said, "During thirty years we have tried to force the pace of growth. Perhaps faster growth, like happiness, should not be a prime target but only a by-product of other policies." His influence, along with that of some kindred spirits like Alfred Sherman, an ex-Communist who had moved to the other end of the spectrum, began to grow. Like Joseph, Sherman strongly influenced Margaret Thatcher. Young describes their relationship as "one of the key connections of the period," during which Sherman had become, he adds, "as zealous in his pursuit of the collectivist demon, including its most acceptable Western interpreter, Keynes, as he had once been diligent in the defence of Karl Marx."

Sherman helped Joseph with a speech that he delivered to an audience of Birmingham Conservatives and in which notions about a surplus of children being born at the lower end of the social scale were set forth in a way that struck some observers as an argument for selective breeding. In the furor that ensued, Joseph withdrew as his faction's candidate for the Party leadership, at which point Margaret Thatcher emerged as a contender. She won in what the Conservative M.P. Julian Critchley aptly called "the peasants' revolt." She had won not in spite of being an outsider but at least partly because she was not an insider. Young calls her victory "the first truly astounding achievement of an otherwise fairly routine career." Astounding it was, but hardly more so than what lay ahead for Mrs. T., her party, and Britain. A tidal shift in the politics of a class-ridden society was under way. A sizable fragment of the blue-collar vote was abandoning Labour for the more convincing message of the Thatcherites—the *arditi*, as Critchley called them.

IF Mrs. Thatcher was born and bred for politics, she "was not born to rule," Young observes. "She possessed no trace of the effortless superiority of the Balliol men, Macmillan and Heath, who went before her. For her, each step up the ladder was a struggle against the odds posed by her gender and her lack of any fraternity with her male colleagues." From the start, her leadership style broke with the past. For Mrs. Thatcher, governing had little to do with Cabinet consensus. ("Do you think you would ever have heard of Christianity if the Apostles had gone out and said, 'I believe in consensus'?" she has asked.) Inevitably, the pitched battle between the new Prime Minister and her first Cabinet—stewards, mostly, of the Party establishment—was fought over economic doctrine and policy. And here Young leads the reader skillfully and painlessly through the riotous thickets of debate that grew up around Mrs. Thatcher's determination to banish the Keynesian economic tendencies of the Treasury and of past governments, and replace them with the gospel of monetarism. All this was alien to

BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS ★SINCE 1910★
TO ORDER ANY BOOK
800-635-0045
Fax: 212-307-7681
DBS Xpress™
Mon.-Sat. 9AM to Midnight
& Sunday 12-5PM ET

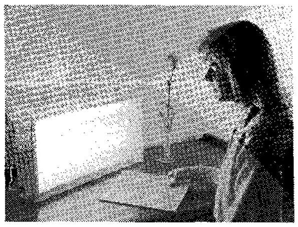
Books Make Great Valentine's Day Gifts!

Candy is tasty— flowers smell sweet,
but Honey, this time you're getting a treat.
Since Doubleday Book Shops
has an incredible selection,
the book ♥ I've found
is sheer perfection.

- ♥ *Free Gift Wrapping with a Gift Card*
- ♥ *Gift Certificates*
- ♥ *Novels, Biographies, Gift books & more . . .*
- ♥ *Worldwide Delivery*
- ♥ *Special Orders*

Doubleday Book Shops
724 Fifth Avenue at 57th Street (212) 397-0550, N.Y., N.Y. 10019
NEW YORK ★ BAL HARBOUR ★ PHOENIX ★ LOS ANGELES ★ SAN FRANCISCO ★ STAMFORD

FIGHT WINTER DOLDRUMS



THE ULTRA-BRIGHT MINI 5,000™ LIGHT SYSTEM

Research at university health science centers demonstrates that **light** acts as an essential nutrient – every bit as important as air, food, and water. Further, the intensity of light to which you are exposed every day, and the amount of time you are exposed, can have a major impact on your well being.

Ultra-Bright light systems from Medic-Light help fight the problems caused by the dark days of winter. These problems include "the doldrums," low energy and alertness, sleep/wake difficulties, carbohydrate craving, and added difficulty adjusting to shift work.

The success of Ultra-Bright light systems has been reported in *Scientific American*, *US News & World Report*, *Psychology Today*, and on leading news programs including ABC *20/20* and *Eyewitness News*, NBC *Today* show, and CBS *This Morning*.

The **Ultra-Bright Mini 5,000** puts the spring time light you need right on your desktop, night stand, or end table. It's lightweight, truly portable, and wall-mountable.

Just 60 minutes in front of the Mini 5,000 provides light of sufficient potency (early morning spring time levels) to help you synchronize your body clock with your work schedule and lifestyle – to fight winter doldrums and perform at your peak.

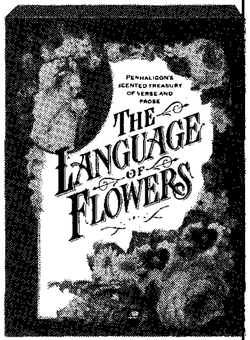
For a **free brochure** on the Ultra-Bright Mini 5,000 and other innovative Medic-Light systems, call **1-800-LIGHT-25** anytime, or write to Medic-Light, Inc., Dept. NY, Yacht Club Drive, Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey 07849. In Canada call 1-800-668-2110 (in Toronto 782-2740).

SAVE $20 or more!
100% COTTON TERRY ROBE
for MEN & LADIES
WRAP YOURSELF in this dream robe and feel the luxury of super soft cotton thanks to special terry loops on both sides for greatest absorbency (not possible with lighter weight robes) & YEAR ROUND COMFORT
STYLE & VALUE
• Shawl collar can be worn up or down • 3 Pockets • Full Belt and Generous BELOW KNEE LENGTH (48")
This beautiful robe is not an import—it's MADE in the USA and we've seen similar quality selling at over $65.
COLOR CHOICE: Snow white or soft blue. SIZES to fit men and ladies from 100 lbs. - 250 lbs. Just give approx. height & weight for each garment AND specify for MAN or LADY. We'll give special attention to select just the right size for each.
SPECIAL TIME LIMITED PRICE — Only $44.50
Postpaid on this 4 lb. shipment.
SAVE EVEN MORE—2 for $83.80
GREAT FOR HIS & HER GIFTING
Satisfaction Guaranteed—ORDER NOW, while prices include all postage/handling!
WITTMANN TEXTILES, Dept. 369
Hobe Sound, FL 33475 (Ship. to FLA add 6% tax)
Natural Fiber Specialists Since 1955

Top o' the Cove

As special as La Jolla
Wine Spectator Grand Award Winner
Voted Most Romantic Dining,
San Diego Magazine 1984-88
(619) 454-7779
Sunsets, complimentary

Express yourself through The Language of Flowers.
Scented, slipcased, $19.95, now at your bookstore, OR call 1-800-733-3000, Dept. 010-02-142, ISBN 0-517-57460-8. AmEx, MasterCard, VISA accepted.
HARMONY BOOKS
A member of The Crown Publishing Group



SKY LIGHT CONVERSATIONS
WITH ARTISTS IN SANTA FE
and nearby Pueblos and villages
Indian dances and archaeological sites
April 26-May 3 October 17-24
summer sessions through Newark Museum
limited to 12 people
Rt. 4, Box 217, Santa Fe, NM, 87501
505-982-2393

mainstream Tories and to Party tradition, which had no tolerance for dogma or for extremes of any kind. In the end, however, the Tory wheelhorses went along with Thatcher, although the early effects of her approach seemed to be even worse than its critics had anticipated. All economic indicators declined steeply in the first two Thatcher years, and in 1982 unemployment soared to its highest level since the thirties. The drastic medicine was making the patient sicker. But, as Young says, "although the [Conservative] party can be wholly ruthless in despatching leaders who have failed, it looks with loathing on treacheries against them before that general judgment has been made." And, as he also notes, however much Party stalwarts deplored Mrs. Thatcher's monetarist economics, their own failed policies did not then constitute a credible, or perhaps even a politically acceptable, alternative. The Party grandees were stuck with Mrs. T. until the runup to the next election, at least. Of course, her nerve never faltered. A line that she uttered at the October, 1980, Party conference, and that was written for her by a playwright named Ronald Millar—"The lady's not for turning"—became her most memorable.

Once Mrs. Thatcher was Prime Minister, she was no more willing to be manipulated by senior civil servants than by her party's establishment. "There was a genuine clash of cultures, between a political leadership fired by an almost Cromwellian impatience with the status quo, and the mandarin world of Whitehall, in which scepticism and rumination were more highly rated habits of mind than zeal or blind conviction," Young says. Young's sympathies clearly lay with the bureaucratic host, which, gradually, Mrs. Thatcher coöpted. She hadn't known, he says, "quite how excellent and devoted a British civil servant can be." Throughout the nineteen-eighties, permanent officials had an easier and more rewarding time at No. 10 Downing Street than members of Thatcher governments.

By the end of 1981, the polls showed the Conservatives to be in a free-fall; Mrs. Thatcher, Young says, "was as unpopular as any prime minister since polling began." Yet not many months later she and her party were reëlected in a landslide, with a majority of a hundred and forty-four seats out of six hundred and fifty. The war in the Falkland Islands had turned the political tide in Mrs. T.'s favor. By sending land and naval forces many thousands of miles from home to restore sovereign British rights, she placed herself in the tradition of warrior queens, and, in the bargain, acquired a long-term lease on her high office. Politically, it was a daring gamble. If she had lost the war, as well she might have, she would not have survived. Whether she would have survived without the war is anyone's guess, but the burden of opinion inclines to the notion that she would have managed to stagger past the post first. However disliked she may have become, her opposition seemed to consist of the lame and the halt, whereas she is, as she once said to me, "as bonny a fighter as any you will find anywhere."

Well before the Falklands campaign, Young finds Mrs. Thatcher talking wistfully about how foreign policy is diverting her attention from the economy. According to him, she was—and is—less comfortable with external problems, because their complexities and subtleties are such that "the weight of a moral attitude cannot usually be driven home with the same fervour applicable to an event like the 1984 miners' strike." Young excels in distinguishing his subject, sometimes by nuance, from her peers in the great world: "She stood shoulder to shoulder—except that hers usually seemed the more aggressively positioned—with other leaders who saw their solemn duty in protecting the legal entity of the state against the violent assaults of lawless gunmen." Although Washington has for half a century now been a kind of polar star for British leaders, not since Churchill has any Prime Minister relied as heavily on the so-called special relationship as Mrs. Thatcher. She coincided with Ronald Reagan, of course, and became "a kind of Baptist to Reagan's Messiah," Young says. "There was almost nothing that divided the Thatcher from the Reagan view of the world." They had little else in common, though, as Young makes clear: "Mrs. Thatcher had all the important qualities of a high-flying American business executive, being hard-working, single-minded, fascinated by detail and a swift master of every brief. She was fierce, impatient, sharp, fearless, inexhaustible. Reagan, by contrast, had most of the vices of a languid upper-class Englishman, of the type Mrs. Thatcher spent years trying to exclude from her cabinet."

Not surprisingly, Young has acquired a very good fix on his singular subject over the nearly fifteen years in which he has examined her professionally. With admirable concision he sorts out the not inconsequential matter of class, citing withering comments from various "toffs" on her "patronizing, elocution voice," or on clothes that showed a woman "packaged together in a way that's not exactly vulgar, just low." She was hardly one of them, and few, if any, of them could qualify for her "one of us" camp. Their view of her "was predated by a Thatcher rage" against them, Young says. "Fashionable London, with its outposts in the older universities and cultural quangoes and moribund public bodies of every description, stood for values which she had come to loathe. They were, as she saw them, anti-business, anti-merit and even anti-British."

On a rather different level, the dons of Oxford, reflecting a popular intellectual bias, refused in 1985 to grant Mrs. T. the honorary doctorate that, as Young points out, each of her post-war predecessors had received within a year of reaching office. "Oxford spoke, if not for the country, for a number of institutions sacred and profane," Young writes. "What they said . . . was that Margaret Thatcher was no friend of their world, being variously a philistine, a better friend of Mammon than of God, an anti-intellectual." Although she has read fairly widely, Mrs. Thatcher could not be described as an intellectual; if it mattered, however, neither could most of her predecessors. And, as Young says, "of all post-war prime ministers, she both used intellectuals and exhibited a studied interest in political ideas to a greater extent than any other."

What seems to trouble Young about Mrs. Thatcher isn't her proneness to exaggeration and absolutes, or her lapses in judgment. He reproaches instead what he sees as occasional lapses in character. These he examines—especially the cause célèbre that developed over the sale of an insolvent helicopter company called Westland early in 1986. Mrs. Thatcher's handling of the affair—or, more accurately, her account of what she did and didn't do

THOMAS PYNCHON

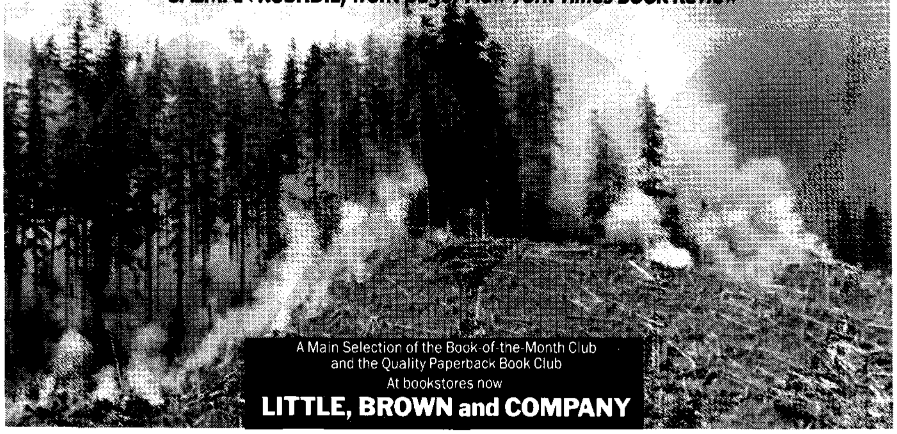
NATIONAL BESTSELLER

"One of America's great writers has, after long wanderings down his uncharted roads, come triumphantly home....

VINELAND

A major political novel about what America has been doing to itself, to its children, all these many years."

—SALMAN RUSHDIE, front page, *New York Times Book Review*



D Kinsey Collection © Whatcom Museum, Bellingham, WA

A Main Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club
and the Quality Paperback Book Club
At bookstores now
LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY

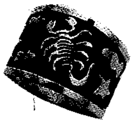
BARNARD'S
SUMMER
IN NEW YORK

A PRE-COLLEGE PROGRAM
July 1990

Young men and women: Participate in a coeducational, college level program while you explore and enjoy the world's most exciting city.
Summer in New York is for bright, highly motivated young men and women who have completed the 10th or 11th grade.

Contact:
Dean Flora Davidson, Box NYKR
Barnard College, Columbia University
3009 Broadway
New York, N.Y. 10027-6598
(212) 854-8866

Silver Zodiac Ring



Treat yourself to your personal sun sign ring in a magical new interpretation. Available in sizes 6,7,8. Sterling silver $40; 14K gold plate $80; 14K gold $210. Add $4 shipping; FL residents add 6% sales tax. Visa/AMEX/ Checks. Free catalog. Satisfaction Guaranteed. (800) 879-8107.

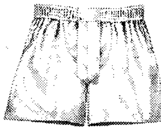
Pat Dianne
Pieces de Résistance
2426 Fisher Island Drive, Miami, FL 33109

HILTON HEAD
OCEAN FRONT
VILLAS | HOMES | CONDOS | HOTELS
RESERVATIONS
1-800-845-6802

CANADA BY RAFT!

Down virgin rivers in mountains of British Columbia. Untouched wilderness. Sparkling Chilcotin & mighty Fraser. Yacht cruise up coastal fjord, fly over glaciers of Coast Range plus 240 exciting yet very safe miles by raft through cleanest, most magnificent scenery in Canada! 11 days **ALL** incl. from Vancouver.
J.H. MIKES, CANADIAN RIVER EXPEDITIONS, Ste. 401
845 Chilco St. Vancouver, B.C. V6G 2R2 • Ph. (604) 738-4449

THE BEST UNDERSTATEMENT EVER MADE.



Quality fabrics, colors, patterns. Sea-island cotton® boxer shorts you can't buy in stores. For exclusive brochure:

THE GREEN POND COMPANY®

Dept. GP-2 3060 Peachtree Rd., Atlanta, GA 30305, 1-800-827-POND

The Country Club
MURDER

Be your own Producer/ Director / Actor and invite your friends over as fellow suspects to enjoy solving this mystery which is both intriguing and hilarious!
$19.95 + $3.00 p.&h. Send personal check or call 1-800-462-7147 and use either Mastercharge or Visa.
C.C.M., Inc. / Suite 480 / 730 West Main Street / Louisville, KY 40202

—diminished her greatest asset: her appearance of being undevious, and hence different from others of her trade. The struggle turned on whether Westland would be sold to an American company—her preference—or to a consortium of five European firms, as Michael Heseltine, who was then her Defense Secretary, was urging. Young offers a gripping account of the blundering and deceit that transformed this otherwise unremarkable matter into a scandal that for a time seemed capable of destroying Mrs. Thatcher. "I may not be Prime Minister by six o'clock tonight," she said to an aide as she left Downing Street for the House of Commons on January 27, 1986—the day chosen by the Labour Party for an emergency debate on the Westland issue. She was again spared, again mainly by the incompetence of her opposition. Young sees in the affair a breakdown of Cabinet government. "Manipulation, vicious division, hole-in-the-corner dealing: this was the governing mode which Westland put on display," he concludes.

Mrs. T. weathered the storm, which included the first really bad press she ever had, and she gained another resounding victory at the polls a few months later. Numerous insiders, probably including the Prime Minister herself, drew sweeping conclusions from this second reaffirmation. Some saw the Thatcher revolution as complete and irreversible. Young is more cautious. The election, he says, "locked the Thatcher era into place, as a phase in Britain's political evolution of which the end was not in sight." About the lasting quality of the revolution he is dubious. Young cites polls to show the British people as now preferring to Mrs. Thatcher's Britain a society more like the one that preceded the revolution. He sees the polling data as "a startling measure of Thatcherism's failure in its didactic task." He is, however, keenly aware of his subject's continued presence on the scene, and for the most part he avoids being judgmental or imposing large conclusions. Yet it doesn't seem too soon to say that Mrs. Thatcher put paid to a cozily paternalistic style of governance that allowed the trade unions to dominate one major party, Labour, and intimidate the other, Tory, and thereby saddle the country with its own debilitating standards and priorities. Mrs. Thatcher's initial approach to the economy was simplistic, unnecessarily Draconian, and erratic, but Thatcherism is likely to leave Britain unambiguously committed to a market economy, and no longer trying to redistribute wealth that a languid private sector isn't producing. Wealth creation was her game, and British business played it to the hilt.

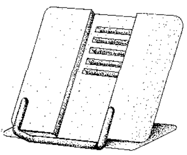
What remains to be seen is how fast and how ingloriously the Thatcher era winds down. Mrs. Thatcher's rejection of the consensus views within her government about managing the economy and about Britain's role in Europe —the two policies are closely intertwined—recently provoked the departure of Nigel Lawson, one of the Cabinet's most experienced and best-known members, who was serving as Chancellor of the Exchequer and was considered to have been the architect of the 1987 election victory. Mrs. Thatcher's obstinacy is currently being seen, within the Conservative Party, and elsewhere, as penalizing Britain's economy and its political vocation on the Continent. Young's book appears here at a time when inflation is higher in Britain than in most other places in Western Europe; when over the past year interest rates have doubled, placing in jeopardy a great many floating-rate mortgages; and when Britain's trade deficit is rising, and the pound is falling. The next election, like the last one, will be fought on economic issues. Until Lawson's resignation, in late October, Mrs. Thatcher had been expected to win it—narrowly—and withdraw not long afterward, especially if her husband's health, which was no longer robust, should decline. It seemed just as likely that the Conservative Party might push her aside after the election, as it usually does when even the mightiest of leaders has become less mighty. Now Mrs. Thatcher confronts some risk of being ousted as Party leader before the election. The more probable outcome, though, would be her departure from the scene shortly afterward, whatever the voters may decide. Young's readers are denied this concluding chapter of the Thatcher experience, but the vital parts of the story are there. —John Newhouse

●

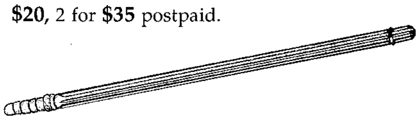
ANOTHER CLEVER BUSINESS NAME WE WISH WE HADN'T SEEN

Watts My Line, an electrical contractor, Dana Point, Calif.

Gifts for Readers

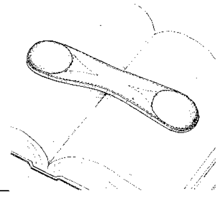


Bookstand
Our sturdy metal stand holds paperbacks and Britannicas, allows one-handed page turning, adjusts to five angles, and folds flat. White enamel with felt bottom.
$20, 2 for $35 postpaid.



Newspaper Stick
A classy way to say thanks to a newspaper lover or to keep the *Wall Street Journal* in the reception area. The Real McCoy, with ramin wood shafts and maple handles.
$15, 3 for $37 postpaid.

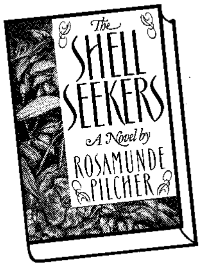
Barenholtz Bookweight



Rich tan leather on top, page-gripping suede on the bottom with lead weights stitched in between—it sounds simple, but no imitations compare with Mr. Barenholtz's luxurious originals.
$20, 2 for $35, 5 for $79.50 postpaid.

MC/VISA/AMEX/Check
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141
LEVENGER
Tools for Serious Readers
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NYGR5, Delray, FL 33445

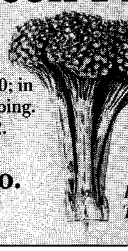
BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection



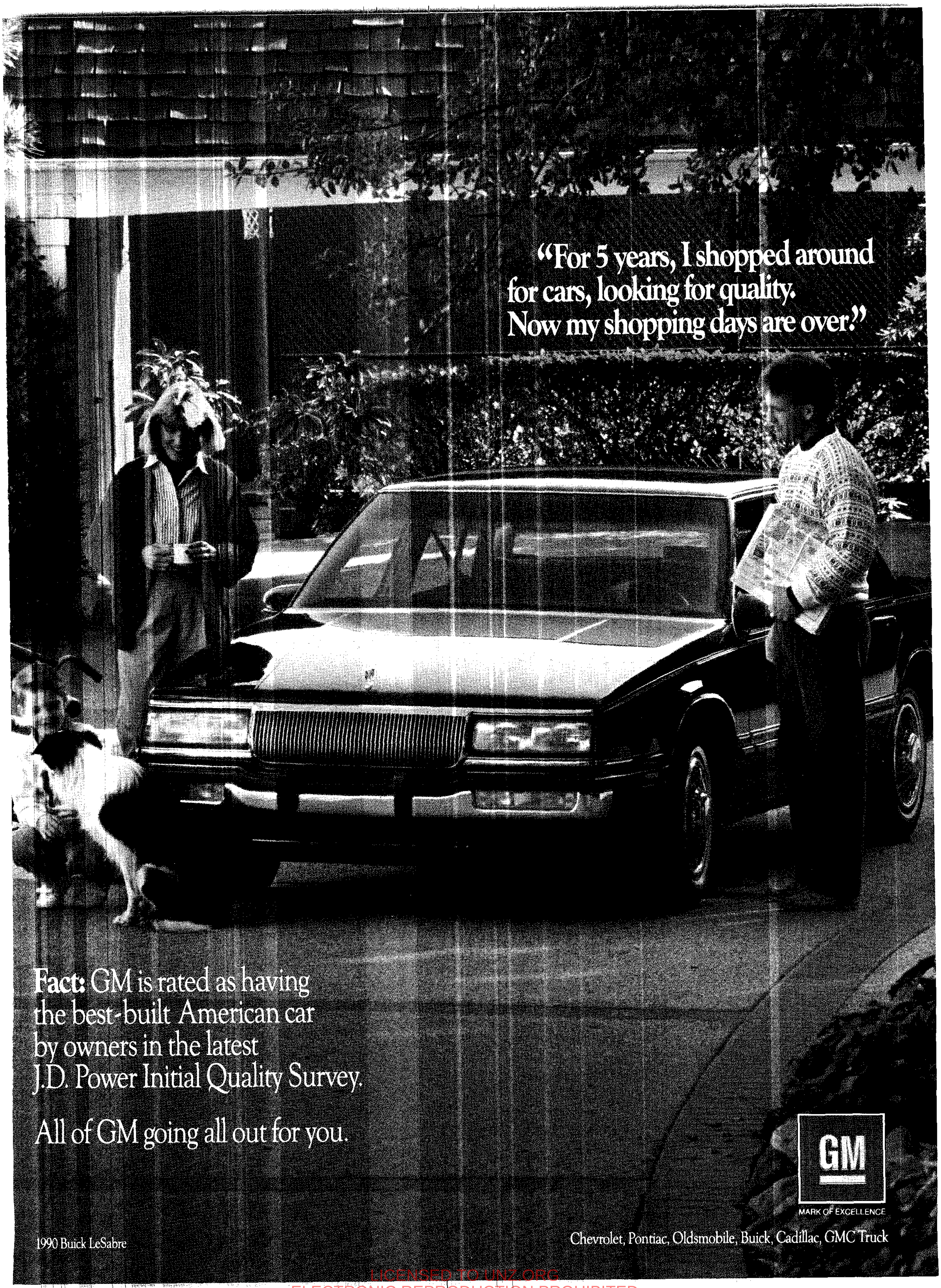
- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
(800) 626-3333

Silver Broccoli Pin
Newport silversmith James Breakell cooks up a deliciously detailed stalk to pin on lapel or apron. Hand cast in sterling $30; in 14K gold $360. Add $3.50 shipping. VISA/MC/AMEX 401-849-3522. Catalog upon request.



J.H. Breakell & Co.
69 Mill Street, Dept. NYBR
Newport, Rhode Island 02840



"For 5 years, I shopped around for cars, looking for quality. Now my shopping days are over."

Fact: GM is rated as having the best-built American car by owners in the latest J.D. Power Initial Quality Survey.

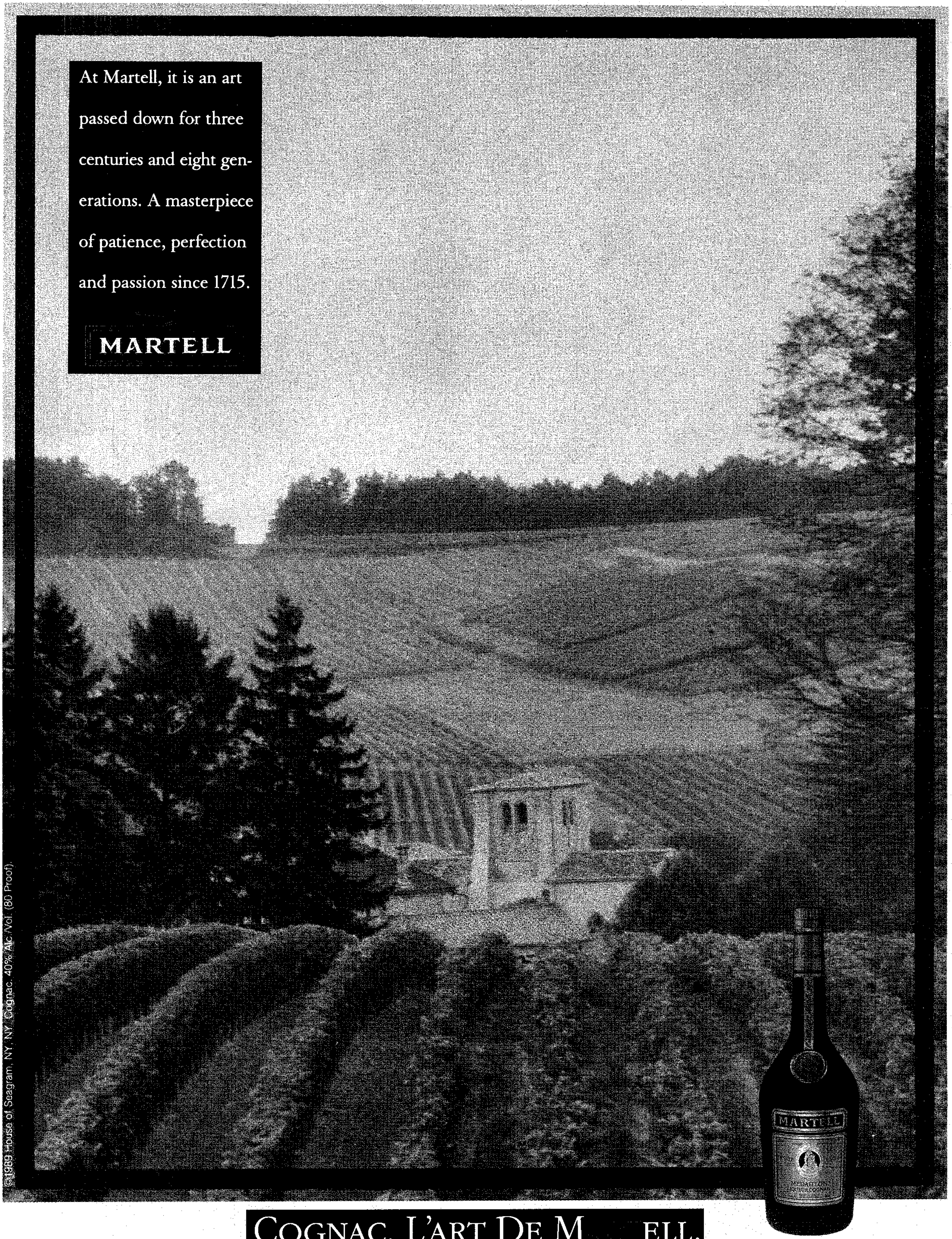
All of GM going all out for you.

1990 Buick LeSabre

Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac, GMC Truck

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

THE [illegible] OF COGNAC.



At Martell, it is an art passed down for three centuries and eight generations. A masterpiece of patience, perfection and passion since 1715.

MARTELL

©1989 House of Seagram, NY, NY. Cognac. 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof).

COGNAC. L'ART DE MARTELL.

SINCE 1715.